

HOW THEY ENTERED CANAAN

(A Collection of Holiness Experience Accounts)

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Vol. II -- Unnamed Accounts

ACCOUNT #001

[Transcriber Note: One must read this entire testimony to receive a correct impression regarding its genuineness. It gets better as it goes. DVM]

In the spring of 1815, in connection with a remarkable revival, which took place in Dartmouth College, I suppose that I experienced religion. About three years afterwards, I made a profession of religion in the Congregational Church. Accordingly, I have been a public professor of religion for more than twenty years. During the greater part of that long period, I believe that I have striven earnestly for high religious attainments. For various reasons, however, and particularly the discouraging influence of the prevalent doctrine that personal sanctification cannot fully take place till death, I did not permanently attain the object of my desires. Sometimes, it is true, I advanced much, and then again was thrown back -- living what may be called the common Christian life of sinning and repenting, of alternate walking with God and devotedness to the world. This method of living was highly unsatisfactory to me, as it has often been to others. It seemed exceedingly dangerous to risk my soul in eternity in such a state as this. In this state of mind I was led, early in the summer of 1839, by a series of special providences, which it is here unnecessary to detail, to examine the subject of personal holiness as a matter of personal realization. I examined the subject, as I thought, prayerfully, candidly, and faithfully -- looking at the various objections as well as the multiplied evidences -- and came, ultimately, to the undoubting conclusion that God required me to be holy, that he had made provision for it, and that it was both my duty and my privilege to be so. The establishment of my belief in this great doctrine was followed by a number of pleasing and important results.

1. As soon as I had become established in the belief of present holiness, I felt a great increase of obligation to be holy; Many secret excuses for sin, which had formerly paralyzed my efforts, now lost their power. The logic in the case was very simple. God requires me to be holy now, and as he can require nothing unreasonable, I am under obligation to be holy now. I could not turn to the right hand nor to the left. I knew instinctively and most certainly that God did not and could not require impossibilities. I considered his command as involving an implied promise to help me fulfill it. I felt, moreover, that every moment's delay was adding transgression to transgression, and was exceedingly offensive in the sight of God. Accordingly, within a very few days after rejecting the common doctrine, that sanctification is fully attainable only in death, and receiving the doctrine of the possibility and duty of present holiness, I consecrated myself to God, body and spirit, deliberately, voluntarily, and for ever. I had communicated my purpose to no human being. There was nothing said; nothing written. It was a simple volition; a calm and unchangeable resolution of mind: a purpose silently but irrevocably made, and such as any Christian is capable of making.

But simple as it was, I regard it as a crisis in my moral being which has, perhaps, affected my eternal destiny. I acknowledge that I took this important step in comparative darkness; that is to say, clouds were round about me, and I went by faith rather than by sight; but I had an unwavering confidence in God, that he would in his own time and way carry me through and give me the victory. This important decision was made in the summer of 1839, and about the middle of July. Two almost immediate and marked results followed this act of consecration. The one was an immediate removal of that sense of condemnation which had followed me for many years, and had filled my mind with sorrow. The other result, which also almost immediately followed, was a great increased value and love

of the Bible. It required no great effort of reasoning to perceive that, in doing the whole will of God, which had become the fixed purpose of my life, I must take the Bible for my guide. As I opened and read its pages from day to day, its great truths disclosed themselves to my mind with an impressiveness and beauty unknown before. And this result, independently of the aid implied in the biblical promise that those who do the will of God shall understand his communication, was what might have naturally and reasonably been expected. Before this time, reading everywhere my own condemnation, I had insensibly but voluntarily closed my eyes to the doctrine of present holiness, which shines forth so brightly and continually from the sacred pages. But now I found holiness everywhere, and I felt that I began to love it.

2. I now proceed to mention some other changes of mind which I soon passed through. In December of this year, 1839, I visited the city of New York on business, which brought me into communication with certain persons who belonged to the Methodist denomination. I was providentially led to form an acquaintance with other pious Methodists, and was exceedingly happy in attending a number of meetings which had exclusive reference to the doctrine of holiness and to personal holy experience. In these meetings I took the liberty, although comparatively a stranger, to profess myself a believer in the doctrine of holiness and a seeker after it. And I found myself greatly encouraged and aided by the judicious remarks, the prayer and the sympathies of a number of beloved Christian friends. As I now perceive, the great difficulty at this time in the way of my victorious progress was my ignorance of the important principle, that SANCTIFICATION, as well as justification, is by FAITH. By consecrating myself to God, I had put myself into a favorable condition to exercise faith; but I had never understood: and felt the imperative necessity of this exercise, viz., of FAITH as a sanctifying instrumentality. My Methodist friends, to whom this view was familiar, gave me, in the spirit of Christian kindness, much instruction and assistance here, for which I desire to be grateful to them. I found that I must give up the system, already too long cherished, of walking by signs, and manifestations, and sensible experiences, and must commit everything, in light and in darkness, in joy and in sorrow, into the hands of God. Realizing, accordingly, that I must have greater faith in God as the fulfiller of his promises, and as the pledged and everlasting portion of those who put their trust in him, and aided by the kindness and supplications of Christian friends, I in some degree (and perhaps I may say in a very considerable degree) gained the victory. I shall ever recollect the time. It was early on Friday morning, the 27th of December. The evening previous had been spent in deeply interesting conversation and in prayer on the subject of holiness, and with particular reference to myself. Soon after I awoke in the morning, I found that my mind, without having experienced any very remarkable manifestations or ecstasies, had, nevertheless, undergone a great moral revolution. I was removed from the condition of a SERVANT, and adopted into that of a SON. I believed and felt, in a sense which I had never experienced before, that my sins were all blotted out, were wholly forgiven: and that Christ was not only the Savior of mankind in general, but my Christ, my Savior in particular, and that God was my Father. As I have observed, I had no ecstasy, but great and abiding peace and consolation.

3. I mark here another step in the progress of this important contest. Under the influence of the feelings which I have just described, I consecrated myself anew to God in a more specific and solemn manner. I now made a written record of my consecration, which I had not done before. But while it seemed to me that I sincerely endeavored to give up all, I was unable as yet, in consequence probably of some lingering remains of unbelief, or because God, in his wise sovereignty, was pleased to try a little longer the faith which he had given me, to speak confidently of my SANCTIFICATION. I would take the liberty to say here, that I do not consider CONSECRATION and SANCTIFICATION the same thing. Consecration is the incipient, the prerequisite act. It is the laying of ourselves upon the altar; but it is not till God has accepted the sacrifice, and wrought upon us by the consuming and restoring work of the Holy Spirit, that we can be said to be sanctified. It is true that the one may immediately and almost simultaneously follow the other: and this will be the case where faith in God is perfect. But this

was not the case with me. But I was now, however, by the grace of God, in a position where I had new strength, and could plead the promises with much greater confidence than formerly. God had given me great blessings, such as a new sense forgiveness, increased love, a clear evidence of adoption and sonship, closer and deeper communion with himself, but I felt there was something remaining to be experienced.

In this state of mind, not having fully attained the object of my expectations and wishes, but still greatly in advance of my former Christian experience, and with a fixed determination to persevere, I left the city of New York about the middle of January, 1840. Immediately after my arrival at my residence in the State of Maine, I united with some Methodist brethren in establishing a meeting similar to those which had benefited me so much in New York, for the purpose of promoting personal godliness, and which was designed to be open to persons of all denominations of Christians. This meeting was very encouraging to me and others. Nevertheless, I was not able for about two weeks to profess the personal experience and realization of the great blessing of holiness as it seemed to be experienced and realized in others. The principal difficulty, as I daily examined my heart to see how the case stood between my soul and God, seemed to be a consciousness, while other evils were greatly or entirely removed, of the remains of SELFISHNESS. Indeed, at this particular time, the selfish principle, or rather the principle of self-love, in its inordinate and unholy exercise, seemed to be stimulated to unwonted activity. The remains of every form of internal opposition to God appeared to be centered in one point and to be presented in one aspect. I do not know that I was ever more troubled; during so short a space of time, with feelings of this nature. I do not mean to say that I was more selfish at this time than ever before: by no means. But the existence and horrible nature of this state of mind were more fully brought to view. I took this encouragement, however, that God was perhaps now showing me, as he often does when he is about to bless with entire holiness of heart, the very root of evil. And I was sincerely desirous to see it and to know it, that it might be slain in His presence. The good hand of the Lord was pleased to sustain my faith in this sharp contest. My continual prayer to God was that he would enable me to love him with all my heart. I knew not fully what the nature of perfect love was; but my prayer was that this love, whatever might be its nature and its inward manifestations, might in God's time and way be realized within me. And in the answer to this prayer, whenever it should be given, I confidently foresaw the termination of this internal conflict. For selfishness can never exist in union with perfect love.

On Sabbath evening, the 2d of February, I was greatly afflicted in mind; tossed to and fro as in a tempest; and it seemed to me that I could not easily stand where I was, but must either advance or retreat. But God's grace was sufficient. My faith remained unshaken; and, on Monday morning, I thought I could say with great calmness and assurance, Thou hast given me the victory. I was never able before that time to say with sincerity and confidence, that I loved my heavenly Father with all my soul and with all my strength. But, aided by divine grace, I have been enabled to use this language, which involves, as I understand it, the true idea of Christian perfection or holiness, both then and ever since. There was no intellectual excitement, no very marked joy, when I reached this great rock of practical salvation. The soul seemed to have gathered strength from the storm which it had passed through on the previous night; and, aided by a power from on high, it leaped forward, as it were by a bound, to the great and decisive mark. I was distinctly conscious when I reached it. The selfish exercises which had recently, and, as it were, by a concentrated and spasmodic effort, troubled me so much, seemed to be at once removed: and I believed, and had reason to believe, that my heart, presumptuous as it may appear to some to say it, was now purified by the Holy Spirit, and made right with God. I was thus, if I was not mistaken in my feelings, no longer an offering to the world, but SANCTIFIED UNTO THE LORD; given to him to be his, and no longer my own; redeemed by a mighty power, and filled with the blessing of "perfect love."

4. The enemy might now be said to be cast out of the interior of the castle. Nevertheless, he has never ceased his hostility. He has laid his snares and presented his temptations. It would be presumption to assert positively that I have never in any case, nor for any length of time, yielded to his power. But I can testify abundantly to the goodness of God's grace, that he has heard the voice of my prayer, and in a wonderful manner preserved me. Certain it is that my spiritual life has been a new life. There is calm sunshine upon the soul. The praise of God is continually upon my lips.

I have continually what seems to me to be the WITNESS of the Holy Spirit; that is to say, I have a firm and abiding conviction that I am wholly the Lord's; which does not seem to be introduced into the mind by reasoning, nor by any methods whatever of forced and self-made reflection, and which I can ascribe only to the Spirit of God. It is a sort of interior voice, which speaks silently but effectively to the soul, and bids me be of good cheer. At times, especially on the 14th of February, 1840, I experienced some remarkable operations on my mind, which made a profound and lasting impression. Language would be but a feeble instrument in detailing them, and I will not attempt it. Indeed I do not know but I must say with the apostle, "whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell." But in view of what I then experienced and have experienced at other times, I cannot help saying with the apostle, "God hath also sealed us, and given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts."

I could speak of many remarkable deliverances and supports in time of mental trial. God has ever been with me, in time of trouble, a "faithful God." But these and many other things which have called forth the deep gratitude of my heart, I am compelled to omit. I cannot refrain from saying, however, that almost from the very moment of my obtaining the victory over those selfish feelings which have been spoken of, I was distinctly conscious of a new but powerful and delightful attraction towards the divine mind. This, I believe, is a common form of interior experience among those who have enjoyed the blessing of sanctification. I perceived and felt very distinctly that there was a central existence, full of all glory, towards which the Spirit was tending. I could realize the meaning of the psalmist, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." I felt like an imprisoned bird when the string is cut that bound it to the earth, and which soars upward and spreads its wings to the skies. So conscious have I been that inordinate self-love has been the great cause of the separation between my soul and God, that the very idea of self as distinct from God is almost painful to me. When self is destroyed, the divine union, which sanctified hearts only know, takes place. If I know anything, I know most certainly that the true resting place of my soul is and must be in the infinite mind: that it is not and cannot be any where else. Perhaps no part of the Scriptures, during the more recent periods of my experience, has more affected me, than the prayer of the Savior for his disciples, "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be ONE IN US." It is difficult for me to conceive of any heaven but God's presence; of any hell but his absence. I realize that the cup of my happiness is full, whatever may be my personal trials and sorrows, whenever and wherever my heavenly Father is glorified in me. Accordingly it is my earnest and constant prayer, that my will may be wholly and for ever lost in the will of God, and that I may never know self any more, except as the instrument of the divine glory.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #002

The first distinct impressions of the nature of entire sanctification, and the first clear convictions of the necessity of attaining to this excellent grace, which I remember, were received at the early age of fourteen, while passing through a course of study preparatory to college. It was then, that, after reading the memoirs of a holy woman, encouraged by her example, I went in secret to the heavenly altar, and in a place as humble as the cradle of my Redeemer, sought to bring my soul to the point of entire

consecration. Of the success of that effort, at this distance of time, it is neither easy nor needful to judge; but the more painful impression is deep in my memory, of quickly breaking my vows of consecration, and taking back part of the sacrifice I had laid upon the altar. The fascinations of an alluring world, the press of studies quite foreign in their nature to holy living, but, above all, a temperament buoyant and vivacious to a fault, without those guards of personal piety found alone in an acquaintance with the world and a knowledge of one's self, soon sunk me, in religious life, to a point, if possible, below my ordinary level.

It was not till the fall of 1842 that these impressions and convictions were revived. While the first term of my senior year in the Wesleyan University was drawing to a close, it pleased God to recall my attention, from a life hitherto comparatively irreligious, to the subject of personal holiness. While the rain drops of the Spirit, falling on the surrounding country, were heralding the advent of a revival year, and, as some supposed, the advent of the world's Redeemer, I was led to compare my spiritual stature with the rising standard of personal piety around me, and, above all, with the elevated standard of Scripture -- "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." To facilitate the work of self-examination and spiritual progress, I availed myself of the aids found in Christian interview and communion. Long will it be before those sacred interviews perish from my memory. The hours spent with a brother student, or with a select band of choice spirits, after the hours demanded by worldly science were yielded, consecrated in the stillness of the night to the noblest of all sciences, the science of holy living, can never be forgotten. Though the definite object of our search was not then attained, nor the one desire answered, yet obstacles were surmounted, objections were removed, and the light of Scripture and of our fathers was thrown forward on the path which was to conduct us to the interior of the spiritual kingdom, far through its portals of peace and forgiveness, to the palace of perfect love.

About this period of my progress, it was my privilege to hear Dr. Olin preach. He stood where he had not stood for years, and where he had forborne all hope of standing again. He came like one from the spirit world, where the soul had measured its responsibilities, and, in eloquence, overpowering the Christian bearer, seemed for a while to annihilate all personal claim to one's own self, one's influence and powers, exhibited the price which had bought up Christian hearts, and urged home the claims of universal love on the heart of the world. Everything then appeared mean in my eye but consecration, and every degree of that seemed low and unworthy, which was not entire. The second service of the day was conducted by another. A discourse, excellent in its kind, held the attention of the congregation, but failed to interest one, for it was foreign to the subject which had been riveted in his heart -entire consecration. Under such influence my soul went upward. The communication between the suppliant and the throne was unobstructed, the distance between heaven and earth annihilated, and communication contracted to communion. The presence of divinity was then realized, not like a flood of bursting sunlight, not like an ocean of rolling glory, but like the circumambient air, surrounding, supporting, penetrating, and pervading all. It was like heaven, where the pure spirit takes its place among ranks of adoring seraphs before the throne, to whom God is "all in all." Then it was that all conviction and impression revived, and, with its full weight, inclined the ear of the understanding to one voice, inviting -- "Come up higher." That was the moment, -- the happy moment, reader, when all was lost in God? Ah, no! but the moment when the hand of faith fell palsied through unbelief, fearing to take the blessing; the moment, when, coward-like, the unbelieving heart fled from the pervading presence, and was lost in the mist and cloudiness of its fears. The responsibility assumed in professing, and the difficulties imagined in retaining this blessing, made me for a moment distrust that supporting grace which accompanied every blessing, and the joy of my heart fled, and surrendered the heart it had inhabited to fear and trembling. In all this there was nothing unusual; such seasons of intimate communion Christians often enjoy; but in the invitation and its impression, when submitted to the verdict of judgment and cool reflection, I found enough to cover me with shame, and to convince me that I had lost, by not accepting, the long sought blessing; that, after contending for months, I had

trembled in the moment of victory, and refused the proffered grace.

The year rolled on, the term closed, and sacrificing the opportunity which a long vacation presented for chosen studies, I consecrated the winter weeks to revival work, and offered the little aid I could supply to meet the great demand of that revival year. About four miles from our institution, in a little parish westerly of the city, stands an unpretending brick building, which, from its appearance and location, no stranger would mistake for anything else than a village church. Radiating from this little church, as a center, lie a scattered population of Christians, whose location, by its proximity to the town, and by its retired seclusion of itself, combines all the advantages of a city and a country life. Since the foundation of the Wesleyan University, this has been a field, to some extent, under its cultivation; and the quiet people of the parish have been favored with every degree of pulpit talent, from the seraph powers of the sainted Fisk, to the humble attempts of the writer. Here many clerical students have first lifted their herald voices, and subsequently cultivated those talents which have since ornamented the church, and blessed the world. The good people of M____ will ever live in the memory of those that have shared their hospitality, and around their names will cluster their earliest pulpit associations. Sacred are the associations which cluster around one at the present moment, and seem to follow the pen that traces these lines. Happy the remembrance of the winter of 1842.

When our vacation was over, and we were remanded to our studies, rest from the stirring scenes of revival gave room for reflection. Then it was, while taking a retrospect of the winter's labors, that I discovered a principle, to me hitherto unknown. It was this, that one might labor for the salvation of others to the neglect of his own soul. Let my brethren in the ministry, if they can endorse this sentiment from their own experience, engrave it on their hearts, and heed it in every revival. I was somewhat startled by the discovery, that during the winter I had made no advancement toward holiness, and had, indeed, quite waived, except in the formulas of public prayer, the subject of entire consecration. As a laboring husbandman, neglecting the apostolic injunction to be the first partaker of the fruits, I found my garner almost emptied; for, while pouring forth to others, I had neglected to water and replenish myself. As the results of this discovery, my convictions revived with double force.

One evening in the spring, meeting with a class of Christians about one mile from our institution, while indulging in the usual exhortation to believers, "Go on to perfection," I thought of the unregenerate pastor, who cries, "Ye must be born again," and the relation which he sustained to sinners seemed not very unlike the relation which I sustained to Christians: his inconsistency seemed analogous to mine. Every exhortation was answered back with the convicting reproof, "Physician, heal thyself." This, added to the rational probability, that not one of my brethren would precede me in this matter, settled like conviction on my heart. From that moment I turned my exhortation upon myself, and resolved to sharpen the pointless dart of precept with sanctified example.

For the rest of my experience touching this matter, I would adduce a few pages of a religious journal kept at the time, in which were carefully minuted the successive steps of my progress.

"Feb. 17th and 18th -- Felt convicted of remains of sin in my heart, and deeply convinced of my need of holiness. Prayed for it, yet in vain: and perhaps not entirely in vain, for prayer increased my confidence and quickened my expectation. Felt willing to give up all, and to do anything to obtain the blessing: yes, longed to do some great thing -- to commit myself thoroughly to the search. Could I obtain the blessing by going twenty miles, where I might join with people praying for it, gladly would I go. But O! it is by FAITH, and not by works; by GRACE, and not by merits. It is only to wash in the Jordan of Christ's blood, and be cleansed from the leprosy of sin.

"Evening of the 18th. -- Attended class meeting at S____ H____. Went with strong desires for the blessing: nor were they barren desires: for a strong degree of expectation accompanied them. In this they differed all from my previous desires. Class full, and full of spirit. The meeting progressed so

joyfully, that in the spirit of the meeting, while participating the joy of others, I lost all thoughts of sanctification at least, I did not make it the definite object of search, and the subject of wrestling prayer, as I intended. In this I was disappointed, and, when called to speak at the close of the class, could not conceal my disappointment. Humbly acknowledged my need and desire of being perfected in love, and my expectation that the work would have been wrought that evening. 'Well,' replied the leader, 'it is not too late yet.' I cast my eye upon the clock -- it was but eight; I took him at his word, fell on my knees and began to pray. I prayed sincerely with increasing faith and fervency. Feeling that matters were verging to a crisis, and that what was done must be accomplished that evening, I prayed till there was cause to praise. I got sight of the blessing, and felt willing to receive it by faith, and to receive it then. I crowded all that I was, or had, or was expecting to have, my interests for time and eternity, upon the altar, and, sprinkled with atoning merit, I felt that my little all was all that was required, and was accepted. The blessing was before me, and the time to take it had arrived. Here, where my confidence and spirit had before failed, and a spirit of trembling possessed me, my faith sustained me. Feeling, as heretofore, that I was willing to be saved, I felt to go a little further, and exclaimed, I am ready! I am waiting! The fullness of the promise assured me that God was ever on the giving hand -- willing, ready, waiting: this reduced it to the present tense. Here infinite benevolence met the suppliant, and 'cut short the work in righteousness.' The blessing was mine -- I felt I possessed it; it made me contented. The witnessing Spirit supplanted my convictions, and I experienced a deep assurance that my prayer was answered, and the blessing bestowed. A mighty comfort pervaded my heart; a mighty peace rolled through my soul. Felt conscious that I had given all for Christ, and felt the witness of the Spirit, like an impression on my soul, that he had become 'all in all' to me. Then came a moment's struggle. I had a vow to perform. I had promised God, if he would grant the desire of my heart, I would profess and make it known. A moment's hesitation -- the devil tempted -- the flesh cautioned -- it was but for a moment. Resolved to fulfill my promise, and perform my vows, I arose, like a young convert about to declare the mighty change. I said but little -- my soul was full -- it overflowed. All sentiments resolved themselves in one, and all expressions were but synonyms of glory! I sat down. Not a doubt lingered, not a cloud obscured. The evidence then streamed in like sunlight, or rather like ceaseless undulations of glory. I had often felt sufficiently free, in religious meetings, to respond amen! glory! but never before had I felt it like something that MUST be uttered. 'T was no ecstatic flight, no height of rapture; but O! the depth! The fathomless depth! The ocean of love! 'T was boundless billows of joy, and ceaseless swells of glory! I went home all melted and subdued beneath this fresh manifestation of the love of my Heavenly Father.

"Sunday, Feb. 19th. -- I arose, and reflected on last evening's scenes. It was dream-like. I inquired of myself, 'Is it so?' 'can it be?' For a moment I trembled: but promises of sustaining grace recurred to my mind, and made me confiding; a thing quite unusual with me, for which I had never looked in my experience. They seemed like the oil of consolation poured on the sea of soul that had been ruffled by a little tempest. All was calm, or rather all was joy. Some parts of the day were peculiarly glorious. My cup was full to overflowing. A new world sprung up within me -- a new creation sprung up around me. Love was the supreme law of the heart. I discovered new beauties in Scripture, and that all-comforting promise, 1 Cor. i. 30, 'But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption,' especially, revealed a world of light and glory. My reflections gave me solid comfort. The scenes of the previous evening, instead of seeming extravagant, were heightened by holy meditation. I was glad for all I had done, and could not sufficiently express my gratitude to God for that grace, which overcame my fears, and enabled me to attest his work. Thus passed the day in silent or shouting joy. I longed for evening to come, when I might preach a full salvation, and test it by my own experience. I sought a text that contained the word, or idea, salvation. Had a good time preaching, and wonderful freedom in prayer: joyful in the hope, that now that one stumbling block is removed, my brethren and sisters will press

into the kingdom, nay, into the palace of the kingdom -- the palace of perfect love."

One week subsequent I find the following minute:-- "The past has been the happiest week of my remembrance. My soul has been a sea of peace, unruffled but by waves of joy." And now, at the distance of nearly two years, setting to my seal that God is true, I can heartily subscribe all that I have transcribed as the truthfulness of God, tested in the earnest experience of Gospel Holiness.

But let no dear Christian, searching for this priceless pearl, estimate its size or appearance by that exhibited in the experience of the writer. Let no dear saint, in full enjoyment of this blessing, cast away his confidence in a complete Savior for the same reason. Let each consider, in the work of the Spirit on the heart, how much is due to the differences of natural temperament, and to one's manner of telling what many have experienced. Let them also remember that our object is not fully attained till love becomes our law, and obedience our life. There is no sanctified saint on the footstool, who would not hail the approach of that time when all this tempest of joy shall subside in

"The sacred awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #003

I consider it not only a duty, but a privilege, to speak of the great goodness of God, toward one of the most unworthy of his children. For some months past, I have enjoyed that peace in believing, that deliverance from the bondage of sin, which I once supposed could not be enjoyed in this life. My highest expectations are more than realized, and I am fully convinced, from Scripture and my own experience, that "this is his will, even our sanctification."

I continued seeking for light on this subject, when one night, after a severe struggle with unbelief, I covenanted with the Lord, that if He would keep me from all sin through the next day, I would then believe that such a state might be enjoyed on earth. All was now calm. I arose in the morning, in the same peaceful flame of mind, and at the close of the day, I could not but acknowledge that I had enjoyed something to which I had ever before been a stranger. An incident occurred which, at any other time, would have excited feelings of anger; but it did not in the least disturb the deep quiet which reigned within. The time had arrived for me to fulfill my covenant promise. But alas! unbelief triumphed; and I desired another sign, which was, the continuation of this full salvation for one week. I thought this manifestation of saving grace would put the doctrine beyond any farther doubt. But I had had sufficient evidence. I had persisted in unbelief, and my request was not granted. My sins now rose before me in dread array. It seemed as if there was not virtue enough in the expiatory blood of the covenant, to cleanse a soul so deeply stained with sin as mine. When called upon to engage in any of the active duties of religion, the almost overwhelming sense of my sinfulness would rest upon me with awful weight. I dared not approach the throne of grace with that holy boldness, and hold that near communion with God which I was wont to do; for it seemed as if God would spurn me from his presence.

"He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart:
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part."

Satan was busy, presenting the most distressing temptations; one of which was the fear of being left to total apostasy. After laboring under this dreadful apprehension for several weeks, I read John 17:12. "Those that thou gavest me, I have kept: and none of them is lost but the son of perdition: that the Scripture might be fulfilled;" when I was enabled to repel the temptation. As I had been seeking for higher attainments in holiness, I wondered much that God should withdraw the light of his countenance, and leave me in such darkness and distress. In answer to this query, it was suggested that I had been unthankful for past blessings, and had asked for more than God had ever designed to bestow upon his children in this life. I accordingly strove to retrace my steps, and regain my former enjoyment. But here I was met with the suggestion, that it was vain for me to cry for mercy. For two weeks I was in a state bordering on despair, when, conversing with the Rev. Mr. _____, I was convinced that this fear to approach the throne of grace was a device of the devil, and was encouraged to press my suit before the mercy seat. In pursuing his advice, I obtained considerable relief. My mind, however, still remained dark respecting a full salvation. For two years, I continued alternately hoping and fearing, being unwilling to express my feelings to my Christian friends, knowing that the doctrine was not generally received by our church. One Sabbath in November, 1839, while pursuing this subject, I felt a desire to converse with some one who believed in this doctrine. Unexpectedly, a minister called a few days after, of whom I asked an explanation of Eccl. vii. 20. "For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good and sinneth not." This and other passages, he explained as referring to the natural man. One great obstacle was then removed. The next difficulty that presented itself was, that the doctrine savored of self-righteousness. In perusing the journal of a Methodist sister who enjoyed this blessing, I found that humility was a plant that could flourish in the heart of a sanctified Christian. The "Guide" being placed in my hands, served to throw additional light on the subject, and I was soon enabled to believe on Christ as "able to save to the uttermost all those who come to God by him." I no sooner believed than my purpose was formed to obtain this great salvation, for I believed it was not only a full, but a free salvation.

Some time after this, while groaning under the burden of sin, and crying to God for full salvation, believing "that this was his will, even my sanctification," my heart was melted, in view of the great goodness of God toward such hell-deserving creatures. I lost sight of my own sinfulness, in contemplating the infinite love of God in Christ Jesus. I had not long remained in this frame of mind, when it occurred to me that this was that for which I had so long sought; but like Naaman, I had looked for some great thing, and thought this could not be the much wished-for blessing. But again the conviction forced itself upon me, that my sins were indeed forgiven, and I cleansed from all unrighteousness. When I yielded to this conviction, I was filled with great joy. I seemed to be in a new state of existence: the change being as great as at the time of my conversion. I could only wonder, admire, and adore. Being in feeble health, I soon feared that this great joy was wasting away my strength. I strove to restrain my feelings: but it was like impeding the progress of a stream, whose waters rise and swell, till, leaping every barrier, they proceed on their course with increased rapidity. After remaining in this frame of mind for two weeks, feeling but little of the tempter's power, I was strongly tempted to attribute my exercises to mere animal excitement. It seemed too much to believe, that one so vile could be saved from all sin; and I was on the point of resolving to live as near to God as possible, but say nothing of perfect love. In this trying hour, this promise was verified: "But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able: but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." 1 Cor. 10:13. I came off conqueror, and more than conqueror; in that my evidence was brighter than before. Since that time, my peace has been as a river, each trial only serving to strengthen my faith. On that grace which has hitherto sustained me, I rely for the future. It is wondrous grace, that has opened my blind eyes. While contemplating what God has wrought, I am wrapt in astonishment, that a Being infinitely glorious in all his attributes, should stoop so low, to redeem one so utterly unworthy. With David I am ready to exclaim -- "What is

man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Ps. 8:9.

Permit me to add, "Search the Scriptures: for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify" of Christ, as one "who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Had I searched the Scriptures, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I could not so long have remained in ignorance on this most prominent doctrine of the cross. Seek to obtain the righteousness which is by faith. "Draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith." Claim those "exceeding great and precious promises;" and "all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #004

In regard to my early experience as a Christian, I would say, that that experience had two prominent characteristics, a desire, inexpressibly strong, to be freed from all sin in every form, and to be entirely consecrated to the love and service of God, in all the powers and susceptibilities of my being. Nor can any one conceive the gloom and horror that covered my mind, when older Christians assured me, and as I supposed with truth, that that was a state to which I should never, in this life, attain: that my lusts would not be perfectly subdued or subjected to the will of Christ, and that one of the brightest evidences of my conversion and growth in grace, was new discoveries of the deep and fixed corruptions of my heart -- corruptions from which I was never to be cleansed till death should deliver me from my bondage. Notwithstanding all the impediments thrown in the way of my progress in holiness, I continued to press forward for a succession of years, till I could say, in the language of another, "I do know that I love holiness for holiness' sake."

In this state, I commenced my studies as a student in college. Here I fell and fell, by not aiming singly at the "prize of the high calling," but at the prize of college honors. I subsequently entered a theological seminary, with the hope of there finding myself in such an atmosphere, that my first love would be revived. In this expectation, I grieve to say, I was most sadly disappointed. I found the piety of my brethren apparently as low as my own. I here say it with sorrow of heart, that my mind does not recur to a single individual connected with the "school of the prophets," when I was there, who appeared to me to enjoy daily communion and peace with God.

After completing my course under such circumstances, I entered the ministry, proud of my intellectual attainments, and armed, as I supposed, at every point, with the weapons of theological warfare, but with the soul of piety chilled and expiring within me. Blessed be God, the remembrance of what I had been, remained, and constantly aroused me to a consciousness of what I was. I looked into myself, and over the church, and was shocked at what I felt and what I saw. Two facts in the aspect of the church and the ministry, struck my mind with gloomy interest. Scarcely an individual, within the circle of my knowledge, seemed to know the gospel as a sanctifying or peace-giving gospel. In illustration of this remark, let me state a fact which I met with in the year 1831 or 1832. I then met a company of my ministerial brethren who had come together from one of the most favored portions of the country. They sat down together, and gave to each other an undisguised disclosure of the state of their hearts, and they all, with one exception, and the experience of that individual I did not hear, acknowledged that they had not daily communion and peace with God. Over these facts they wept, but neither knew how to direct the others out of the thick and impenetrable gloom which covered them, and I was in the same ignorance as my brethren.

I state these facts as a fair example of the state of the churches, and of the ministry, as far as my observation had extended. When my mind became fully conscious of this fact, I was led to compare my

own, and the experience of the church around me, with that of the Apostles and primitive Christians, and with the "path of the just," as described in the sacred Scriptures. I found the two in direct contrast with each other. Here the great inquiry arose in my mind, What is the grand secret of holy living? How shall I attain to that perpetual fullness and peace in Christ, which, for example, Paul enjoyed. Till this secret was fully disclosed to my mind, I felt that I was and must be disqualified in one fundamental respect, to "feed the flock of God." While the gospel was not life and peace to me, how could I present it in such a manner that it would be life and peace to others. I must myself be led by the Great Shepherd, into the "green pastures and beside the still waters," before I could lead the flock of God into the same blissful regions. For years this one inquiry pressed upon my thoughts, and often, as I have looked over a company of inquiring sinners, have I said within myself, I would gladly take my place among those inquirers, if any individual would show me how to come into possession of the "riches of the glory of Christ's inheritance in the saints." But clouds and darkness covered my mind in respect to this, the most momentous of all subjects.

In this state of mind, I continued to press my inquiries with increasing interest upon this one subject, till the fall of 1836. At that time, during a series of religious meetings, a large number of the members of the church arose and informed us that they were fully convinced that they had been deceived in respect to their character as Christians, and that they were now without hope, and appeared as inquirers, to know "what they should do to be saved." At the same time, the great mass of the remainder disclosed to us the cheerless bondage in which they had long been groaning, and asked us if we could tell them how to obtain deliverance. I now felt myself, as one of the "leaders of the flock of God," pressed with the great inquiry above referred to, with greater interest than ever before. I set my heart, by prayer and supplication to God, to find the light after which I had been so long seeking.

In this state I visited one of my associates in the work, and disclosed to him the burden which had weighed down my mind for so many years. I asked him, if he could tell me the secret of the piety of Paul, and tell me the reason of the strange contrast between the Apostle's experience and my own. In laboring for the salvation of men, I observed, that my feelings often remained unmoved and unaffected, while Paul was constantly "constrained" by the love of Christ. Our conversation then turned upon the passage, "The love of Christ constraineth us," &c. While thus employed, my heart leaped up in ecstasy indescribable, with the exclamation, "I have found it." I have now, by the grace of God, discovered the secret after which I have been searching these many years. I understood the secret of the piety of Paul, and knew how to attain to that blissful state myself. Paul's piety all arose from one cause exclusively, a sympathy with the heart of Christ in his love for lost men. To attain to this state myself, I had only to acquaint myself with the love of Christ, and yield my whole being up to its sweet control.

Immediately after this, I came before the church and disclosed to them what I then saw to be the grand defect in my ministry.

1. Christ had been but as one chapter in my system of theology, when he should have been the sun and center of my system.

2. When I thought of my guilt and need of justification, I had looked to Christ exclusively, as I ought to have done. For sanctification, on the other hand, to overcome the "world, the flesh, and the devil," I had depended mainly upon my own resolutions. Here was the grand mistake, and the source of all my bondage under sin. I ought to have looked to Christ for sanctification as much as for justification, and for the same reason. The great object of my being now was, to know Christ, and in knowing Him, to be changed into his image. Here was the "victory which overcometh the world." Here was the "death of the body of sin." Here was "redemption from all iniquity," into the "glorious liberty of the children of God." At this time, the appropriate office of the Holy Spirit presented itself to my mind with a distinctness and interest never understood nor felt before. To know Christ was the life of the soul. To "take of the things of Christ and show them unto us," to open our hearts to understand the

Scriptures, to strengthen us with might in the inner man, that we might comprehend the "breadth and depth, and length and height, and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," and thus be "filled with all the fulness of God," is the appropriate office of the Spirit. The highway of holiness was now rendered perfectly distinct to my mind. The discovery of it was to my mind as "life from the dead." The disclosure of this path had the same effect upon others, who had been, like myself, "weary, tossed with tempest and not comforted." As my supreme attention was thus fixed upon Christ, as it became the great object of my being to know Him, and he transformed into his likeness, and as I was perpetually seeking that divine illumination by which I might apprehend him, an era occurred in my experience, which I have no doubt will ever be one of the most memorable. In a moment of deep and solemn thought, the veil seemed to be lifted, and I had a vision of the infinite glory and love of Christ, as manifested in the mysteries of redemption. I will not attempt to describe the effect of that vision upon my mind. All that I would say is, that in view of it, my heart melted and flowed out like water. The heart of stone was taken away, and a heart of love and tenderness assumed its place. From that time I have desired to "know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." I have literally "esteemed all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord," and the knowledge of Christ has been eternal life begun in my heart.

Now when the Lord Jesus Christ was thus held up among us, by myself and others, a brother in the ministry arose in one of our meetings and remarked, that there was one question to which he desired a definite answer be given. It was this, "When we look to Christ for sanctification, what degree of sanctification may we expect from Him? May we look to Him to be sanctified wholly, or not?" I do not recollect that I was ever so shocked and confounded at any question before or since. I felt for the moment that the work of Christ among us would be marred, and the mass of minds around us rush into Perfectionism. Still the question was before us: and to it we were bound, as pupils of the Holy Spirit, to give a scriptural answer. We did not attempt to give a definite answer to it at that time. With that question before us, we spent most of the winter, in prayer and the study of the Bible. The great inquiry with us was, what degree of holiness may we ourselves expect from Christ, when we exercise faith in him; and in what light shall we present Him to others, as a Savior from sin? We looked, for example, at such passages as this, passages of which the Bible is full, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God, your whole spirit, and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." We looked at such passages, I say, and asked ourselves this question, Suppose an honest inquirer after holiness, comes to us, and asks of us, What degree of holiness is here promised to the believer? May I expect, in view of this prayer and promise, that God will sanctify me wholly, and preserve me in that state, till the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ? What answer shall we give him? Shall we tell him that merely partial and not perfect holiness is here promised, and that the former and not the latter he is here authorized to expect? After looking prayerfully at the testimony of Scripture in respect to the provisions and promises of divine grace, we were constrained to admit, that but one answer to the above question could be given from the Bible: and the greatest wonder with me is, that I have been so long a "master in Israel, and have never before known these things." Since that time we have never ceased to proclaim the redemption of Christ as a full redemption. Nor do we expect to cease proclaiming it as a full and finished redemption, till Christ shall call us home. For myself, I am willing to proclaim it to the world, that I now look to the very God of peace to sanctify me wholly, and preserve my whole spirit, and soul and body, blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. I put up this prayer with the expectation that the very things prayed for will be granted. Reader, is that confidence misplaced? In expecting that blessing, am I leaning upon a broken reed, or upon the broad promise of God?

There is one circumstance connected with my recent experience, to which I desire to turn the attention of the reader. And that is this: that I have forever given up all idea of resisting temptation, subduing any lust, appetite or propensity, or of acceptably performing any service for Christ, by the

mere force of my own resolutions. If my propensities, which lead to sin, are crucified, I know that it must be done by an indwelling Christ. If I overcome the world, this is to be the victory, "even our faith." If the great enemy is to be overcome, it is to be done "by the blood of the Lamb."

Believing, as I now do, that the Lord Jesus Christ has provided special grace for the entire sanctification of every individual, for the subjection of all his propensities, for a perfect victory over every temptation and incentive to sin, and for rendering us, in every sphere and condition in life, all that He requires us to be: the first inquiry with me is, In what particular respect do I need the grace of Christ? What is there, for example, in my temper that needs correction? Wherein am I in bondage to appetite, or to any of my propensities? What are the particular responsibilities, temptations, &c., incident to each particular sphere and condition in life in which the providence of God has called me to act? What is the temper that I ought, then, to manifest, so that I may everywhere, and under all circumstances, reflect the image of Christ?

Thus having discovered my special necessity, in any one of the particulars above referred to, my next object is, to take some promise applicable to the particular exigency before me, and to go directly to Christ for the supply of that particular necessity. By having the eye of faith perpetually fixed upon Christ in this manner, by always looking to Him for special grace in every special exigency, yes, for "grace to help in every time of need," how easy it is to realize in our blessed experience the truth of all the "exceeding great and precious promises" of divine grace. How easy it is to have the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, "keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." "Our peace is then as a river, and our righteousness as the waves of the sea." The mind seems to be borne upward and onward, as upon an ocean of light, peace and blessedness, which knows no bounds.

"O glorious change! 'tis all of grace,
By bleeding love bestowed
On outcasts of our fallen race,
To bring them home to God;
Infinite grace to vileness given,
The sons of earth made heirs of heaven."

And now, reader, "my heart's desire and prayer to God" for you, is, that you may know this full redemption. If you will cease from all efforts of your own, and bring your sins, and sorrows, and cares, and propensities which lead into sin, to Christ, and cast them all upon Him, if with implicit faith, you will hang your whole being upon Him, and make it the great object of life to know Him, for the purpose of receiving and reflecting his image, you will find that all the "exceeding great and precious promises" of his word, are, in your own blissful experience, a living reality. The water that Christ shall give you, "shall be in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life." You shall have a perpetual and joyful victory over the "world, the flesh, and the devil." Everywhere, and under all circumstances, your peace in Christ shall be as a "river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea." "O, taste and see that the Lord is good." "There is no want to them that fear Him." And, reader, when your cup is once filled with the love of Christ, you will then say with truth, "The half has not been told me." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

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ACCOUNT #004

In regard to my early experience as a Christian, I would say, that that experience had two

prominent characteristics, a desire, inexpressibly strong, to be freed from all sin in every form, and to be entirely consecrated to the love and service of God, in all the powers and susceptibilities of my being. Nor can any one conceive the gloom and horror that covered my mind, when older Christians assured me, and as I supposed with truth, that that was a state to which I should never, in this life, attain: that my lusts would not be perfectly subdued or subjected to the will of Christ, and that one of the brightest evidences of my conversion and growth in grace, was new discoveries of the deep and fixed corruptions of my heart -- corruptions from which I was never to be cleansed till death should deliver me from my bondage. Notwithstanding all the impediments thrown in the way of my progress in holiness, I continued to press forward for a succession of years, till I could say, in the language of another, "I do know that I love holiness for holiness' sake."

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Believing, as I now do, that the Lord Jesus Christ has provided special grace for the entire sanctification of every individual, for the subjection of all his propensities, for a perfect victory over every temptation and incentive to sin, and for rendering us, in every sphere and condition in, life, all that He requires us to be: the first inquiry with me is, In what particular respect do I need the grace of Christ? What is there, for example, in my temper that needs correction? Wherein am I in bondage to appetite, or to any of my propensities? What are the particular responsibilities, temptations, &c., incident to each particular sphere and condition in life in which the providence of God has called me to act? What is the temper that I ought, then, to manifest, so that I may everywhere, and under all circumstances, reflect the image of Christ?

Thus having discovered my special necessity, in any one of the particulars above referred to, my

next object is, to take some promise applicable to the particular exigency before me, and to go directly to Christ for the supply of that particular necessity. By having the eye of faith perpetually fixed upon Christ in this manner, by always looking to Him for special grace in every special exigency, yes, for "grace to help in every time of need," how easy it is to realize in our blessed experience the truth of all the "exceeding great and precious promises" of divine grace. How easy it is to have the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, "keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." "Our peace is then as a river, and our righteousness as the waves of the sea." The mind seems to be borne upward and onward, as upon an ocean of light, peace and blessedness, which knows no bounds.

"O glorious change! 'tis all of grace,
By bleeding love bestowed
On outcasts of our fallen race,
To bring them home to God;
Infinite grace to vileness given,
The sons of earth made heirs of heaven."

And now, reader, "my heart's desire and prayer to God" for you, is, that you may know this full redemption. If you will cease from all efforts of your own, and bring your sins, and sorrows, and cares, and propensities which lead into sin, to Christ, and cast them all upon Him, if with implicit faith, you will hang your whole being upon Him, and make it the great object of life to know Him, for the purpose of receiving and reflecting his image, you will find that all the "exceeding great and precious promises" of his word, are, in your own blissful experience, a living reality. The water that Christ shall give you, "shall be in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life." You shall have a perpetual and joyful victory over the "world, the flesh, and the devil." Everywhere, and under all circumstances, your peace in Christ shall be as a "river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea." "O, taste and see that the Lord is good." "There is no want to them that fear Him." And, reader, when your cup is once filled with the love of Christ, you will then say with truth, "The half has not been told me." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #005

1. Though I have maintained since my conversion, which was about sixteen years ago, a general purpose to serve God, I have been conscious in most, if not in all cases, when I have brought myself to the test, of an unwillingness to take the will of God as my rule of life in "all things". I have known that I was not wholly consecrated to God -- that I was keeping back a part of the price. I have felt a reluctance to give up some things of which I doubted, at least, the lawfulness. Self has claimed some indulgence, and has not always been denied. In this state of mind I have not only done that for which I felt condemned after performing the act, but of which I was before admonished of conscience that it was not right. This has been chiefly in matters where self-denial was required. Over these sins I have mourned and repented, and sometimes have been almost in despair: then I have felt that I was forgiven, and have resolved that in future I would be more firm in resisting temptation. But alas, alas, how often have my vows been broken. I resolved and re-resolved, and yet remained too much the same. I was wanting in an unwavering purpose to obey God always. My will was not at all times in perfect submission to his.

2. I have also been conscious of an unsanctified state of the heart, i.e., of the propensities, appetites, &c. In this respect, however, I think I have in general been growing in grace. Those principles which were inordinate have been weakened, and most or all brought more and more under

the control of reason and conscience.

3. From unbelief I have suffered much. This has not resulted from any apparent defect in the arguments in favor of the existence of a God, or the truth of Christianity. In my study of nature I have met, as appeared to me, with almost innumerable demonstrations of the existence of a great intelligent First Cause -- possessed of infinite wisdom, goodness and power. The arguments I have read, and that have been suggested to my own mind when investigating the subject, have appeared very satisfactory in favor of revealed religion. And yet my mind has not been perfectly satisfied. Doubts and fears, for the existence of which I could assign no good reason, have been floating in my mind almost continually. In this state of mind I have reasoned thus -- If Christianity is not true -- if this life constitutes the whole of man's existence -- then it matters little how I live; but if Christianity be true, then it is of incalculable importance that I live as it requires. I will therefore stake all upon its truth, and endeavor to live as if I had no doubt. This for several years I have been striving to do. Still I have felt the paralyzing effects, of this vague kind of infidelity. Among other evil effects in connection perhaps with too great a desire to please, it led, I think, to a degree of insincerity at times in my devotional exercises. I have not always been sufficiently careful to have my words precisely express the sentiments of my heart; and yet I have not intended to be a hypocrite.

4. As a general thing I have not felt a perfect victory over the fear of death, or an entire readiness to appear before God in judgment. And yet my feelings in view of death have been very different from what they were before my conversion. My fears have been comparatively slight; and often I have rejoiced in hope. But I have not always enjoyed the full assurance of hope.

5. My experience has been rather variable. At times I have been quite zealous -- have felt revived and quickened -- have had joy and peace in believing, victory in some good degree over sin, and in a few instances have felt that I was near the possession of perfect love. Once indeed for a few days I thought I enjoyed that great blessing. But at other times I have felt cold and worldly-minded. And yet I have never wavered since I professed faith in Christ, in my purpose to make the service of God the great, the leading business of life -- to live to his glory and prepare for heaven.

6. I have often felt the inconsistency of professing a belief in the doctrine of entire sanctification in this life, and yet not living in its enjoyment, or seeking it with all the heart. As a minister of the gospel, I have felt the need of holiness, that the power of God might rest upon me, and that from experience I might be prepared to lead others into the heights of Christian perfection. For its attainment I have often resolved and often prayed, but for the most part with a consciousness that there was not a perfect yielding up of myself to God. I desired holiness, but was unwilling to make the required sacrifice.

7. During the past year I have often preached on the duty of entire consecration to God, and of its connection with sanctification. This I believe has been rendered a great blessing to myself. My mind has been enlightened, and my heart impressed by the truth I have preached to others. Of late I have been urging the importance of regarding the truths of the gospel as facts. This has caused me to feel their weight. They have come with an authority before unknown. I have also, for a few weeks especially, been striving to be perfectly sincere in my devotions. This has seemed to bring me near to God, and to give me renewed power with him in prayer.

8. About two weeks since, while engaged in social prayer with a small circle of friends, I experienced, in connection with others, an uncommon baptism of the Spirit. My physical strength was well nigh prostrated, while my soul was filled with peace and joy unspeakable. At this time my desires for holiness were greatly increased. I took pleasure in conversing upon the subject, and in encouraging others to seek its attainment.

9. Last Sabbath was a memorable day in my experience. I was attending a quarterly meeting at

B____. Much of the presence of God was manifested in the congregations and social circles during the day. After retiring to my room at night, while meditating upon the provisions of the gospel, and the character of God, especially as manifested in Christ, the Spirit seemed truly to help my infirmities, and to take of the things of Christ and show them unto me. I saw that the same Jesus who tabernacled in the flesh, the same compassionate Jesus who was all tenderness and love towards his disciples when on earth, was my Lord and Master, and that I was his disciple. So convincingly was this impressed upon my mind that I could not doubt. I felt, I knew it to be a fact -- a glorious reality. And O, how blessed did the relationship appear. How my delighted soul exulted in it, and in what sweet confiding faith was I enabled to commit all my interests into his hands; and how willing did he appear to bless me with all the riches of his grace!

My mind was now more especially directed to the subject of entire sanctification as a matter of present and personal experience. Never before had I seen so clearly God's ability and willingness to save from all sin. Justification and sanctification seemed so related in the plan of redemption, that the latter appeared as certainly and fully provided for as the former, and I could not doubt but that God was then willing to make an end of sin in my heart, would I but put all upon the altar of consecration, and accept salvation as a free, unmerited favor; and I think, calmly and confidingly, I did

"Give up myself through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify,
And promise in that sacred hour
For God to live and die."

I saw how reasonable it was that I should make the will of God my only rule of life, and felt a strong desire to do and suffer his will in all things. And now, without any sudden transition of feeling, I felt an assurance that God accepted the sacrifice -- that he sanctified the gift. My mind was never calmer, my judgment and reason more clear and active; and the word was my ever present guide. I felt that I ought to believe the promises -- that it was most unreasonable not to believe them; and believing them, I could believe for nothing less than full redemption.

While considering my state of mind, and inquiring whether I ought to regard myself as in possession of the great blessing of perfect love, such a sense of my unworthiness was revealed to me, as almost forced me to exclaim, can it be possible that I, so inferior in talents and so much less distinguished for self-denying efforts to promote the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, than many others who have not attained to this state, should receive such a signal mark of divine favor. I was deeply humbled, but not cast down. I saw that it was upon the simple condition of faith that the blessing was offered, and that the unworthiest therefore were as sure of receiving it upon believing as any. It was then suggested that I had not passed through such a struggle of soul in seeking the blessing as some who profess to have obtained it. But the simple declaration, "he that believeth SHALL BE SAVED," was sufficient to silence the accuser.

Upon opening the Bible, I was surprised to find a depth and fullness of meaning in many passages which I had not before observed. Indeed there appeared a correspondence between the work and the word beyond what, till then, I had ever experienced -- "Deep answered to deep" -- God's Spirit, through the word, returned with my spirit to the work he had wrought. I felt that I loved God supremely. And O, with what sweetness and power was the word applied! Truly it was as the honey and honey-comb to my soul. I could say with the Psalmist, "I love thy commandments above gold, yea, above fine gold: I esteem all thy precepts."

It soon occurred to me that I had sometimes doubted the existence of God. Immediately I had such a realization of the awful fact, with such a view of his character, as filled me with reverential awe

and adoring love, and in a moment I felt his all-pervading presence surrounding me. But how shall I express the hallowed influence of that hour! I felt of a truth that I dwelt in God and he in me. Every power of soul and body was soothed to sweetest peace, and wrapped in holiest joy. The language of the poet is hardly too strong to express what I then experienced:

"The overwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

10. Since that time I think that my evidence of entire sanctification has been daily strengthening. I have experienced almost uninterrupted peace, and considerable joy. I feel the beginnings of a new life -- a life of faith in a higher sense than I have before known: a life of entire consecration to God -- of scriptural holiness. In comparing my past with my present experience, I appear to have formerly served God as a servant, but now to be serving him as a son. I have also experienced the truth of the declaration, that "if any man will do the will of God he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

11. In the preceding statement I have endeavored to give a simple narrative of facts. I have prayed for guidance, and felt the blessing of God resting upon me while writing. It has afforded me at least one evidence of a radical change having been wrought in my heart. If not entirely mistaken, I have been enabled to write uninfluenced by selfish motives. I have written from a sense of duty and with a desire to glorify God. And now, with heart felt gratitude would I render up to him my tribute of praise for his grace vouchsafed to me... For his glory may I ever live.

"Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am called by thy great name;
In thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim;
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #006

The want of personal responsibility, attached to an expression of almost any sentiment, in verse, might be given as a reason why it should not be employed in a relation of religious experience. This objection has presented itself to my own mind, and I would therefore disclaim all wish to take an irresponsible position, in this respect, though I have chosen poetic measure as the easiest (because the most common) mode with me, yet I should not consider the following effusion entitled to a place in "THE RICHES OF GRACE," if I could not in sober and unadorned prose, subscribe to every sentiment contained therein. I know that I have given you "more truth than poetry;" and though in my former guilty aspirings after literary distinction, a conviction of this kind would have been a source of deep mortification; yet I rejoice to feel that it is no longer thus. I am content with the possession of a truth, which can never be exalted by ideal flights, -- which has never yet woven itself into the baseless fabric of a vision; a truth that stands forth in its own unborrowed light, -- a light to which fancy is but a flickering ray, and poetry an idle dream. What I have written, therefore, I am willing to acknowledge a true relation of my own experience. It appears real (to use a figure elsewhere employed) that I have

long been on board the wrong ship sailing indeed under Christian colors, and supposing that my destined port was "Mount Zion, the City of the living God." Alas for me, that it was necessary to remove every earthly trust -- to turn every reed on which I leaned into a thorn, piercing me through with many sorrows -- to change every cup of earthly bliss into one of wormwood and gall, before I could resolve to leave all for Christ. But thanks be to Him, whose eye has been upon me during many long rebellious years of miserable compromise with a guilty world -- who has seen my vain, but earnest struggles to secure an inheritance in Heaven, without relinquishing one jot of my hold on earth, and who at last, with infinite kindness, sent the moth and the rust upon my earthly pleasures, the blight and the mildew upon every earthly joy, that I might turn to Him, in whose presence I have found fullness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

THE VOYAGE

'Twas lovely all -- this glorious earth,
With sunny garniture of bloom --
I walked in light and beauty forth,
And well nigh had forgot the tomb.

Well nigh, alas, there was a breath
Of poison on the summer air --
And life and joy, disease and death,
Seem'd often, strangely, blending there.

And whispered tones of coming ill --
Ah me -- I could not choose -- but hear
That life was but a gliding rill,
And death's dark waves were rolling near.

Which way to fly -- that murmuring stream
Was music to my spell-bound ear --
I strove, as with a magic dream --
Pleasant -- but still combined with fear.

I strove, and conquered -- broke the spell,
And ask'd again, which way to fly --
Turned from the path that leads to hell,
But saw no other pathway nigh.

Far off; upon the distant sea,
There lay a bark of wond'rous size --
With canvass spread, she seemed to be
A cloud upon the summer skies.

A waving flag, of crimson fold,
Circled the lofty topmast round --
And on its crest -- inwrought with gold --
I read the words, "For Zion bound."

For Zion bound -- that bark had borne
Its thousands to a happier shore,
And though 't was old, and sadly worn,
I knew 't would bear its thousands more.

I stretch'd my arms -- they saw me there,
Half deluged by the driving spray,
They lower'd a boat, with anxious care,
And made the shore whereon I lay.

Just then a little skipper pass'd,
With trim white sails and pennons gay --
Mount Zion, too, was on her mast,
As o'er the waves she wing'd her way.

Take me, I cried, with frantic wail,
As down upon the breeze she bore;
They turn'd her helm, and shifted sail,
And ran her close along the shore,

On board, they cried -- we run a race
For Zion's port -- and close beside,
A thousand boats are on the chase,
While we are losing wind and tide.

With eager haste I seized a hand,
That quickly drew me from the shore;
I only thought of Zion's land,
Of life -- of life forevermore.

Ah, beautiful it was to fly
So like an eagle in the air, --
To pass the shore so quickly by,
And dream that we were almost there.

To dream the passage would be short,
Alas -- it seemed not thus to me --
We touch'd along from port to port,
But seldom ventured out to sea.

We would not run a race in vain,
But snatched the good each moment brings --
And made our godliness a gain,
By bartering some for earthly things.

Our colors floated on the breeze,
With Zion's flag of crimson glow;
But colors too, diverse from these,
Were floating o'er our deck below.

We sang the songs of Zion's hill,
On holy-days, our raptures told --
But often anchor'd where the chill
And sluggish streams of Babel roll'd.

And there our earthly love prevailed,
'Till hushed at last was Zion's song,
And e'en the port for which we sail'd
No longer seemed to urge us on.

All things to us were lawful then,
All things expedient -- and divine --
To buy and sell the souls of men,
And lay them on our Moloch shrine.

To tamper thus with earthly dross,
To wear its tinsel bright and gay,
'Till ev'ry vestige of the cross

Had faded from the soul away.

One night -- alas, can I forget
The horrors of that fearful night,
When billows washed our reeling deck,
And storm-winds blew with fearful might.

Unlade the ship -- the trumpet tone
Above the bellowing tempest roar'd;
Bring forth your treasures every one,
And quickly cast them overboard.

We brought our merchandise of souls
And cast it on the foaming wave;
Back on itself the billow rolls
And opens wide a watery grave.

We brought our treasures, with a sigh,
Our earthly treasures, one by one --
They turn'd to bubbles -- floated by --
Upon the angry surges borne.

One moment more -- a moment brief --
And clinging to that sea-washed deck,
The storm-wind bore us to a reef,
Where all was cast -- a shapeless wreck.

All -- all was gone -- each beam and spar, --
'T was then we raised our failing eyes,
And saw amid the clouds afar
A ray of starlight, in the skies.

And just beneath this cheering ray,
Far down upon the troubled sea,
We saw that ship, that in the bay
So old and worn appeared to be.

On -- on her course, with sails unfurl'd,
And like a spirit seemed to glide,
While mountain waves were o'er her hurl'd,
And breakers roared on either side.

Save us, we perish -- loud the cry,
That rose above the tempest's wail --
While through the mist we strained our eye
To watch that swiftly gliding sail.

Fear not, 't is I -- the ocean spray
A moment, spread its misty pall --
The next, upon that deck we lay,
Saved -- saved at last -- but strip'd of all.

The storm is past -- and sunlight steals
Along the waters, bright and free,
And to the eye of faith reveals
The land that lies beyond the sea.

We pause no more to fling our gold

For pebbles on the nearest strand
But keep our wealth, of price untold,
And lay it up for Canaan's land.

And should the storm again o'erwhelm
Our bark upon life's changing sea,
If Jesus holds our vessel's helm,
The storm and calm alike shall be.

High on the raging billows borne,
Or sweetly wafted o'er the deep,
Alike to us, the calm or storm,
If Israel's guard our watch shall keep.

And when the ransomed of the Lord,
With singing unto Zion come --
And ev'ry harp -- from ev'ry chord,
Shall shout the pilgrim's welcome home;

When far beyond the billow's roar,
The hidden rock, the treacherous sand,
We furl our sails and hail the shore --
The verdant shore of Zion's land.

Oh then, we'll sing of dangers past --
Of toils that made our bliss complete --
That brought our crowns and palms at last,
And laid them all at Jesus' feet.

And there, in anthems loud and long,
The heart shall tune its rapturous chord --
The angel choirs shall catch the song,
And heaven shall echo -- Praise the Lord.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #007

As you wished me to relate something of the Lord's doings with me, I cannot deny your reasonable request, while I shrink at the thought that you, or any other one should for a moment imagine, that I have merited such great kindness. God has done the work, and done it in such a manner as effectually to exclude all boasting, save in "his glorious grace." Not infrequently have I been constrained to cry, why all this grace to me! Had he done so for almost any other one, I might have been able to find some reason sufficient to satisfy my own mind, in regard to the course He has taken; but that He should do so much for me, seemed at times almost unaccountable, were it not that He loves "to choose the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and base things, and things that are not, to bring to naught things that are, that no flesh might glory in his presence."

My Christian experience (if I may be allowed to call it so,) for about eight years after my conversion, is graphically described in the latter part of the 7th chapter of Romans. I felt the galling yoke, and was conscious that I was a slave to sin, but knew not where to find deliverance, and could only say, "O wretched man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death." To will was present with me, but how to perform, I could never find. During this time I had seasons of repenting and breaking down before the Lord and days of fasting and prayer and making resolutions. After writing down my resolutions, and calling God to witness that I meant to keep them, I would subscribe

my name to them. But they were all no better than spider's webs. The first breath of temptation severed them and carried me before it. All this only tended to plunge me deeper in the mire. Broken vows were upon me, and how could I appear before the Lord and enjoy communion with Him? I would have written a stronger resolution and signed it with my blood if there had remained the least hope that I should keep it. The thing was in my mind but I dared not execute it lest I should incur greater guilt

Not infrequently after having discharged what are commonly called the duties of religion, have I asked myself, "Does the love of Christ constrain me to the performance of these duties?" I would gladly have answered in the affirmative, but could not. I did not feel that I was thus constrained. The next inquiry was, "Has the gospel done all for me that it can do?" If it has, it has not met my necessities, nor has it realized my expectations. The Bible, if I understand it, teaches me to expect vastly more than I have ever received.

In this state of mind I was thrown into a place where I soon perceived that a few had received that which I had been inquiring after. I was refreshed by the preaching of the word. But the more I strove to attain the blessing I sought, and get nearer to God, the harder my heart appeared to grow. This alarmed me. Still I knew not what to do, for the more I strove the more I sinned. One evening, before retiring to rest, I knelt as usual to pray, but I felt that I had nothing to say before the Lord. I laid open my heart before Him, told him my state, and asked help, but not long. In an instant, as it were, my heart melted like wax, and my eyes overflowed. The view I received of God's boundless love completely overcame me. If He had frowned upon me, or sent me to hell, I thought I could have borne it. But the view of his willingness to forgive, I could not bear, and I fell prostrate at his feet. I saw He could freely forgive all, but how could I forgive myself.

Soon after, I felt that the power of sin was not destroyed. It had, to be sure, received a deadly wound, but there was danger that the wound would be healed, and it might yet live. My fears were not without foundation. Frequently, when on my knees, I have been afraid to rise and leave my room lest I should fall into sin. And as I feared so it was. To resolve against it I could not, for I was convinced that resolutions had enslaved my soul. Thus I went on during the following winter, tossed about by every blast of temptation, so that by spring I found I was going back "by a perpetual backsliding," but had no power to resist the tide of influence that was bearing me away. This passage was constantly present to my mind, and strikingly described my state, "unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." In this state of mind I knew I could not, nor would I preach the gospel. To preach about Christ, I could not. The Church I knew was dying under such preaching; if I ever preach at all, I will preach Christ. I will speak what I know, and testify what I have experienced, of the power of the gospel. I felt myself sinking in a "horrible pit of miry clay," but knew not how to extricate myself. In my distress I called upon the Lord and besought Him for his name's sake to save or I perished. I confessed my great guilt, told him I was ignorant and blind, and knew not where to look or what to do. The promise was suddenly brought to my mind, "I will lead the blind by a way they know not, and in paths that they have not known, I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them and not forsake them."

I clenched it like a drowning man, and would not let it go. This is the word of God who cannot lie. But the adversary quickly suggested, "True, it is the word of God, but made to people in other ages." But, replied I, were not the things which are written, written for our edification, on whom the ends of the world are come? Has not God given us the Bible as a whole, and not a part of it merely? If we are not to take the whole, why has He not told us so? I will hold on to this promise and prove it.

The sins of my life, were brought fully before me, and black was the catalogue they presented. My apprehensions of sin were of such a nature, as to annihilate the fear of hell in me. Nothing was so dreadful as the thought of sinning against such an infinitely glorious being as I then saw God to be.

I felt it would be a privilege, even in hell, to stand up in vindication of God's righteousness, and could not forbear begging of God to send me there, if he could there keep me from sin. The language of Job was frequently in my mouth, "My soul chooses strangling and death rather than life" in sin. During all this time I had no fear of punishment, but a deep abhorrence of sin. It had indeed become exceeding sinful, and all my cry was to be delivered from it.

I told the Lord that if He would only deliver me from sin, He might do with me just what He pleased. If He would give that knowledge of Himself and of Jesus Christ which is eternal life, He might withhold from me whatever the world held dear, and call me to suffer whatever He pleased. I felt that I could willingly "count all things but loss and dung for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ." My inmost soul cried, Lord, give me thyself. Reveal thyself in me. Nothing less would satisfy the cravings of my soul.

But how can I be delivered from sin? Can one so vile be cleansed? "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow: though red like crimson, they shall be as wool," was the answer.

How shall I be secured in obedience, was the next inquiry, so that I shall not forget and forsake the Lord? The answer was, "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts: and will be their God; and they shall be my people." My difficulties were thus brought up and answered one by one. I had before thought that I had difficulties peculiar to myself; but the Lord gave me to understand that if I had peculiar difficulties, He had likewise peculiar grace exactly adapted to meet them.

I felt that I could, and did rest my whole soul upon the promises He had thus given me, and I could take Jesus as my Savior from all sin. Having thus cast all my burden upon Him, I felt the peace of God which passeth all understanding, take possession of my heart. And now after such a sinking into the ocean of God's infinite love, that *I was constrained to cry out, "Perfect love hath cast out fear," and I had received the Spirit of adoption, how could I forbear to cry Father! Father!*

My mind has remained substantially in the same state for more than two years. At times I have not felt the same intense emotions, but the peace has flowed on, and faith has been constantly strengthening. But my emotions have frequently been so great as to deprive me of the power of utterance, and my soul seemed ready to rend the body and fly to Jesus. I have frequently had seasons of great temptation, but God has been true to his promise, and opened up a way of escape. At times I have longed "to depart and to be with Christ;" not that I was tired of earth, or unwilling to serve Him here and suffer for his sake. I could look abroad on all the works of God, and feel that "all is very good." When thinking of the goodness of God I have often been affected to tears, and in view of his goodness could not but exclaim, "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee," and with a heavy heart added, neither have the Church. In view of the condition of the Church and the world, my soul has cried, how long, O Lord! how long? I could honestly appeal to God that I would willingly pour out my blood for their sake.

I would tell you a great deal more did time permit. I love to speak of the goodness of God. He has done the work, and to his name be all the glory.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #008

Feeling deeply sensible that I should be doing injustice to the cause of my dear Redeemer, were I longer to neglect to testify what infinite grace has done for one of the most unworthy and undeserving, I take my seat at the feet of my beloved Savior, and give Him all the praise, while I speak of his salvation, a salvation purchased by his own precious blood. O, it is so free, so full, so perfectly

adapted to my every want, that had I an angel's heart and an angel's tongue, I never could sufficiently praise my blessed Savior, that I have been led to embrace it.

It is fourteen years since I professed to be a child of God; and although I had some evidence of his acceptance through the merits of his Son, I was often sensible I followed Him "afar off." I often committed sins: especially was I guilty of sins of omission, which gave me much sorrow and led me to weep in secret places. But I did not understand how to get the victory over these sins. At times I had some peace and rest, but it was only for the moment. Thus I went on sinning and repenting, resolving and re-resolving to be more faithful, without any real, abiding, controlling change in my feelings for twelve years. At length through a kind providence I was led to contemplate the subject of "Christian Perfection." At first my heart revolted at the idea, but to live on as I had done I could not. I therefore resolved, in the strength of Christ, to yield to the teachings of the Holy Spirit. I resorted to my Bible as my guide, and poured out my soul to God in earnest unceasing prayer, that I might know by experience the joy of sins forgiven, and what it was to be united to Christ "as the branch is united to the vine."

For four weeks my soul longed after full redemption. The subject had become deeply interesting. My Bible was my constant companion, my closet was my retreat, but still "there was an aching void within." I did not find that peace and rest I heard of others enjoying. At length I became sensible I was trusting too much to my own efforts to obtain what I so much desired. By the aid of the Holy Spirit, I resolved to cease trusting in anything I could do myself, and cast all on Him who has said, "Call upon me in the time of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." I soon became willing to make any sacrifice necessary that I might be delivered from this bondage of sin, and enjoy that "liberty wherewith Christ makes free." I cast away my cherished idols, and sought my closet at the midnight hour, and there, in the agony of my soul, sank at the feet of my blessed Redeemer, a poor, helpless, miserable sinner. Before I was aware, my Savior met me and spoke peace to my burdened soul. And now language is powerless to convey even a faint idea of the deep uninterrupted pleasure, joy and delight that filled my soul the following day. Oh, it is all of grace; to God be all the praise and all the glory.

From that time till the present my peace has been as a river, and my righteousness as the waves of the sea. My mind seems continually soaring upward and onward, panting for more and more holiness, as the "hart for the water brooks." My confidence in God increases day by day, and He has taught me that no spiritual blessing for myself is too great to ask of Him in prayer. I have been encouraged to ask greater blessings, and often the promise has been verified, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." My trials and conflicts are not few. But be they ever so many it matters not; the promise, "my grace shall be sufficient for thee," makes every burden light.

O, it is blessed to trust, yea, most blessed to sit at the feet of our dear Redeemer and learn of Him. Truly his "yoke is easy and his burden light." I am often led to wonder and adore the goodness of God, in manifesting Himself to me, one of the greatest of sinners, as he has done. Had I a thousand tongues I could not sufficiently praise Him, but I give Him all. My whole being is at his disposal. In sickness or health, prosperity or adversity, I will praise the God I love, the God whom I adore.

My soul longs greatly to have all God's people see and feel the fullness of the promises and the fullness of a Savior's love. I trust the day is not distant when God will appear and purify his people, and transform the whole moral image of this fallen world. "God is faithful who has promised, who also will do it."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #009

From a child I believed the Bible to be the word of God. My parents were not professors of religion, but were favorable to Christianity. And although I was not taught either by precept or example to pray, yet I was taught to reverence and fear God. When I was but six years old, I remember a remark of my only brother to my mother, that no one could go to heaven without being converted. I was surprised at this, for I thought only the very wicked needed a change; but being assured by my mother, that the Bible taught that all must be born again, I examined the Scriptures, and prayed, and became fully convinced of it. But my believing right on this subject did not alter my course, for I became very wild, and indulged in the usual sins of youth, such as profanity, and breaking the Sabbath by making it a day of sport.

In this way I continued till the year 1839, when I was brought to see my sins. I had been laboring under deep conviction some time, when one night I went to my bed room to retire. My colleague was sleeping, as I thought, very sweetly, (he had been converted that morning.) I stood a few moments reflecting on his condition and my own. He appeared very happy. I knew I was wretched. It was at this time I formed the resolution that I would no longer continue in sin, but would now submit to the requirements of the gospel. After I had thrown myself upon the bed, it was suggested to my mind, that the Savior must do this work for me, and that He was willing to do it, but that I must ask Him before He would. I thought, why not ask Him now? I made the attempt to pray, and that moment all my anxiety was gone; I felt emotions of peace and joy; but the leading characteristic of my feelings was love. I could not believe that so simple a thing as this could make me a Christian, and refused the evidence God gave me. Although I had submitted, some unbelief still remained, and it was not till the next Thursday evening (this was Monday) that I received evidence that I was a child of God, so strong that nothing could ever make me doubt. At this time I was eighteen years old. The next Sabbath after, I united with the church. For a year I enjoyed communion with God, and was warm in my first love.

Being but a youth, and having no regular home, I met with many temptations, especially after I came to C _____, which was in the latter part of 1840. Here I was obliged to be in company with those who knew not God, as I boarded with such. In many instances they proposed to take me to the theater gratis; and it will ever be a source of gratitude to God, that amidst all this I never gave up my purpose to serve Him, never omitting an opportunity to pour out my soul in prayer to God for help. Though now I regret that my course was not more consistent, for had I been more faithful and let my light shine, some of those young men might have been converted, but I sometimes felt as though I had very little light myself. As J. B. Taylor says, I had some darker scenes after my conversion than before. My heart was often cheered in prayer, for which I praise God. In this way I lived, sometimes enjoying the presence of Christ, and sometimes far, far away, till I came to the seminary. I then concluded I should be able to live a more consistent life, as I should be free from the temptations to which in the city I had been exposed, and I rejoiced in the thought of being separated from the world. But I soon found that Satan was in the country as well as city, and that I had the same heart then as I had before -- that I did not change with circumstances. I saw that some there had come into a state of more permanent holiness, and I began in earnest to seek it, trying in every way to overcome my besetting sins for I thought this was the first thing to be done. But the more I tried the more I felt, and the darker my path grew.

Wesley declares three things to be indispensable to its attainment. 1. Expect it by faith. 2. Expect it just as we are. 3. Expect it now. The conversation of those who had attained the "assurance of faith," tended to the same point. Yet nothing would satisfy me but trying to overcome my besetting sins, before I attempted to believe. As to coming to Christ just as I was, I could not believe he could bless me till I made myself better. In consequence of the slowness of my heart to believe, the Lord let me try the experiment. In this way I tried and tried, mustering all my forces again and again, until I was

anxious to return; but the Spirit of the Lord suggested, victory or death. When I attempted new resolutions, the tempter would say, You have tried so often and failed, there is no use in trying any more. I thought I knew what Paul meant when he said, "O, wretched man that I am," &c. Just at this time I heard a sermon on Holiness, showing that this blessing was attained by faith, in which it was stated that we should at the very outset, believe and rest upon God for the accomplishment of this great work. Here I began to take courage, and promised some of the brethren that I would never rest short of it. I took my pen and wrote down my besetting sins, promising to forsake them all and give myself entirely to the Lord. Here I made an entire consecration of myself, and went to my Savior. I now began to see I could make myself no better, that I could not even keep from running into sin without Christ's help. So I began to pray with all my might to God for the blessing; but the same darkness continued. Now Satan suggested that the Bible could not be God's word, for it said, "Ask, and ye shall receive." I knew I had asked for a long time in earnest; still I could not give it up. One brother told me I was trusting too much to feeling; but I told him I only wished to know the work was done: so what am I to do? He said believe without a sign. You must believe.

Not long after this conversation, these thoughts presented themselves to my mind. First, I know Christ is able to save me from my sins, "for his name is called Jesus, that he should save his people from their sins." Second, He has declared it to be his will, even our sanctification, and has commanded holiness. Thirdly, But is he willing now? Yes, for I have just read, "now is the accepted time," &c. But is he willing to save me? Yes, for he tasted death for every man, and has shown by his death the interest he feels in us. What, then, hinders me from being saved? Certainly nothing but a want of compliance with his terms. But what are his terms? What does he require? "He that believes shall be saved." "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." Then I see faith is all that is necessary. But my heart is so cold and hard, can I believe? Yes, I will believe, let my feelings be what they may. Let the evidence come as it may, or when it may, it is my business to believe. I can, I will, I do believe. This is all I can do. It is all that Christ requires me to do. The rest I leave with him, and I believe He will do it. In this state of mind I left the throne of grace, without a single emotion. I went about my studies and work, feeling that I had done all I could, and that was nothing but to leave myself in the hands of God to let him do for me. I sometimes felt uneasy, because I did not feel more; but this I left to Christ, to give me feeling or not, as he saw fit, feeling that he would do just right. Twenty-four hours passed before I had any change in my feelings, then I began to feel great peace. I felt relieved from my besetting sins. Christ had taken them away, and I felt a sweet resting on him. Oh, it was delightful thus to leave myself in the hands of Jesus, so full of love! It was glorious to feel such confidence in my Savior! Up to this time I can realize that by faith I am able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, and come off conqueror, and more than conqueror.

"Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
The invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye."

Satan has often since contended sharply with me about faith, yet when I go to Christ he enables me to realize his willingness to save those who trust in him, not because I am anything, but because "He will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on him." Why? because he trusts in him." Now I can leave the future in his hands, feeling he will do just right. Now, instead of making advances one day and going back the next, I feel that my confidence is daily increasing, and that I am growing in grace. The great lesson I feel I have learned, is to live by faith. This I know is an anchor to the soul. I realize now that faith is a substance, as Paul says, Heb. xi. 1. Not a metaphysical abstraction: but a

something that may be known and felt. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I need not dwell here, for you know infinitely more about this subject than I do. Christ has done all. All I did was to give myself away to him, and as soon as I did this he filled my soul with his love. Hence I feel strong confidence that he will perfect his work, for he is able to keep that which we commit into his hands. I praise God that this work is so rapidly spreading in our churches, and Christians everywhere are beginning to feel that something must be done, and that a different experience is necessary; that it will not do for them to depend on waking up in time of a revival, but they must come into a permanent state of holiness, in which it shall be their meat and drink to do God's will. I feel that the time has come for Christians to awake to this subject, for we have full evidence that God will not convert sinners while Christians are living so for this world, while the standard of piety is so low.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #010

It is now several years, since, after a season of spiritual gloom and sadness, I came fully to the conclusion, that there was something in the religion of Jesus Christ, to which I had been a stranger. I had seen myself to be a sinner before God, richly deserving his everlasting indignation. I had seen that God would be holy, just and good, and worthy of universal and eternal adoration, while punishing me with everlasting destruction from his presence and from the glory of his power. I had also seen in Christ a Savior, who, after atoning for all mankind on the cross, was able, on the merits of that atonement, to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him; and on that Savior I had cast myself as my only hope, and trusted in him, and him only, as my deliverer from the wrath of God.

Trusting thus in him -- my crucified Savior -- for my salvation, I was for a time filled with great joy and peace in believing, and went on my way rejoicing. But years passed away, and to these lively emotions of joy in the Lord, I had been almost an entire stranger, except for a short season immediately succeeding my first conversion to Christ -- when I did taste in a good degree, the peace which those are sure to find, who come with a heart penitent for sin, and trust in the merits of a crucified Savior for pardon and everlasting life. But I had come now to the full conviction, that my religious state was very far from what it ought to be. This arose partly from what I had learned in the Bible respecting "the riches of the glory of this mystery, which is Christ in us the hope of glory," "the peace of God that passeth all understanding, keeping the heart and mind of the Christian through Christ Jesus," "and the joy unspeakable and full of glory to be found in him, whom not having seen we love, in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing we rejoice;" and partly from what I learned about that time of the experience of some Christians, to which experience I knew myself to be a stranger.

I came then to a settled determination to know, with the help of God, more of spiritual things. Since that time, which is now some years, I have, as never before, "cried after knowledge, and lifted up my voice for understanding, seeking her as silver, and searching for her as for hid treasure, that I might understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God." I have sought for spiritual bread and for the water of life, with an earnestness which I know I have never felt for any of the possessions of this world. I have sought these in the Bible, in the experience of eminent Christians who have gone to their reward, and in the writings of living Christians, who seemed to know most of spiritual things. I have sought them in personal conversation with those who seemed to know most of the deep things of God, and I have sought them on my knees, with many tears, and with earnest wrestlings in the name of Christ for the teachings of the Holy Ghost. For a long time there was no definite blessing that I had in my mind as the object of pursuit, except that I might have more of the Holy Ghost, and be far better prepared than I had ever been to live to the glory of God. But I was made acquainted in the providence

of God, with some of those Christians, who believe that it is the privilege of all disciples of Christ, to be, through the "Great God and our Savior Jesus Christ, who hath loved us and given himself for us, redeemed from all iniquity, and purified unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works;" and we "through the blood of the everlasting covenant to be made perfect in every good work to do his will, by his working in us that which is well-pleasing in his sight through Jesus Christ" -- "to be sanctified wholly, and to have their whole spirit, and soul, and body preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, through the faithfulness of Him who hath called them" -- "to be cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and to perfect holiness in the fear of God, through the promises of God which are all yea and amen in Christ, unto the glory of God by us," and thus "through the exceeding great and precious promises, to be made partakers of the Divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." When I first knew this class of Christians, and first read their writings, I was greatly opposed to their views of truth; and from what I had learned of the mistakes and excesses of some who had professed to hold this truth, and to enjoy the experience of it, I was led to regard the whole subject with very great aversion. But I have learned, that truth is not to be held accountable for the mistakes which some may hold in connection with it, nor for the excesses into which these mistakes may lead them, nor for the sins of those who hold the truth in unrighteousness.

While I was thus crying after knowledge, and lifting up my voice for understanding, the Lord began to teach me more and more of the love of Christ, so that I was not only restored to my first love, but made to know, in my own experience, that the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day, and that "whoso followeth Christ shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." The "peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeping the heart and the mind through Christ Jesus, and the joy unspeakable and full of glory," of which the Bible speaks, became realities to my mind; and I had learned the blessed truth, that all the promises of God in Christ are yea, and in him, amen, unto the glory of God by us;" that it is the Christian's privilege, by trusting in Christ for the fulfillment of the promises, to enjoy the fulfillment of every one of them, just as the awakened sinner has fulfilled to him the promise of pardon, when, and only when, he believes for this on Christ. I had then inquired what has God promised, and what is he willing to do for me, if I believe for it in Christ. I examined the Bible with this principle in view, and found that God had said, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye." This promise I knew to be yea and amen in Christ unto the glory of God by me, and I therefore prayed and trusted in Christ that God would instruct me, and teach me in the way that I should go, and guide me with his eye, "into all truth respecting the doctrine of sanctification." When I read the promises on this subject, I found them full and explicit. "I will circumcise thy heart and the heart of thy seed to love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul." "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and make you clean: from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh, and I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them. And I will save you from all your uncleannesses." "And I will make an everlasting covenant with you that I will not turn away from you to do you good, but I will put my fear in your hearts, that ye shall not depart from me." "And this is the covenant which I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." I also found that Christ, our Redeemer, was called Jesus, because "he would save his people from their sins;" that he was manifested to take away our sins, and that whosoever abideth in him sinneth not." I also found many other scriptures equally full and explicit. But after all this, unbelief triumphed in my mind, and I could not see how it should ever be to me reality in this life, that "the blood of Jesus Christ should cleanse me from all sin." But as I prayed more and more for the teachings of God's Spirit, and searched after the truth, I found that if we confess our sins, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse from all unrighteousness." As faithful to cleanse as he is

to forgive. I found, also, that Christ was "raised up an horn of salvation, to perform the mercy promised unto the fathers, to remember God's holy covenant, the oath which he swore unto our father Abraham; that he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered from the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him all the days of our life." When I inquired, why are not these promises, so rich and full, made good to God's people, I saw that as they were yea and amen only in Christ, they were to be fulfilled, like the promises pledging the pardon of sin, to those, and only those, who believed in Christ for their fulfillment. This led me to see, that if I would be cleansed from all unrighteousness, as well as have my sins forgiven, I must believe for that cleansing, in him of whom it is said, "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and cleanse us from all unrighteousness." On him, therefore, I now endeavored oftentimes to cast myself, by trusting simply in his faithfulness, that he would cleanse me from all unrighteousness. But I had yet no evidence on which I could rest a belief that I was thus cleansed. I went on thus, continuing to pray, and endeavoring to trust in Christ, for this cleansing gift of the Holy Spirit, desiring, above all things, to be cleansed from all unrighteousness. In this state of mind, I had one day taken my Testament, and a little work on Christian Perfection, by Fletcher, and given myself up to reading, meditation and prayer on this subject. I opened Fletcher at the following passage:

"My heart-strings groan with deep complaint --
My flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And every limb, and every joint,
Stretches for perfect purity."

"But if the Lord be pleased to come softly to thy help; if he make an end of thy corruptions by helping thee gently to sink to unknown depths of meekness; if he drown the indwelling man of sin by baptizing, by plunging him into an abyss of humility; do not find fault with the simplicity of his method, the plainness of his appearing, and the commonness of his prescription. Nature, like Naaman, is full of prejudices. She expects that Christ will come to make her clean, with as much ado and pomp and bustle, as the Syrian general looked for, when 'he was wroth, and said, Behold I thought he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on his God, and strike his hand over the place and recover the leper.' Christ frequently goes a much plainer way to work: and by this means disconcerts all our preconceived notions and schemes of deliverance. 'Learn of me to be meek and lowly in heart, and thou shalt find rest to thy soul,' the sweet rest of Christian Perfection, of perfect humility, resignation and meekness. If thou wilt absolutely come to Mount Zion in a triumphal chariot, or make thine entrance into the new Jerusalem upon a prancing horse, thou art likely never to come there. Leave, then, all thy worldly misconceptions behind, and humbly follow thy King, who makes his entry into the typical Jerusalem, meek and lowly, riding upon an ass, yea, upon a colt, the foal of an ass."

These remarks were particularly blessed to me. It seemed to me, indeed, a most delightful thing to sink into the meek and lowly spirit of the blessed Savior. I had before been laboring to rise above my sins, and thus leave them; now I felt willing to sink below them, into a depth of humility, where the proud, unhumiliated spirit of sin would not be willing to follow; and it seemed a delightful thing to sink in the arms of my Savior, below the reach of all my spiritual foes, when I had long been seeking in vain to escape them, by soaring above. I felt then in my spirit a most sweet and heavenly sinking into the arms of my Redeemer, such as I had not before experienced, and it was followed by a calm, unruffled, blissful peace in Christ -- such as I need not attempt to describe to those who have tasted it, and such as I cannot describe to the comprehension of those whose hearts have never felt it. It was attended with such a full and delightful submission in all things to the will of God; such a joy of heart, in the thought of being for life, and for death, and for ever, altogether at God's disposal; such a gladness in giving up earth in all its possessions and pleasures for Christ's sake; such an overflow of humble, penitential,

grateful love to my Redeemer; such a satisfaction in the thought of having him as my only everlasting portion; such praise to his name that I might possess him as the portion of my soul for ever; such full-hearted and unshrinking confidence in all his promises, and such a readiness to do and suffer all things, even to the laying down of life for his name's sake, that I felt constrained to say, this is purity of heart. I knew that nothing but the Holy Spirit could ever fill such a heart as mine had been, with such feelings as these, and I therefore believed it to be the work of the Holy Spirit, cleansing my heart from the defilement of sin. I know that some persons are ready to say, all this may be the delusion of Satan, leading you to think of yourself more highly than you ought to think. But I do not think that the devil ever yet attempted to fill the heart of any man with the love of God. Christ said to his disciples, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another comforter, that he may abide with you for ever even the spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not neither knoweth him. But ye know him, for he dwelleth with you and shall be in you." The true disciple, therefore, will know the comforter. I know that the feelings I have now described were a blessed reality; that there was nothing left in my will or affections in opposition to them, and I do therefore believe that the Savior gave me to know, at that moment, something of the blessedness of being redeemed from all iniquity, and purified unto himself. For some length of time I continued in that blessed state of mind. The glory of my Redeemer shone upon the vision of my soul without a cloud. He had before seemed to shine upon me with a brightness like the noonday sun, but now, instead of shining from a particular part of the heavens, he seemed to fill the whole firmament, and to shed his mild, and sweet, and heavenly, and life-giving, joy-inspiring radiance upon me from every point. Above and around me all was light and gladness, and praise to the name of my Redeemer seemed the language of every breath. I cannot but feel that in that state of mind sin had no dominion over me. I feel that God, at that time, gave me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

But I had yet one lesson to learn, and there was probably but one way by which I could learn it; and that by drinking, like Peter, of the cup of sorrow, that I might in future beware. I had been accustomed to say, that if persons believed that they had reason to regard themselves as fully sanctified, there was no necessity for making it known, and the enemy of my soul doubtless knew enough of me, to commence his attack, where I was most likely to be overcome.

I was therefore led to say within myself, this need not be mentioned, it never shall be said of me that I go about boasting of my own goodness. To boast of my own goodness I certainly felt no disposition, for I clearly saw that all which had been wrought within me, was the work of the Holy Spirit, and that of my own I had nothing of which to boast.

But I came to the conclusion not to say, even to my dearest friends, that I had ever thought myself to be cleansed from sin even for a moment; I would enjoy it alone with God, and let my life bear witness. The consequence was, that when brought where I feared another might suspect me of thinking this of myself, I was led, for the purpose of giving him a better opinion of my humility, to say that I entertained no such opinion.

Herein I fell into sin, by denying what I had believed to have been wrought in me by the Spirit of God. I was now made to feel what I had lost. I had been told that I could not remain in the delightful state in which I had found myself, without confessing to the honor of Christ what I believed he had done for me by his Spirit, but I believed it not. I accordingly made the attempt, and fell into the snare of the wicked one. I now found the same sins besetting me as before, and bringing me into bondage, and my state precisely what it was, previous to what I believed the Lord had shown me of the blessedness of a pure heart. I know that by denying that blessed work which the Lord did in me, and by denying it that I might have a reputation for humility with man, I brought leanness and darkness into my own soul.

In this state, however, I was led to desire most earnestly, and to pray most fervently, that I might

be made like Christ. The burden of my petition was, that I might be made as much like Christ as it was possible for a soul to become while in the body, and I felt that I could be satisfied with nothing short of this. After praying thus for a time, I saw most clearly that there was nothing which God was more willing to do, than to make me thus like Christ, and I felt a sweetness of assurance in him, that it should be granted me. Now it was that the Lord showed me what must be the consequence of being like Christ, and that I could not possibly have the likeness of Christ, without meeting these consequences. I saw that if I would live godly in Christ Jesus, I must suffer persecution, and that I could not be like Christ, without being willing to share in his reproach. The Holy Spirit now showed me the sin which I had committed, in denying what God had done for my soul, and I now saw that while with my heart I believed unto righteousness, with my mouth I must make confession unto salvation," from being again led into sin. This I had not done. With my heart I had believed unto righteousness, but instead of making confession with my mouth, of the grace which God had shown me, and thereby being saved from the sin of denying it, I had refused to make the confession, and by so doing fell again into the hands of my spiritual foes. I now saw that, to continue in the enjoyment of that blessing, I must confess the whole and take the consequences. These I knew would not be small. I knew that almost every friend I had on earth would regard me as almost utterly fallen, the moment I should make such a confession, and that my brethren in the ministry whose confidence I had valued above all earthly good, would withdraw their confidence at once, and in all probability cast me out from among them.

I had now come truly to the plucking out of the right eye, and the cutting off of the right hand -- to the point where I "forsake father and mother, and brethren and sisters, and wife and children for Christ's sake and the gospel's." Could I make the sacrifice? Could I become an outcast from my brethren, and an alien from my mother's children? Could I become as lost, to the friends I had loved most dearly, and have my name cast out as evil, by those whose kind regards I most wished to retain, in order to please my Savior and enjoy his love, as for a little while he had permitted me to do? The struggle was severe. It cost me as much to make these sacrifices as it would cost any one of my brethren; but I could not long hesitate. I had prayed that I might continually enjoy the Savior's love, and he had now shown me what it would cost me -- and, blessed be his name, he gave me strength to make choice of his love, at the sacrifice, if necessary, of everything that I held dear on earth.

I was enabled to pray, Lord, restore me again to that blessed state of conscious purity and peace, and love to thee, and blessedness in thee, which I once enjoyed, and I will confess thy faithfulness to the world, and let my worthless name be reproached as it may. Save me, Lord, from my sins -- redeem me from all iniquity, and give me evidence of it on which I can rely, so that I go before the world with no hypocritical pretensions to something which I do not possess -- let me in deed and in truth be cleansed from all unrighteousness, and have full and satisfactory evidence that thou hast done this for me, and I will declare thy faithfulness, and in thy strength meet all that shall follow.

In this state of mind, I took up the word of God, and came to the following passage, in the words of Paul to the Romans,

"Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

I had before thought of this passage, and it had seemed to me that there was a meaning in it which I did not understand. I had said in my thoughts, What if I do think myself dead to sin, how will just thinking myself dead to sin, make me thus dead? How will any change be wrought in the state of my heart before God, by my laboring to think so? Again, I had thought of the injunction, -- "Likewise, reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin," and I had said in my heart I will endeavor so to do; but found myself wholly unable to do so in any way that even began to satisfy myself, that I was in truth "dead to sin." It was not the comfort of a sincere mistake respecting my own character, that I desired. "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks," so panted my soul after a full conformity to the

will of God. I felt that nothing would satisfy me for a moment, but "to be dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God." Nor was it an ambition to have others think me free from sin, that I was seeking to gratify, for if I could have made the whole universe believe me free from sin, while it was not a fact, it would not have begun, in the least degree, to satisfy the longings of my soul. Could I have possessed all the wealth, and received all the honor, and enjoyed all the pleasure, which the whole universe could have lavished upon me, and have been thought by every creature of God in earth and heaven to have been as pure as the spirits that wait continually before the eternal throne, all this would have done nothing to fill the desires which burned in my heart, to be "cleansed from all unrighteousness."

Still, however, with my eye on the injunction, -- "Likewise, reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord," I was not able to see how I should do this, so that it should be indeed and in truth a reality in the sight of God; and nothing short of that would satisfy me for a moment. I now remembered that blessed promise of our divine, and glorious, and loving Savior, -- "When he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he shall guide you into all truth. He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

I now cast myself down before the Lord, and prayed in the name of Christ, that the Holy Spirit might guide me into all truth respecting the passage before me, and teach me how to reckon myself dead to sin and alive to God, so that it would be a reality, and not a thing of imagination. Having made known my request, I trusted in Christ that the teachings of the Spirit would be given me, for I knew he had told me, -- "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." I therefore placed my confidence in the Savior, and believed that, for his sake, the Holy Spirit would show me how "to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Instantly, while I was even on my knees, with the blessed Bible open before me on those words, there seemed shed upon them a flood of heavenly light, and my very soul was filled with unutterable gladness, with "joy unspeakable and full of glory," with the thought that seemed clear as the brightness of a thousand suns, that I was "to reckon myself dead unto sin," by trusting my Lord Jesus Christ to keep me dead to sin; "and alive to God," by trusting my Lord Jesus Christ to keep me alive to God. This I saw would be reckoning myself to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ my Lord. It was to cease for ever from placing my confidence in my own strength, and to rely altogether upon the strength and faithfulness of my blessed Lord Jesus Christ, to "Make and keep me pure within, "to make and keep me "dead indeed unto sin," to make and keep me "alive unto God." And now, if I had found myself that moment monarch of the world, with its crown on my head, its scepter in my hand, its accumulated treasures at my feet, and every individual among all its multitudes ready to do my bidding, it would not have begun to afford me the joy which I felt, when I saw, as I then did, the privilege which a God of infinite love had granted me, to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, by trusting my Lord Jesus Christ to make me dead to sin and keep me so, and to reckon myself alive to God, by trusting my Lord Jesus Christ to make and keep me thus alive. How glorious and lovely did my Savior then appear! "Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Aminadab," and if the crown and the scepter, and the riches and the homage of the world had been mine, I should have leaped for joy and run to give Christ the scepter and the crown, the riches and the homage; and to lay myself in the dust at his feet, to be his humblest, lowliest servant for evermore. O, since I have known my high privilege to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ my Lord, "His name has been indeed to me as ointment poured forth." "He has kissed me with the kisses of his love, and his love has been better than wine. He has drawn me and I have run after him, and the King has brought me into his chambers, and made me to be glad and rejoice in him; therefore will I remember his love more than wine and (by his strength) I will uprightly love him."

When the Holy Spirit thus enlightened me respecting the privilege of reckoning myself dead

indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ my Lord, he that moment enabled me to avail myself of the privilege, and I instantly found myself more than restored to that blessed state of conscious purity of heart before God, from which I had fallen, by refusing to confess before men, what my Savior had done for me.

The love of the world was gone; no sinful indulgence had any charm for me. My whole heart was won by Christ, and filled with overflowing love to him, and I feel that a thousand hearts, had they been mine, would have been most joyfully consecrated to his service. I had no will but his, and no desire of life or death, or eternity, but to be disposed of in that way which would secure the highest possible praise to my Redeemer. I was now delivered from the fear of man, and as I had covenanted with the Lord, to confess his faithfulness to the world, when he should give me evidence on which I could rely, that I was redeemed from all iniquity, and as I had now found myself, and in a way so glorious and delightful beyond everything I had ever before conceived, made "dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ my Lord," and had been so abundantly enlightened respecting the privilege of every Christian, to be kept in that state by the faithfulness of the dear Redeemer, I could not for a moment hesitate, that it was my duty to declare to the world, that by the power of the Holy Spirit given me by my own blessed Savior, I was made "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ my Lord."

Besides, I had once known the bitterness of denying my Savior here, and the blessed work which he had wrought in me, for the purpose of retaining the good opinion of man; the Holy Spirit had set that sin before me, and I had opened my mouth to the Lord, that if he would restore me, I would bear his reproach. And now he had enabled me once more in his infinite and abounding mercy, "with the heart to believe unto righteousness," and it remained that "with the mouth I make confession unto salvation" from falling again into the snare of the devil. I have been enabled to make this confession to the world -- that "the great God and my Savior Jesus Christ, who loved me and gave himself for me, has redeemed me from all iniquity, and purified me unto himself; that I am dead unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ my Lord; that the God of peace is faithful to sanctify me wholly, and to preserve my whole spirit and soul and body blameless unto the coming of my Lord Jesus Christ; that the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep," does "through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make me perfect in every good work to do his will, working in me that which is well pleasing in his sight through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." I felt that in making this confession, I was laying myself and my all, a sacrifice on the altar of my God and Savior; but that Savior had led me by his own amazing love, and given me a heart that could deny him no more, and that was ready and glad at all hazards, to confess his faithfulness and power and love to the world.

I knew that the world would reproach me. I knew that God's professed people would cast out my name as evil. I knew that the friends whom I loved most dearly would many of them, perhaps, weep over me as lost. I knew that the confidence of the churches with which I stood connected would be withdrawn from me, and perhaps all my past prospects of a maintenance for myself and my household be entirely cut off; but I knew that my Redeemer lived -- and that all power was given unto him in heaven and on earth, and that I had only to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, nothing doubting that "he who feeds the fowls of the air, and clothes the lilies of the field, as Solomon was never arrayed in all his glory," would surely feed and clothe both me and mine.

In this state of mind, I did at the altar of my God, make confession of what God had taught me of his truth, and of what I had been made to feel of his purifying, sanctifying grace in Jesus Christ; and thus I discharged a duty to which I am sure I never could have been led by anything, but a once crucified and now glorified Savior's love, manifested to me by the Holy Ghost. I have no more doubt that I was constrained to this step by the love of Christ, than I have that Christ or my own soul has a

being. I know I was not led to it by a love of the world, for I never could have done it, until the last vestige of the love of the world had been taken from me. I know that until I had made of the whole world an entire sacrifice to Christ, I never could have thus held myself up to scorn.

On the morning of the day which immediately followed the Sabbath when I first "witnessed this confession" before men, I had a season of communion with God, of which I will speak, because I think it may do good. I was alone in my chamber, and meditating upon some passages of Scripture, which made mention of the faithfulness of God. Such as the following:-- "God is faithful by whom ye are called into the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that hath called you, to sanctify you wholly, and to preserve your whole spirit, and soul, and body, blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make way for your escape, that ye may be able to bear it. And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse, and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True."

His name is also called the Word of God. "And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords." While reflecting thus upon the faithfulness of my God and Savior, my whole soul seemed heaved with inexpressible emotions, and poured out in floods of gushing love at my Redeemer's feet. I felt that I had forsaken all for him, and could now only leave myself in his hands, and commit all my interests to his disposal. And now, in view of the safety of trusting my all with him, my soul exulted with amazing gladness, and I could only walk my room weeping aloud for joy, and pouring out my tears of overflowing delight, as I uttered again and again the single expression -- My faithful God -- my faithful God.

Since that time I have had various conflicts with Satan, but I have never for a moment doubted the faithfulness of my Redeemer in saving all his people from their sins, who will believe on his name for that blessing; and I see most clearly, that the only reason why any Christian is not saved from sin, is "because of his unbelief."

I have by no means been all that I hope, or expect to be; for I see that it is the privilege of the Christian that has been redeemed from all iniquity, still to "forget the things which are behind, and reach forth unto those which are before," and, "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, to be changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of God." I believe that to be cleansed from all unrighteousness is by no means the height of the Christian's privilege on earth; that beyond that he may go on to comprehend with all saints, what is the length and breadth, and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge, and be filled more and more "with all the fulness of God." And that even then, we may say to him with the apostle -- "Now to him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #011

Faith is the touchstone of our salvation. It raises us up "from the horrible pit and the miry clay," and brings us into the liberty of the sons of God. Faith has a divine and saving efficacy. Thousands, in all ages of the Church, have been redeemed and saved through this heavenly medium. "Without it, it is impossible to please God." It is the only sure road that leads back from sin and death to God and holiness. We are regenerated and sanctified by faith -- simple, energetic, unwavering faith. "Whatsoever things we ask of God, believing, we receive." We live by faith, walk by faith, and we are saved by faith. Of what importance is it, then, to the true Christian, to "have faith in God."

Through faith in Christ Jesus, some sixteen years ago, when quite a youth, I received "the

washing of regeneration" and the adoption of a son, whereby I could most confidently cry, "Abba, Father." "Being justified by faith, therefore we have peace with God through Jesus Christ." How happy was that hour when I first believed! But I have enjoyed much happier hours since. The seeds of the kingdom first sown in the heart have sprung up, and are now yielding the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Since the period of my conversion, I have enjoyed many distinguished mercies and blessings. "Great things hath the Lord done for me, whereof I am glad." How often have I felt that "there is therefore now no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus." -- But the constant language of my heart has been,

"O that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad!
O that my heart were all a heaven,
For ever filled with God!"

How earnestly and sincerely, and prayerfully have I sought to be "perfect -- to be made holy -- to be sanctified and preserved blameless until the coming of Christ." How have I "groaned to be set free and be renewed in the image of God." But I was young; there was in me a want of light and knowledge; I was inexperienced in "the deep things of God;" there were none to recommend to me "the Way of Holiness." The doctrine of Christian Perfection was not preached -- it was little understood, and I fear little enjoyed. Frequently did I go burdened and faint to the house of the Lord, earnestly desiring something from the ministers of grace upon this absorbing subject. But no: it was forgotten, or neglected; and recommended and enforced as seldom as if it were not an integral part of Methodism. But in these times of need, the Bible was my guide, and the Spirit my divine instructor. I still endeavored to "press toward the mark, for the prize." I considered "Him faithful, who also will do it" -- who has promised to "seal us unto the day of redemption."

But God would have us, in seeking the blessing of sanctification, to exercise the faith of reliance. First, He gives us to see our full need -- next, to "have faith in God;" after that, the blessing is bestowed, and then we receive the direct witness of the Spirit. But the evidence often is given sometime subsequently to the imparting of divine favor. Here again is need for the faith of reliance, till God imparts the faith of assurance.

About three years since, while partaking of the emblems of the "broken body and shed blood" of the blessed Redeemer, I felt

"Faith's increase, and Love's resistless power."

I saw, by faith, mercy as free as the purling rivulet, full as the overflowing fountain, and abundant as the waters of the ocean. I rejoiced exceedingly at the richness of God's grace. A joy filled my soul that was "unspeakable and full of glory." For many months after that blessed season, my "peace flowed as a river." I never recur to that sacramental occasion in nature's great temple, but with inexpressible delight. It was truly the power of God and the grace of God that filled my soul; it was the renewing of the Holy Spirit. Had I fully believed, the work had been completely accomplished at that hour.

Nevertheless, the witness was delayed. My faith was not sufficiently of that comprehensive character which realizes a present Savior. Yet I had great peace in believing. I was drawn out much, and particularly in seeking and praying for the evidence of sanctifying grace. It was not, however, until the 26th of January, 1845, that I entered into the rest of faith. It was Sabbath evening. I was sitting among a room full of kindred at home, reading the December (1844) number of the "Guide to Holiness." At the moment when the light of heaven shone in upon my soul, I was perusing intently the experience of J. A. B ____ , where the minister said, "Brother, on the night you was so powerfully blest, had you believed

that you then received the blessing, the work would have then been wrought. Now believe that it is done, and it will be done." Just here my soul was devoutly lifted up to heaven by faith in prayer, and the language of my heart was, --Lord, I can, I may, I will, I DO believe. That moment the conflict was past and the work accomplished. I received the witness of the Spirit by believing the work already done. This appeared like believing against belief, apprehending what I had no lucid, no evident ground to apprehend. Nevertheless, I did believe, and my "faith, accounted to me for righteousness, made me whole." I took right hold of the promises of God, and reviewing what God had aforetime performed in me by faith, doubting nothing now of his willingness and ability, I felt the sanctifying leaven spread throughout my soul. The purpose of God concerning me was then fulfilled. I then entered into the rest of faith. To God be all the glory.

A peace at that hour pervaded my soul till then unknown. It was a peace, a joy that passeth understanding -- that flows as a river, that abounds as the waves of the sea. It was a peace that kindled to joy and gratitude, and afterwards swelled to praise and triumph. O the fullness of redeeming grace! the depth both of the mercy and the love of God! It is to the soul of the believer sweeter than honey, or the delicious droppings of the honeycomb. Come, taste and see that the Lord is good. Praise ye the Lord.

This is a state of grace, the effects of which are not only peace, but quietness and assurance for ever. O, it is a most delightful assurance, a glorious assurance, a continuous assurance! Though sickness blast, though foes unite, though death devour -- though the winds blow high or the winds blow low -- in sunshine and in shade -- in the racking storm or in the heavenly calm -- this assurance, equivalent to hope itself, "is an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast." It lifts us up in the atmosphere of heaven, and continually points the weary traveler home. Enoch walked with God, and he had the assurance that he pleased God. This assurance is a divine treasure.

This grace imparts a consolation in grief -- a joy in sorrow. "We joy in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." O how joyful the heart when the light of God's countenance beams fully upon us. There is a joy in suffering as well as doing the will of God. What heights and depths in grace to which we have long been strangers. God now pervades and dwells in the soul, "made a habitation through the Spirit." The Sun of Righteousness, full-orbed, now illuminates our pathway. "O come and let us magnify his grace together!"

"But love casteth out all fear that hath torment" -- fear of the grave, fear of death, of hell, of eternal condemnation. "Love is the very bond of perfection. No stronger tie can unite us to God or to one another. It is "the beginning of the law and the end of every commandment." "It envieth not; it vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." We feel at this time through grace that no love of the world, nor of the creature, nor of self, has a fixed seat in our heart, but if love at all dwell within (and we know it does) it is "the love of Christ that constrains us."

"'Tis love that drives our chariot wheels,
And death itself must yield to love."

"God is love." "He that dwelleth in God dwelleth in love." "He that loveth God will love his brother also." Yes, 'tis universal love -- love to God and love to man -- love as high as heaven and broad as the universe.

"In Christ, in paradise, in heaven,

Our all in all is love."

I never saw more beauty and divinity than now, in the volume of God's inspiration. "I find the Scriptures increasingly delightful. I read no book with more pleasure. It is indeed not a dead letter, but spirit and life. Divinity is stamped upon its pages; and when carried home to the heart, its truths are life and power." Yes, I have had new light, new joy and new consolation in reading God's word. Were every character of the Bible written in letters of gold, and each of all those exceeding great and precious promises set around with diamonds, they could not appear to me more precious. Above all other volumes that have ever been written, the Bible should be least neglected and most revered and devoutly perused. It is a sacred treasure. In it are the words of eternal life. May its truths "dwell in our hearts richly in all wisdom. Let us recommend it everywhere, while we live, to the sons of men, from first to last it is exceedingly precious.

"O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!"

I have been kindly solicited to pen my experience for "the Guide." I have endeavored to do so (in part) with all humility in the fear of God. Nothing but the sense of duty, the cause of Holiness, and the continuation of God's favor to me, by confessing his name openly to the world, could have induced me thus unwaveringly to speak of "the deep things of God." But again I pray, as I have most devoutly while writing, and before I commenced, that this feeble effort to advance the interests and kingdom of the blessed Redeemer, may not be in vain. May these mites cast into "the Lord's treasury," be effectual in turning some soul to the way of righteousness -- of "presenting some believer perfect in Christ Jesus." "The Guide" has been a great blessing to me, and the experiences and excellent things therein contained, instrumental in a laying hold on the hope set before me, and being "renewed in the image of God." O may my experience be alike effectual and precious to others! May they by grace in Christ Jesus through us experience "like precious faith." "I called upon the name of the Lord and he heard me. I cried unto him and he answered my prayer."

Now to you who are seeking "the rest of faith," and "earnestly groaning to be set free," let me address a word. Be willing to receive the blessing of sanctification just in the appointed way. Set the standard no higher and no lower than the Bible does. Let down your golden pitchers into salvation's well -- here draw large supplies and drive all your wants away. Here are higher joys, wider rivers of pleasure and oceans of delight, than we have ever conceived of or yet tasted. Let us launch out. "There is enough for each, enough for all, enough for evermore." Glory to God and the Lamb for ever for such an ample atonement, for such a full redemption, for such an overflowing fountain! Here is a feast to which all are invited as welcome guests; a blessed Bethesda -- come to its healing waters: "all things are now ready." Leave all our merit behind -- come to the crucified as your "righteousness, your sanctification, and your redemption." Have faith in God. This is the keystone of our salvation. It will remove mountains; yes, a world cannot remove its influence. But self must be entirely crucified; bind it hand and foot and cast it bound hard by the cross -- O, there remain till thy whole soul is melted into silent awe and perfect love! Believe it attainable, and believe it now, and you have it. O seek it aright, believe it already in your heart, and you will find the treasure yours. May the blessed Jesus speedily bring you into "the rest of faith," and "cleanse you from unrighteousness."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

The subject of entire sanctification became one of deep interest to me immediately after my conversion. This fact being known to some of my religious friends, they placed in my hands, I think, the "Plain Account of Christian Perfection," by Mr. Wesley. I distinctly remember that about that time (1831) I often engaged heartily, as I thought, in prayer to God for a clean heart. But my heart was unbelieving. At least my faith was too weak in the promises of God to claim the blessing.

Immediately after my admission into the ministry, having removed by this act (obeying the call of God) one insuperable hindrance to my happiness, I enjoyed many happy seasons, and am persuaded was often on the very threshold of perfect love. Could I then have had the society and conversation of a friend who enjoyed the blessing, it would have been of incalculable advantage to me, and I doubt not would have resulted in my entire sanctification.

Like all, or most, other ministers of our Church, I have always preached holiness, whatever were my attainments at the time; but the more earnestly and frequently when most engaged in its pursuit myself. During the years 1843 and 1844, the "Guide to Christian Perfection," edited by D. S. King, Boston, was sent to me regularly, a number each month. This work is a real treasure, and ought to be read by all who are seeking to "go on to perfection." I was blessed in reading it then, but much more in perusing the same numbers of late. At an early period of the present year, some two or three members of our society sought, obtained and professed the blessing of a clean heart. Their testimony was not doubted. They had previously been among the most faithful of my charge, and their account of the matter was both rational and Scriptural. Their profession had its influence upon the society, and upon their pastor. I attended a camp meeting in a neighboring circuit in August, where, after preaching from "One thing thou lackest," (which, though applied chiefly to the unconverted, was but too true of professors generally,) I went into the altar, and invited my brethren in the ministry and members of the Church present to seek with me holiness of heart. Some two hours, or more, I spent in prayer thus, and obtained no inconsiderable victory. Though much exhausted physically, I was greatly strengthened in spirit. Some points in Christian experience, as attainable, were then discovered, which have never been lost sight of since: still the blessing of perfect love was not attained. Two weeks after this meeting (assisted by my colleague and the brethren in the vicinity) I held one at B____. During this interval my mind was very much taken up with the study and pursuit of entire sanctification. I greatly desired at this meeting to hear a clear and forcible discourse on the subject from one who then enjoyed the blessing; but failing in this, I discoursed freely with a few friends privately in reference to the matter. On the Sabbath of the camp meeting I preached from Matt. xxii. 37, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," &c. I felt that this effort was beneficial to myself, and I trust was not without some good effect upon others. At a subsequent period in our exercises, at a prayer and experience meeting, I arose and declared frankly to all present the true state of my mind on the subject, and avowed my purpose never to cease to seek the possession and enjoyment of a clean heart.

A few extracts from my diary will show the transition state of my experience subsequently to the above declaration, and down to the attainment of the perfect love of God. It is proper, perhaps, for me to say here, that about this time (September) I commenced a careful reading of Dr. Peck's work on the subject of Christian perfection, and by the time I had concluded it, I was enabled by the grace of God to bear my testimony to the attainableness of "a heart from sin set free." This work may have its defects, perhaps it has; but certainly it has many excellences, excellences which vastly outweigh its defects, and highly recommend it to the attention and careful perusal of all who would understand the nature and enjoy the blessing of Scriptural holiness.

I will now proceed to give the extracts promised:--

"Sept. 16. The doctrine of Christian perfection is eliciting much attention and interest at present.

My own heart pants, I trust I may say thirsts, for all the fullness of God. This day I have frequently seemed to be almost in reach of the blessing. My soul has magnified the Lord. I feel, Christ shall be 'all in all.' It seems to me I would have it so now, but my faith is not perfect, it wavers, and the result is, I am not yet filled with God.

"21, 22, and 23. My poor heart is unusually drawn out in prayer to God for the blessing of perfect love. This is the Lord's doing, but why do not I attain the thing sought? This delay is my fault. I think I often feel happy -- I call the Almighty my Father -- I am growing in grace. All the graces of his Spirit are, I think, maturing, being perfected. Surely I am not far from the promised salvation: yet I have not obtained. Of this I am perfectly conscious. There are dispositions, or emotions, or propensities, which, although I have, I believe, victory over in the main, are nevertheless lurking within. I try to analyze my experience. I am certainly now in the Lord; he reigns in me; but the prosperity, composure, and seeming peace of the wicked, I think I feel a disposition to envy. Not that I would change situations with them -- no! no! But my displeasure toward them seems to exceed my pity for them. Again, although I wish to love God with all my heart, and believe that generally now I love him supremely, yet this affection is not sufficiently strong, uniform, and constant, to exclude all sinful, and subdue all unlawful, and inordinate feelings, always. Again, toward my enemies, and the enemies of God and religion, though for a while I think I pity and love, yet presently, if the insult is repeated or persevered in, I find a spirit of retaliation rising up, and seeking exercise.

----- "As to my prospects for the future, if I am capable of ascertaining them when in health, and not in immediate danger of death, I have confidence that it will go well with me; but my hope is partly based on the conviction that God will, whenever he calls me, perfect the work, cut it short, sanctify me wholly, if it has not been previously done. Thus viewed in any and every light, still the great truth is before me, viz: that I yet need to be saved from all sin.

"Besides striving now to pray for holiness without ceasing, I retire for prayer six or seven times each day, when I am enabled to exercise much faith, and have access to God, and know that the Lord favors me with his presence and love. I try also to make a matter of conscience of the manner of spending my time, and no small portion of it is spent in reading his Holy Word, and other works on the subject of holiness. But in all this I know, I feel there is no merit, nor virtue, abstractly; prayer, reading, &c., are only means; while I thank my Savior for them, I must look only to him for life and salvation. O, may he fill me with all his fullness!

"27, 28. One fact I think I have clearly discovered for some time past, viz: that I am growing in grace: I am also groaning for full redemption; still I cannot say I have it, that is, that I am saved from inward or inbred corruption, or 'cleansed from all unrighteousness,' or that my heart is pure, or that I am 'sanctified wholly.' Whatever term be used to express the perfection of the Gospel, or evangelical perfection, I am not satisfied that I am in possession of it. Now this blessing and the evidence of its possession I sincerely desire and am in pursuit of. Never can 'I rest till pure within, till I am wholly lost in him.' My faith I find strengthened; have more love for souls, more zeal for the cause of God; I am enabled to pray with more fervor, and my hope of heaven is much brighter. Manifestly the Lord is at work for me, and in me. I am, it is true, taught to fear from what I find in myself, lest under strong temptation I should be carried away by the torrent. My hope is all centered in Christ, and I must every hour cleave to him, or I fail. His good Spirit must assist me, or my habits of evil will prevail against me. O that my divine Master may now cleanse me, and keep me clean!

"October 2 and 8. I find now my peace almost uninterrupted; by the grace of God I have of late gained real and great victories over myself, the world, and the devil. My heavenly Father this week has been more precious than ever. In my closet, the pulpit, the study, while traveling, and in conversation, I have in all these places and engagements been conscious of his indwelling presence and power. Through Christ I think I feel all is well, yet I cannot say he has sanctified me wholly; I think not. This

is the point at which I am aiming; as yet I have not that evidence of its accomplishment which I think the Lord will give me when done; I am inclined to believe, too, that at times now I find evidence in myself that it is not done. O that the Lord may guide me right in this matter! I have infinite cause to praise him for what he has already done for me; and as regards what remains to be done, my soul breaks out in ecstatic hope, and says,

"His love I soon expect to find
In all its depth and height,
To comprehend the Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite."

"May the Lord now witness with my heart that the work is done. Amen, even now, O my Redeemer!"

"9. I have had to struggle more for the last three days to keep up the same amount of religious fervor and feeling; but by the grace of my Redeemer, for the most part of the time I have been successful; I cannot, I must not question the reality of my salvation. Too frequently I find myself hesitating to express all I now enjoy -- all I now experience -- for fear of being hereafter overcome by some of my former besetments. This evening, at general class, lest some one had hesitated to express all their enjoyments, and had kept back a profession of their full attainments in the religion of Christ, from the very guarded manner in which I spoke of my own at the opening of the class, near its close I arose, and by the grace of my Master, testified thus: 'I now declare to you, my dear friends, my firm conviction that I now love God with all my heart.' My heart I felt and expressed was small, yet small as it was, and depraved and wicked as it had been, God, through the adorable Savior, enabled me then to love him with all my powers. To God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be unceasing praises now and ever. Amen. On his altar I now anew lay all I have, and all I am -- a poor little all indeed, yet it is all. O may he accept! He does; may he preserve and save for ever! He will, he will. Glory, glory, ALL glory to God. Amen.

"10. I see no cause this evening to change anything in the above. I am still persuaded that my heavenly Father now saves me from sin, all sin. I am also fully persuaded he will do so while I trust him implicitly.

"15 and 16. Through much mercy I am enabled to keep my mind and heart fixed on God. He keeps me in perfect peace. This is an effect or result to which I have heretofore been a stranger. It is true, it is not maintained without effort. I am enabled to pray more than ever, and I rarely, if ever, arise and leave without the answer to my prayer. Through the Lord Jesus I have fellowship with the Father, and with the Son; and the blood of Jesus Christ, I believe, cleanseth me from all sin. That my piety is still defective in the sight of God I have no doubt, but by his grace I am trying to do what to me seems best, relying upon the teachings of his word and Spirit, and then the unavoidable defects are continually pardoned, through Jesus Christ my sacrifice and my Redeemer.

"Christ has my heart; in his hands I commit and leave all for ever. My purpose is, that not in one single point, duty, privilege, or experience, will I retrograde: no, not one moment. I pray from five to eight times every day, read two or three chapters of Holy Scripture, and other good books considerably. Glory to God, he sanctifies his truth to my salvation. O how precious to my soul! Surely my heavenly Father will not suffer me to be deceived. If he has not sanctified me wholly, I am certain the work is progressing, so that all shall be finally well.

"17, 18, 19. These three days I have spent at quarterly meeting, two of them at our own, and the other in the adjoining circuit. On the 17th I preached from Psalm i. 1, 2, 3 Never before did I feel its appropriateness to my own experience as much as on this glad day. Truly God's law is my delight, and

in it do I read and meditate day and night. By the grace and mercy of my Redeemer, I am as a tree planted by the rivers of water. O how pure and refreshing their stream, their banks overflow, occasionally at least, and every grace is watered and replenished by the proprietor of the vineyard, the Lord our righteousness! On the 18th (Sunday) in the love-feast I was enabled to acknowledge and praise my adorable Redeemer, not only for justifying grace, but for sanctifying love also; and at this time, and throughout this day, more than all my life before, I am enabled to realize that 'Christ is all and in all.' I can but ask myself continually, why have I spent so much of my time in comparatively a wilderness state? Why have I not gone up and possessed the land before? Thank God that at length he hath brought me in to enjoy the promised rest. I have had an interview with a dear friend and brother in the ministry today, and have conversed freely on the subject of my experience. To him I related and read much that I have marked and written in reference to the working of my mind, both before and since I have received the blessing of a clean heart. This intelligence he received with much joy, and I felt that the relation of it was profitable to myself. One great reason, he thinks, why so few in the ministry and membership in the Church seek and obtain it is, the want of a deep conviction in themselves of its need. This opinion is doubtless true; but this conviction can be wrought, and will be wrought, if proper attention to reading and study on the subject be given by those who are living in the favor of God."

From the above extracts may be learned the state of my experience for the last two months, or more, and the steps by which I was led from a deep anxiety on the account of remaining corruption, and an ardent desire to be free from all sin, to the possession and enjoyment of perfect love.

For the most part of the time since I have professed this great salvation, I have had no difficulty in "exercising the presence of God," that is, in realizing the fact that God is with me, and in me. Under a full conviction of this I repair to his house, to the closet, to his word, and to Christian conference, and in all my faith apprehends his presence, and through Christ claims and enjoys the bread and water of life. Under it also I experience that "the water he gives me is in me a well of water springing up unto eternal life."

To say that I have no temptations, no trials from without, would be incorrect. Such a state I am persuaded is not consistent with human probation. The grand adversary has not been idle since the good work has been going on, nor is he now; but, thank God, by his [God's] grace I stand, with Satan beneath my feet. My language in relation to his assaults is, "Now thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ." The world, too, is busy. With its spirit, maxims, fashions, and various allurements, marshaled under the prince of darkness, attempts are made, through the passions, affections, desires, imaginations and appetites of my heart, to introduce secret and wily foes in order to its recapture, but without success. "God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." My song is,

"My passions hold a pleasing reign
When love inspires my breast;
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest."

A thousand times, perhaps, or more, both in my closet and in my almost constant aspirations, have I said to my heavenly Father,

"Nothing on earth do I desire
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, do I require,
And freely give up all the rest."

Praise God, O my soul, for his unspeakable gift. In the strongest temptation that I have had, an appeal to my Savior for the sincerity and truthfulness of my entire consecration to him, leaves the matter beyond a doubt that he entirely accepts. "Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and by the communications of his mercy and grace enables me now to say,

"My hope is full (O glorious hope)
Of immortality."

This sketch must be brought to a close. Pleasing as is the theme to me, it may not (if extended too far) be so to your readers. Though "it is good to be here," and on this mount I may wish to "make tabernacles" and dwell, yet I must not detain you, nor the readers of your paper, till all this is accomplished, lest I fail of the grand object intended by writing, viz: to impress the importance, and give instruction and encouragement to those who may be without the blessing of a full and present salvation.

In conclusion holiness of heart, or entire sanctification, is attained like pardon and regeneration, by simple faith in Christ. The conviction of its necessity being deeply impressed by the Spirit of God, an humble trust in the merits of Christ, and a hearty belief of the promises of God will not fail to secure the thing sought without delay.

In most persons, perhaps in all, it will be gradual. But even this does not imply that any considerable time must necessarily elapse; I believe it is not necessary. Every moment God is much more willing to save us from all sin, than we are to be saved.

One distinct, strong impression I wish now to make: it is this -- that "loving God with all the heart, with all the soul, and with all the mind," is the attainment of the blessing of entire sanctification. When this point is known to be gained, by the grace of God let it be professed.

None ought to conclude that the possession of this higher degree of love is to be attended by a cessation of effort to "go on to perfection." So far from this being the fact, their efforts to get and do good will be increased, and their attainments much more rapid. The works of God, his providences, and particularly his word, will be developing to the contemplative mind of the sanctified Christian facts of increasing interest every hour.

When it is attained, not only profess it, but "walk by the same rule, mind the same things," use as much exertion to enjoy, honor, and recommend it, as to gain it.

A few of the advantages of possessing this blessing now, are:

1. It secures the observance of the second great command, loving all men as ourselves, which effectually prevents, or destroys all jealousy, envy, anger, malice, ill-will, suspicion, &c., &c.
2. It gives efficiency to all our efforts to do good, and characterizes all our labors in religious matters, "as done heartily unto the Lord."
3. It makes our faithfulness in duty and perseverance in the cause of God much more probable.
4. It alone gives us fully to realize the promise that "the peace is as a river," &c., that is, always abiding and increasing as it rolls on.
5. "It casteth out fear," all fear that is attended with the least apprehension or unpleasantness, and of course all fear of death always.
6. I sum up many things in saying, in the language of inspiration, "It is the fulfilling of the law," and therefore makes us always pleasing to God, and "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

ACCOUNT #013

One Monday morning, a little more than twenty-one years since, when but a feeble child, seeing a minister apparently very happy, I desired the same enjoyment; and was instantly prompted to secure it, by seeking to become a child of God. And on the Wednesday following, after an earnest struggle for pardon, I heard Jesus whisper,

"Thy sins are forgiven;
Accepted thou art!
I listened -- and heaven
Sprang up in my heart!"

My transported soul, perfectly unconscious of earthly objects, was permitted, as if disembodied, to mingle with the heavenly choir in praise and adoration. The witness imparted that moment has never since been questioned. For weeks my joys were uninterrupted -- not even a temptation was permitted to cloud my sky. About two years after, I was presented with Wesley's Views of Christian Perfection. My mind was peculiarly happy at the time, but I began to pray earnestly for all that it was my privilege to enjoy, and became very anxious. For the first time, I now heard the voice with power, -- "I am the Almighty; walk before me and be thou perfect." But O, the subtlety of my enemy! The very means used in bringing me to the door, was now made to bar it against me. I sought it for instruction, but astonished, I read, "We are not now speaking of BABES in Christ." Again and again it was resorted to, but for years the adversary would scarce permit me to pass -- "It is only of grown up Christians it can be affirmed," &c. My desires were intense -- my temptations powerful. But O how often, in flying to Jesus for refuge, have I felt all the sweetness and security of a babe in its mother's arms. I was a babe, and felt as a babe. My soul was also frequently encouraged by the consideration -- it is the "Almighty" who commands. Then, endeavoring to take hold of Omnipotence, I would be enabled for a season to rejoice in hope.

It was not until 1824 the veil was lifted, that I might glance at the corruptions of my nature. Then I was almost overwhelmed at the sight; and while abhorring myself, was perfectly astonished that even the infinite love of Jesus could look on one so impure. My views of sin, its awful demerit, and anguish felt in consequence, was now much, much more clear and keen than before justification. It now seemed as if the enemy must be forced to surrender by continued resistance, and the conflict was sore. In the early part of 1825, I obtained The Christian's Manual, and through this means was led to expect deliverance through faith in the atonement. While in this state of extreme anxiety, I dreamed one night of being alone in a large, beautiful field of snow, on a lovely moon-light evening. Nature looked so pure and heavenly, that I thought surely God is here -- I will kneel and ask him to purify my heart just now. I did so, and was immediately filled with light and inexpressible glory, and exclaimed, this is not holiness but "heaven". I awoke filled with holy rapture, and said, if I had only been awake, I should have no doubt but that God had purified my heart. I immediately arose and fell on my knees to ask the blessing, but prayer was lost in praise; yet I could not confidently claim the witness of holiness. Those distressing views of depravity seemed now to be withdrawn, and the enemy often suggested that I was losing my convictions for holiness; but my soul was all athirst for the full impress; my views of faith became more clear, and I often attempted to believe "now". Thus I went forward for about three months, generally rejoicing, and sometimes believing that the blood of Jesus now cleanseth. One Saturday evening I resolved not to rise from my knees the whole night, or even the next day, without the witness of holiness. I plead earnestly. Several times the promise was presented, -- "The blood of Jesus cleanseth." Tremblingly faith would take hold and say, I do believe; but impatient for further manifestations, I would again resume pleading. About one o'clock in the morning, I opened the precious Bible on "Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive

the promises. For yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by faith." I felt the reproof, also the encouragement; and calmly said, Lord, I will believe; I am wholly thine; help me to abide in thee. I then retired, resolving to live by faith. At the dawn of day I awoke, desiring the Lord (almost as a condition of perseverance) to confirm my faith, by directing my eye to some special passage, and for that purpose reached to take a Bible. The suggestion came, "It will open on some passage you have marked." Indulging the impression, I withdrew my hand, and took another which I had not used; when the Holy Spirit, in infinite condescension, directed my eye to, "Now the just shall live by faith: but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." A thrilling sensation came over me; I felt, to draw back would be death, and cried, Lord, keep me. Throughout the day, a most profound solemnity rested on my mind. Holiness seemed written on every object. On Monday the enemy said, "It is possible that you may yet be deceived; you have not received this blessing as you expected." But my heavenly Father soon assured me, if an earthly parent would not give a stone for bread, or a scorpion for fish, neither would he. My soul was now sweetly and continually sustained by the precious promises. It was only to ask and receive. On Tuesday morning, a very powerful temptation being presented, I hastened to the closet, and pleading my youth and inexperience, felt encouraged to ask another and a still more powerful assurance of purity. The answer was instantly given by a most powerful application of "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." It was enough, and my enraptured soul could only adore such infinite condescension. For nearly a week, I was permitted, in a manner unknown before, to walk and talk with God, continually receiving repeated and powerful assurances of purity.

On Friday afternoon I went to my class, almost impatient to declare the loving kindness of God, but at the commencement our leader prayed, "Lord, sanctify us wholly: let it not be a think so, a hope so, or a believe so." It was enough for my insatiable adversary; it came as an arrow to my heart! "You have only believed so; you have no evidence only as connected with believing." It was a fatal dart! My only hope seemed now, as by violence, wrested from me. Unconscious of all about me, I seemed intent on having the question decided; "Is it a reality or a believe so." When aroused by the leader's inquiry as to the state of my mind, I merely said, "I have received some very remarkable answers to prayer through the past week," and without listening to his reply, was immediately absorbed in reasoning with the enemy. The struggle was severe for about two hours, and when rising to leave the class room, the fatal decision came; I will give up this intense interest on the subject; others seem to enjoy the favor of God without the witness of holiness; I will try to do so too; and little thinking of the impossibility, I thought, I will live without sinning against God, but will never again yield to such anxiety, or say anything more respecting the witness of the Spirit. Until that moment, there seemed a plausibility in the reasoning of the arch deceiver. But now language is utterly incompetent to convey an idea of my feelings. I seemed as if instantly hurled into a bottomless abyss of blackness, darkness and despair, with nothing before me but the awful doom of the fearful and unbelieving. I did not now think I had been deceived; but, from what had I fallen? While my senses were almost astounded with, "If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." For weeks my sense of ingratitude was so great that I did not dare to hope for pardon, but was afterwards enabled to plead the infinite mercy and forbearance of God toward sinners. But for years the temptation prevailed, that I could never expect to live in the enjoyment of full salvation; that state I had forfeited, and so subtle was that temptation, that it was not even suspected as such, until 1833, when speaking of the impression, I was fully assured it came from the enemy. I now began to struggle for deliverance, and after a few weeks it came, almost as suddenly, and sensibly, as at my conversion. The Holy Spirit now imparted a more comfortable evidence of my acceptance, but not that joyous witness formerly possessed. During this long period of comparative desertion, I do not know that I once violated a vow made soon after my conversion, never (in consequence of feeling) to forsake the closet, or refuse to speak, or pray, when called upon by a brother or sister. Yet my spiritual energies seemed in a degree paralyzed, and failing to receive those spiritual

supplies so necessary, my enjoyments became too intimately connected with the domestic interest of my friends. And now I began most painfully to feel, "The Lord your God is a jealous God." The contest was long and severe. The way was marked out in which I supposed the Lord required me to walk. But death (of the body) seemed preferable to these terms. While in this state of mind, one Sabbath evening, in August, 1834, our beloved brother (now bishop) Waugh read for his text, "I call heaven and earth to record against you this day, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live." It was the voice of God. The crisis had come -- the moment had arrived, when life must be chosen on the terms proposed, or the negative was death! That moment divine aid was imparted, and I was enabled to say, "Lord, I will be wholly thine; only give thy smile; the scorn of worlds shall not be heeded: the faintest intimations of thy Spirit shall be obeyed." Instantly the tempest was hushed, and there was a great calm. And with what astonishment did I look back upon that heart which had dared to question the claims of Jehovah. Since that hour his commandments have not been grievous; but with much delight I have been enabled to sing

'lo! I come, with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still."

But it was not long before the enemy began to question my motives in almost every religious duty; but I was generally enabled to appeal to the Searcher of hearts as to their sincerity. I was now a mystery to myself, enjoying sweet communion with God, and constant victory over the world, and when pleading for holiness, would generally lose myself in praise.

In the former part of May, 1835, an impression was felt so much like unhallowed emotion, that it caused extreme pain. I then resolved if it was possible to have the positive assurance of inward purity, I would have it. I immediately went to my room, and in the most solemn manner entered into covenant with God, to withdraw my mind from every object that might divert it from this point, and to leave no means unused to which he might direct; most earnestly imploring divine guidance. I now withdrew as much as possible from society, and with much fasting and reading the Scriptures, with continual prayer, waited before the Lord. Temptations over which the Lord had enabled me to triumph for months, were now presented with renewed force: each motive, purpose and practice, was required to undergo a renewed investigation, and the result was too clear for even Satan to question. My only desire was to walk in the narrowest part of the narrow way. I now waited, expecting an immediate baptism of the Holy Ghost. I had not once thought of claiming the blessing without it; but it did not come. It seemed as if my heart would break with desire to be filled with God. One day while thus breathing out my desires, too great for utterance, it was suggested, "emptied, then filled:" this turned my attention, and instead of fill, I now cried, empty, thoroughly purify my heart. That moment, as if directed by God, I opened the life of H. A. Rogers, and read, "Reckon thyself dead unto sin, and thou art alive unto God from this hour. O begin, begin to reckon now: fear not, believe, believe, believe; and continue to believe, so shalt thou continue free." I fell on my knees and cried, Lord, I will believe, I now believe. "Help (now) my unbelief." I now believe the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. Thou hast purchased pardon and holiness for me, even me. I will from this moment reckon myself "dead indeed unto sin." Perfectly composed, I looked at the me, and continued to say, "Yes, Lord, from this hour, half past two, P. M., the twenty-first of May, I dare reckon myself dead indeed unto sin." I waited speechless and motionless, expecting an instantaneous baptism, but felt no emotion except a sacred stillness. The word of life was lying before me, I cast my eye on it and read, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me. If ye had known me ye should have known the Father also, and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him." A new and inexpressible consciousness of having come

to the Father through the Son was now given: and I cried, O fill me with the Holy Ghost; but all was calm and stillness; I had none of the expected emotion. I arose from my knees fully determined to rest in God, when the enemy immediately suggested, "You have no more evidence now than before; you might have believed long since; who ever heard of believing and continuing to believe without evidence?" Immediately the Spirit replied,

"Blessed are they that have not seen, yet believe." For nearly a week I do not think there was a joyous emotion, but an unnecessary effort to believe. Presumption, enthusiasm, antinomianism, were the constant cry of the enemy. But the sword of the Spirit prevailed, though the contest was very, very severe. To draw back I knew was death to the soul, and I resolved to endure the conflict while mortal life should last, if no other evidence was given. Just after forming this resolution, the promise came with more power than ever, "Blessed is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance of (all) those things which were told her from the Lord." Thus nerved afresh, I was enabled to obey the oft repeated exhortation,

"Tarry till thy Lord appears,
Never, never, quit thy hold!
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not set thy God a time:
Calmly for his coming stay;
Leave it, leave it, all to him."

The whole of that hymn was made a blessed means of sustaining my soul under this severe trial of faith. The next Wednesday afternoon, in a prayer meeting, I was sorely tried by having no liberty in prayer. This, for the enemy, was a powerful argument. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;" but I could only reply,

"Be it I myself deceive,
Yet I must, I will believe."

On my return from this meeting, business required me to call on a beloved minister. Speaking of holiness, he said, "Sister, you know something of this by experience, do you not?" I was startled, and replied, "I am not prepared to answer that question:" but after a moment's hesitation said, "I have made a bold venture; I have dared (though perhaps presumptuously) to believe, and reckon myself dead indeed unto sin." Our dear father gave me much encouragement; said, "Never fear presumption in believing God: presumption lies in daring to doubt." All fears now vanished, and on leaving the door, I began to glory in being wholly the Lord's, and immediately my soul was filled

-- "unutterably full
Of glory and of God."

For a week, my mortal powers could scarcely sustain the weight of love. I had such a deep consciousness of purity as is utterly inexpressible: nor do I think there has been an hour since, but I have been enabled to rest in the atonement, and much of the time, with the most indubitable assurance that the blood of Christ now cleanseth. And O with what holy rapture, with what triumph, have I since been permitted to dwell in God:

""Tis more than angel tongues can tell,
Or angel minds conceive."

Though, as before stated, the witness of the Spirit has not been withdrawn for an hour, yet there have been instances when sudden temptation has assumed so much the appearance of sinful emotion, as to cause severe sensations; but I have been invariably enabled almost instantly to appropriate that blood which now cleanseth from all sin, known and unknown. These acts of faith have generally been immediately succeeded by a most joyous assurance of acceptance; and but a very short season has not at any time, intervened before the Comforter has come. There are also on record, seasons when almost positively convinced of having yielded to temptation, I could

"Weep my life away, for having grieved his love."

But O! infinite condescension! Glorious plan! My Advocate has prevailed; the fountain has been opened, and I have been permitted immediately to wash and be made clean.

My consciousness of the necessity of the momentary intercession of our Lord Jesus Christ, is much more clear than ever; and never was the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses," presented with more fervor, than it has been since I have been kept from voluntary transgression. There has also been seasons when, for days in succession, the arch enemy has seemed to rally all his forces to wrest my shield: especially on one occasion recently, the powers of darkness were permitted so to prevail, that I seemed almost constrained to cry out, "Hast thou forsaken me?" But deliverance came, Omnipotence prevailed, and his feeble one was enabled to rejoice in him, "Who always causeth us to triumph."

Since I have been enabled to abide in Christ, I believe the language of my heart has been,
"No cross, no suffering I decline,
Only let my whole heart be thine."

The honor of being an agent for God, seems very, very great, and yet I fear I often lose opportunities of acting for want of wisdom. Perhaps there is no grace of which I feel so much the need. I feel that I am nothing, I have nothing, I know nothing; and am therefore constrained to cry continually, "Teach me thy way; lead me in a plain path." And O, how precious do I find the promise, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee by mine eye." The word of God is increasingly precious. It is principally through this medium I am permitted to hold converse with Deity. And while his infinite love and faithfulness are unfolded to my enraptured vision, I hear him say more, and still more, audibly, "Ye are my witnesses" of these things. And O, with what holy ambition does he often inspire this feeble one to test by actual experiment, the extent, the glory, of all those "exceeding great and precious promises" given to redeemed ones. Even to be continually "filled with all the fullness of God." 'Tis only for this I would live, to be the happy recipient, and joyful diffuser, of all my heavenly Father is willing to communicate.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

NOTE: this soul was having a lot of trouble with a shortcut that was preached at that time by Phoebe Palmer. Convincing yourself that Christ does sanctify you "now". I always preferred to simply thank him. Palmer's way leads to a lot of souls turning "themselves into pretzels" second guessing themselves or the Lord. TP

ACCOUNT #014

I have been for more than twenty years a professed follower of Christ. It pleased the Lord, after many and strong temptations to despair of his mercy, to give me a clear view of the way of salvation by a crucified Savior, which view brought such a peace to my soul, that I thought I never more should doubt. Although I have never since indulged in those distressing apprehensions of my spiritual state, with which many apparently devoted Christians seem to be troubled, yet, I have had much occasion to

mourn over a backsliding heart, and my course has been like most professed Christians, that of sinning and repenting; and when I have heard Christians despair of getting beyond this state in this life, I never could feel fully satisfied that it must be so. At one time my attention was much aroused, by hearing a clergyman relate the exercises of his mind. I thought if this is the privilege of one, it must be of all. I could not rest until I sought and enjoyed a greater degree of the presence of God. Since that time my mind has been more favorably impressed with the doctrine of sanctification. At one season, after a deep sense of the unreconciliation of my heart under some peculiar trials, I was enabled, by earnest prayer, to feel such an entire renunciation of my own will, that I could rejoice in every dispensation of Providence toward me, whether prosperous or adverse, and wished only to live to do the will of God. I felt that nothing short of entire conformity to the will of God could satisfy me, and I could not but believe God was able and willing to satisfy these desires. But for want of proper instruction, and a fear of expressing all I felt, lest I should be thought self-confident, I did not emerge fully into the blessed liberty of the gospel. By unbelief, and the fear of man, I lost, in a degree, that sweet communion with heaven, which, for a long time, I enjoyed, and often mourned over a stupid and unreconciled heart. Though I enjoyed a comfortable hope, and many precious seasons, yet there was an inconstancy in my faith, which I was sensible was not in accordance with the Bible. I felt deeply the need of a more elevated faith and piety in myself, and in the church generally.

A little more than a year since, while brought low by a lingering illness, I was brought to a deep sense of my ingratitude and unbelief, in not living up to the light I had received. I felt it would be just in God now to leave me in darkness until death, and I could ask for nothing but submission to his holy will. A view of the Savior, however, calmed my fears, and enabled me to look with composure at death, because it would release me from a possibility of again dishonoring him. The prospect of a partial restoration to health brightened, but the thought of living at the same half-hearted rate as formerly, was truly painful. I found I was not wholly dead to the world. About this time, I was favored with an interview with one who enjoyed perfect love. By conversing with her, I was led to look at the subject in a somewhat different light from before, viz: as possessed, and enjoyed by simple faith in Christ, and not by our own efforts. Some numbers of the Guide fell into my hands, also the Memoirs of J. B. Taylor, which served to increase my interest, although there were still difficulties in my mind respecting receiving sanctification at once, as I had been accustomed to consider it a progressive work. But when I opened the Bible with a sincere desire to know the will of God concerning his children on earth, and with a determination to receive and acknowledge what I should there find to be truth, however it might conflict with my own preconceived opinions, or with the opinions of others, my difficulties soon vanished, and I could no longer doubt but this was his will, even our sanctification, and that it was the duty and privilege of every Christian to obtain it. Though unbelief would often suggest my former failures, notwithstanding all my prayers and efforts, and also of those far more devoted, who exclaimed bitterly against themselves, still I felt there was safety in trusting in the immutable word of God; surely he was faithful who had promised. I trust I was enabled deliberately, not only in view of sickness and death, but of life and health, to make an unreserved consecration of my all to Christ, and to feel that in whatever situation I might be, holiness to the Lord must henceforth be my motto. I could now yield myself a willing subject to the sanctifying grace of God, believing he would work in me according to the good pleasure of his will. Soon a heavenly calm possessed my mind, a sense of the divine glory surrounded me, and my whole soul seemed in sweet harmony with the holiness of God. There were no rapturous emotions, but I felt

"The sacred awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

How easy now seemed the divine requirement, to love Him with all the heart, and my neighbor

as myself. I felt a peculiar tenderness of conscience, and feared nothing but to offend my Savior. Being still feeble in body, I could not endure strong mental exercises; and as the change in my feelings was not sudden, nor characterized by strong emotions, I was soon tempted to doubt, whether it was really what I had been seeking for. I prayed earnestly for a fullness of joy and an undoubted evidence, but the more I sought for this, the less my evidence appeared, until I was willing to leave all with God, to give either a crumb or a full meal. My peace then returned, and blessed be God, it has continued like a river, to flow broader and deeper to the present time. Never before did I feel so much my entire dependence on all-sufficient grace, and such a confidence that it would be given in every time of need. Like a little child, I have looked into the Bible for instruction, and O, what an inexpressible glory has beamed therefrom! A new blessedness has appeared while receiving Christ as a Savior from all sin, -- a present Savior, a full Savior. How glorious the consideration to one who has all her life, in some degree, been subject to bondage! Truly I can now say, the Holy Spirit has led me into the truth, and the truth has made me free. I no longer feel like a wanderer, but like a child at home. My weary soul now rests in Christ, and finds "his yoke easy, and his burden light." With entire confidence can I now commit all my interests, temporal and spiritual, into his hands, and feel that they are safe. My greatest desire is to know, and to do, the will of my heavenly Father, and to possess all the mind of Christ. I feel deeply interested in the progress of holiness. With all my heart can I bid Godspeed to those who are engaged in promoting this blessed cause, for which the Savior left the realms of glory, suffered and died.

I rejoice that the subject is exciting so much interest in the different denominations of Christians. May the time speedily come when all darkness and prejudice shall flee away, and the Christian church become truly what its great Head designed -- "the light of the world." May His kingdom fully come, and His will be done on earth, even as it is done in Heaven.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #015

In 7 days after I first began to examine the doctrine of holiness, in the evening, as I retired alone to my room, I felt a desire to continue in calling upon the Lord until I obtained a cleansing. I felt a greater degree of encouragement than usual. The promise, "He that cometh will come and will not tarry," was presented to my mind several times with unusual force. I felt to say,

"Lord, I cannot let thee go except thou bless me."

- I endeavored, with all the earnestness I was able to exert, believingly to lay hold on the promises, especially those contained in that part of the new covenant where it is said, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you:" at the same time praying that I might approach the Mediator in faith for an answer to his own prayer, which he offered in behalf of his people; and also striving to yield myself up to his sweet control, believing that every necessity of my nature, every demand of my being, was met in Him. Suddenly, before I had labored long in this manner, the thought came to my mind, Why not yield now; and instantly I felt such a sinking into the arms of the Savior, such a filling down before God, as I never before experienced. I felt myself deserving of hell, yet my heart was filled with that "perfect love" which "casteth out all fear." I thought I should feel no fear if admitted into the immediate presence of my Judge. The thought of being one day thus admitted, was glorious beyond expression. The presence of the triune God seemed a reality, and my heart was deeply affected with an adoring awe and reverence. And yet I have no language to describe the love which seemed increasingly to fill my heart. I can only say it was filled to overflowing. There was a rapture in the name Jesus!

After some time I thought of the change wrought in me, and whether I believed that every

demand of my being was met in God. I thought of some things which had heretofore occasioned me anxiety. But immediately there was a promise of Scripture applied which seemed exactly suited to my case, and I felt not the least anxiety. I could cast my "burden upon the Lord," and truly "he sustained" me.

While engaged in prayer for others, I was filled with an ecstasy of joy, and thus remained until weary nature found repose in sleep.

The next morning was a new day to me. As I walked abroad I could see God in everything, and felt that every demand of my nature was met in God. In every plant, leaf and flower, and in all the works of creation, particularly in the human countenance, I saw marks of creative power and wisdom of the divine Author far more clearly than ever before. During three weeks succeeding, the state of my mind was much the same. Such a confiding trust and confidence in God I never felt before. My heart was filled with love, and I was kept constantly in perfect peace. Sin appeared truly to be that detestable thing which God's "soul hateth," and I desired greater evidence that my heart was "cleansed from sin." I could pray for nothing less than to be cleansed and kept continually from all sin. But I found it difficult to distinguish between sin and temptation. I felt I needed the abiding witness of the Spirit. After being favored with the privilege of conversing upon subject with some Christian friends who enjoyed the blessing of sanctification my views became less obscure. I was reminded of some passages of Scripture which afforded me consolation. Light was thrown upon the subject, and a blessing was let down into my soul more and more. The Holy Spirit seemed increasingly to witness with my spirit that the wrought in me was of a purifying nature. The joy I experienced at times was so great, it almost seemed, if it should be long continued to so great a degree, that the spirit would burst its tabernacle of clay. And when visited with acute bodily pain, I felt that I could not say I was afflicted; for it seemed sweet to suffer, because it was the divine will that I should; and, though unknown to me how long it would be continued, yet it seemed as if it would be sweet to suffer so long as our compassionate Father saw best.

It is now twelve weeks since I was met with a blessing. During this time spiritual things have constantly appeared realities. I trust I have experienced that "peace which passeth understanding," and felt love to God, and no feelings other than those of love, and deep compassion, for any of the human family.

Although I have not recently felt so much of those rapturous joys which I at first experienced, yet on the whole my joy has increased. I have constantly more of a realizing sense of the divine presence. I enjoy a deeper peace within, and feel my heart more drawn out in prayer to God.

The love of Christ, as manifested towards one all unworthy as I am, is wonderful! Truly his love is infinite. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

The Lord has not only manifested himself to me in days which are past, but I can say in the language of another, "I now feel his presence; my heart is stayed on the Lord; Jesus is precious; and I feel an increased determination to give up all for Christ, for he is worthy -- he has blessed my soul beyond my highest expectations." To him be glory everlasting.

What I enjoyed in former years seems now but very little, compared with what I have of late experienced. The last change in my feelings seems greater than the one when I first indulged the hope that my sins were pardoned. This mercy has undoubtedly been bestowed in answer to believing prayer.

Notwithstanding I do not doubt but the Lord has blessed my soul, I feel that there is no safety even for a moment but in looking to him, who alone "is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #016

Fourteen years have nearly elapsed since I believed the Lord, for the sake of his Son, forgave my sins. At that time I had never heard the doctrine of Christian perfection preached, or advanced in any way whatever; but shortly after my conversion, I began to feel the need of a deeper work of grace in my heart. I was, at that time, an utter stranger to the doctrine of holiness; but there was a certain something which I could not define, which I was anxious to obtain. I told my feelings to an experienced friend, who put into my hand the Christian's Manual. I read it with prayerful attention, and readily received its doctrine, and fully believed it to be the duty of every Christian to seek for, and their privilege to enjoy, perfect love. I searched the Scriptures daily to see if these things were so, and found enough on almost every page to confirm my belief.

I therefore began with all my heart to seek for this great salvation, and prayed without ceasing. The burden of my petition was, O Lord, give me a clean heart, and renew within me a right spirit. My convictions continued to increase for about ten months: they were nothing like the convictions I felt before conversion; there was no guilt or deep remorse connected with it; but a deep, heart-felt sorrow, that I did not love God with all my heart. And this I felt that I could never do while sin, either inward or outward, had dominion over me, or dwelt within me. There was to be a campmeeting held in the town where I resided; and about two weeks before its commencement, my convictions became deeper, clearer, and more powerful. I looked forward to the meeting with much interest, expecting there to be blessed, not because I thought the Lord to be confined to a place, but there, I thought, I shall be excluded from the world, and its cares; there will be many praying people and much faith, and my own faith will thereby gain new strength; and there, the Lord being my helper, will I become his entirely. Thus resolved, I went to the meeting. The first and second days passed by without any particular change in my feelings. On the morning of the third day, an aged minister of the gospel preached from the words, "May the very God of peace sanctify you wholly." I listened with the most profound attention; every word fell with great weight upon my heart. At the close of the sermon, a sister arose and told the way and manner in which she was convicted for and received sanctification. The agitation of my mind and body became so great, that it was with difficulty I could remain upon my seat till she concluded. I then went into the woods and tried to pray, but could say nothing. It seemed as though the heavens were brass; gloom and darkness overspread my mind. The remainder of that day, and the former part of the next, I spent in painful suspense; hope and despair alternately took possession of my mind. At the close of the afternoon sermon, I went into the praying circle, and knelt with the mourners, but felt that to be no place for me. I then returned to the tent where I boarded, and sat me down to reflect. The sun had already begun to decline, the meeting was to close the next morning, and my soul was unblest. I was deeply impressed to go to a retired part of the grove, where, unheard by the congregation, I might pour out my whole soul to Him who had power "not only to forgive sin," but whose blood was sufficient "to cleanse from all righteousness." I did so, accompanied by two Christian friends.

When we had reached a place deemed convenient, we bowed before our God solemn prayer; and there we found him ready to verify his promise. While leading in prayer, I believe the power of the Lord fell upon me as it never had done before; but feeling at that time a disposition to love my neighbor as myself, I did not give full vent to my feelings: I knew those who came with me, as well as myself, came to seek a blessing: while they were praying, the agony of my mind nearly overpowered me. When they had prayed, I renewed my supplications. I felt the Lord to draw divinely near, and his presence inspired my soul with fresh courage -- unbelief began to yield to faith. I earnestly pleaded the merits of Christ, and claimed him as my whole Savior. I cried unto the Lord to help me exercise that faith which brings the blessing now: and ere I was aware, I exclaimed, "I will believe." In a moment, all my doubts

were gone; every cloud of darkness was dispersed by the glorious rising of the Sun of righteousness. Heaven came down to earth, and my unworthy soul was unutterably full of glory and of God. Then did I find love, joy, and peace in believing. Then did I find myself truly humbled under a sense of my own unworthiness, and God's great goodness. In short, the manifestation was such that I can never doubt the nature of the blessing I then received.

It was "perfect love," for which my soul thirsted, and it was for this I sought without intermission, for the space of ten months. I can say with truth, the grand object of my search was never absent from my mind. It was for this I prayed to God in the name of Christ, for this I believed on the Lord Jesus, and I can never believe that when I asked for bread he would give me a stone, or anything else instead thereof. For some three or four years following, I believe I enjoyed the blessing in some good degree, but meeting with some opposition, I declined speaking of it openly, and therefore lost my evidence; and for the last nine years have been in an uncertain state of mind. But at a campmeeting, recently held in this town, the Lord renewed my witness, and filled my heart with peace; which continues to be as a river. I have never before had such an overwhelming sense of God's presence. O, how sweet do I find it! to give my all to him for time and eternity. But sweeter, far sweeter, to feel an evidence in my soul, that for Jesus' sake the offering is accepted, poor as it is. Yes, I feel a blessed assurance that God receives and loves me. O how delightful to feel

"That sacred awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

I have ever loved the doctrine of holiness, and striven in my feeble way to help its promotion; and this only induces me to send you this sketch of my experience. And I pray Heaven that this simple relation may be blessed as an encouragement to some humble seeker to press into the full liberty of the children of God. As for myself, I still feel to be a seeker; still my thirsty soul cries out for more. O, for an enlargement of the heart, and then to be filled to overflowing with that love which waters cannot quench.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #017

As your little publication was the means by which God, in his infinite goodness, saw fit to bring me acquainted with the glorious doctrine of entire sanctification, I have wished that you might know the blessing which attended your labors, and the great happiness you were the instruments of conferring. I have had, also, an increasing desire to add my feeble efforts to those of others who are engaged in endeavoring to promote the cause of heart holiness, but I have yielded to the persuasion -- for I dare not neglect known duty -- that it was not required of me to write anything for publication. Various reasons, of a private nature, led me to shrink from this. I could not, however, dismiss the subject entirely, but have been waiting to know what the Lord would have me do; and I have been made willing to take up even this cross, for the sake of Him, who "made himself of no reputation" for me. If enjoying the presence of my Savior is any evidence, I am in the path of duty. Having derived so much benefit from reading the experience of others, I will give you some account of my own, hoping, if you should think best to give it a place in the Guide, that I may, by the blessing of God, encourage some desponding souls to trust in Him at all times, though thick darkness surround their path, or stimulate some one seeking for perfect love to renewed diligence and perseverance. Although blessed with the instructions of pious parents, and the ministration of an eminently devoted servant of Christ, and often the subject of religious impressions, I grieved the Spirit, refused to give my heart to the Savior, and persisted in seeking happiness from every source but that where alone it is to be found. I

intended to have religion at some future time, but was not ready to give up the world. God, who is rich in mercy, suffered me not, by this spirit of procrastination, to destroy my soul, as millions have done. In my twenty-fourth year, after several days of deep convictions of sin and earnest prayer, feeling that the Spirit was striving with me for the last time, I deliberately resolved to give up all for Christ, and found peace and joy in believing. The change was so great, I could compare it only to passing from total darkness to the brightness of the sun at noonday. For several months I was very happy, and not expecting to feel any more the stirrings of pride, or self in any form, when I saw in my heart the remains of inbred sin, I was tempted to doubt the reality of my conversion -- a special season of fasting and prayer brought no relief to my mind, and I yielded to the conviction that I never had known, and never could know, from experience, anything of religion. And now, all the sins of my past life -- my misimproved privileges -- a crucified Savior -- an angry God -- the realities of the eternal world, and the scenes of a future judgment, were presented to my mental vision with a vividness of which I could not before conceive. I pass over the next nine years, for those who have been in a similar state of mind need not to be reminded of such temptations and deep anguish, and to others, language would be wholly inadequate to convey any idea of the reality.

What added the greatest poignancy to my sufferings, was, that I had destroyed myself. God was just; I felt what it was to be without God, and without hope in the world. But my Savior was even then watching over me in love, though I knew it not. He was present by restraining and sustaining grace, and in his own time, gently lifted me out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and put a new song in my mouth, even praise to his name. Often, during these years, would I have sought religion as one who had felt its power, but the conviction forced upon my mind at first, that I had grieved the blessed Spirit to leave me forever, would return, and I could not. I read not my Bible -- I tried not to pray, for I felt that this would be mockery, and only increase my condemnation, already sure. At last, finding a wounded spirit and bodily infirmities a burden almost insupportable, I resolved to forget the past, and not look forward to futurity, but commence reading my Bible, and endeavor to regulate my daily conduct according to its precepts and commandments, thinking that it might afford me relief while I lived. It was a strange resolve for an immortal being to make, but it bears the impress of that Spirit who dictated it, for it was the only motive that would induce me to use the means of grace. I put this resolution into practice; and the third day, while reading a passage of Scripture, my heart was melted, and, for the first time for nine years, a ray of heavenly light beamed upon my soul, and awakened to life a trembling hope that the work of grace had been begun in my heart. I cherished it, and in less than one week I was in a new world. I saw the love of God in all around me, felt it in my heart, and began to live for God. I now looked back with wonder and admiration at the way in which I had been led, and saw that it was the right way the only way by which such a heart as mine could be humbled, proved, and brought to a right state of feeling. I think my first resolve was, that I would never give up prayer, for by so doing I had been brought under the power of the tempter; and I determined, in the strength of God, that my future life should evince to the church and world the sincerity of my repentance and my love. So long in the habit of driving from my mind, as far as I could, all thoughts of a serious nature, I found myself a babe in Christ -- a babe in knowledge as well as grace, and was obliged to begin with the first principles of the Gospel; but I saw, that by diligence and perseverance, Christians might make great attainments in the divine life. As often as I read the blessed Scriptures, I felt that I did not come up to their requirements, and that God would not require of his creatures what they were unable to perform. I felt my obligations to be wholly the Lord's, and to be able to cry with the spirit of adoption, "Abba, Father," but thought such a state could be attained only by years of prayer and watchfulness, and a gradual overcoming of sin. Often was I tempted to discouragement by the slowness of my progress. I endeavored to be faithful in the performance of every duty; I had no distressing doubts, but I had not an assurance. I mourned the weakness of my faith, and my want of strength to resist temptation, and to take up the cross. I longed to have Jesus reign without a rival in my

heart -- to have my will brought into sweet subjection to the divine will in all things. After about two years, I was, by a train of circumstances, simple in themselves, but plainly marked by the finger of God, placed where I had an opportunity of reading the Guide, and determined to examine for myself what this new doctrine was. I commenced with a prayerful desire to be taught of the Spirit, and that I might, without prejudice, receive truth from any source. In connection with the Guide I studied the Bible, and soon my objections -- the result of ignorance -- vanished before the light of truth. I saw that the doctrine of entire sanctification was as plainly taught in the Bible as any other, and that the blessing of perfect love was just what I needed, to enable me to follow the footsteps of my divine Master, in that narrow path where the Bible and my own conscience taught me I ought to walk; and that it was alike the privilege and duty of every Christian to possess it; but it was some weeks before I could resolve to seek it, for I saw that the way of holiness was indeed a narrow way, and the blessing must be sought for life. Satan was busy with his temptations, so well known to all seekers of holiness. He told me, that if I had the blessing, I could not retain it, and by losing it, should greatly dishonor the cause of Christ -- placed all that I must give up in the most alluring point of view, and magnified every cross. One consideration bore with much weight upon my mind -- that I had solemnly covenanted to give up all unreservedly, and as long as I kept back any part of the price, was living in disobedience; and by the grace of God I was enabled to overcome, and make this resolve that I would earnestly and perseveringly seek for entire sanctification, not that I might be happy, but prepared to glorify God. Reading that it was obtained by faith, and only partially enlightened as to the way, I tried to believe, but could not. I then learned that there must first be an act of entire consecration, and looked to God for strength to give up all; I examined my heart -- my idols were shown me, and I was astonished and alarmed to find with what tenacity self clung to these; but God is faithful, and I continued to plead the promises, and was, I trust, after many severe struggles with self, enabled to lay them all upon the altar. From the first, I tried to form my conduct according to rules which I knew must govern me if I obtained the blessing, or I should lose it, and was now endeavoring to seek the glory of God in all I did; but afraid to say that I would, not knowing what situation I might be placed in. I thought I must look forward to the end of life, and resolve, that under all circumstances I would deny self and take up every cross, and it seemed impossible to have grace sufficient for this; and God showed me that He did not require it, but I must live by the moment. This was hard, but after many weeks of earnest prayer for faith, unbelief -- the last strong hold -- was given up. One morning while reading some marks in the state of those who had consecrated all to God, the hope that I had done so increased, and I resolved to begin, that moment, to seek the glory of God, and trust Him for the future. Immediately faith sprung up in my heart, and I could say, with confidence, my Father, and my Savior. I had no rapturous emotions, but love, and joy, and a delightful peace filled to overflowing my soul. I had no idea that this was the blessing I had so long been seeking, but felt that God had granted me an increase of faith to encourage me to persevere -- a blessing I had received, and felt that I held it by the moment, and hardly dared speak or move, for fear of grieving the Spirit. The effect of it was much nearer access to the throne of grace: a more realizing sense of the presence of God at all times; the Scriptures seemed to have a new meaning, especially the promises, the passages relating to holiness, and to the Savior in his different offices, and enlarged views of the fullness of the atonement, and of the privileges of every believer. With regard to the future, I felt like a little child in the care of a kind parent, and could trust my all with God. As I read the experience of others, and looked into my heart, I hoped that God had indeed given to me that "perfect love which casteth out fear," and I felt that it was wholly for his own glory that he had bestowed this grace upon one so unworthy, and that no moment of my future existence was my own, but all was to be devoted to his service. Some days after, while thinking of the crosses I had been enabled to take up, I trembled in view of those before me, when the still small voice of the Spirit spake, "The Lord that delivered me out the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." I was strengthened, and often since, when in heaviness through manifold temptations, these words have afforded much consolation and support. Seven months have

passed, and so far as I have lived in the exercise of entire consecration and implicit faith, my peace has been as a river, and I have, -- in the strength of God, overcome my spiritual enemies. I have learned much of the subtle wiles of the adversary, -- and should many times have cast away my confidence, had it not been for the instructions received from the experience of others. I returned to my friends with a fixed determination to tell them what God had done for me, and urge them to seek the same grace; for the Spirit had shown me plainly my duty in this respect; but owing to the excitement, fatigue, and want of retirement attendant upon a journey, I did not enjoy so clearly the witness of the Spirit as I had done, and it was suggested to my mind that I had better not say anything respecting it until I felt more, and my friends should see the effect in my life. I listened to this plausible reasoning, for how could I profess that I loved God with all my heart, unless I felt and manifested this love I kept my all upon the altar, and waited many days for the fire to enkindle a flame of love in my heart, but in vain. I -- felt no condemnation, but had no longer nearness of access to a throne of grace, and the distance between God and my soul seemed to increase. I inquired why it was thus, and found that I had been listening to the tempter, and yielding to distrust, and could not expect a blessing without perfect obedience. A resolve to embrace the first opportunity for speaking of the goodness of God to me, and trust him for grace to maintain the honor of my profession, restored sweet peace to my heart, and brought my Savior near; and I have since often been blessed while speaking of this precious doctrine. I learned from this to "try the spirits." When, through the strength of temptation, and the power of past habits, I have yielded, it has not discouraged me as heretofore. Alarmed at the possibility of losing a treasure so inestimable, I have sought, by immediate repentance, and a new consecration, pardon, and a new cleansing of the atoning blood, and begun again to walk in the narrow way, with a renewed sense of my entire dependence, and I trust, deepened humility. While I daily feel more and more my need of the momentary intercession of my Savior, and that without Him I can do nothing -- while I mourn the slowness of my progress in the divine life, and that I possess so little of the spirit of my Master -- that my gratitude, love, zeal and humility are so little proportioned to the goodness of God, I think that I am becoming more established in this blessed way of living faith; and my hope and expectation increase, that I shall continue to walk in it to the end of life. The Spirit witnesses with my spirit that I am born of God. I cannot doubt that I am accepted in the Beloved. I feed on heavenly manna, and draw water with joy from the wells of salvation. What I have received stimulates me to press forward, for I know it is but a drop from the exhaustless fountain of Infinite Love. But it is all of grace. God began, and he has carried on the whole work. To Him be all the glory. I love the cause of holiness, and rejoice in every new effort to promote it.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #018

I was early taught the principles of religion; my father and mother were pious and devoted members of the M. E. Church. Their house, from my earliest recollection, was both a chapel and home for the ministers of Christ, and for as many as were disposed to listen to the word of life. When I did not love these welcome messengers, I cannot tell. When first I believed and loved the Lord Jesus, I cannot say. The first time I knelt before him in prayer, and felt his love in my heart, I cannot say. But this one thing I remember distinctly, upon one quarterly meeting, about forty persons stayed at my father's house. (As we lived nearly four miles from church, my father always craved the privilege of taking a sufficient number home with him to have a prayer meeting, independent of the one at the church.) During the prayer meeting in the evening, the Holy Spirit came down in a powerful manner, and while it sat as a refining fire upon the hearts of all the believers, some prayed, while others shouted aloud the high praise of God. As I sat near one that was partaking largely of the teeming shower, I became very anxious and curious to know how she obtained so much. I drew very near to her, put my

face close to hers, and found she was praying and receiving at the same time the things she asked for. I then and there resolved to pray as nearly like her as I could, till like her I should be filled with the divine presence. I was then ten years of age; and from that period to the present, which has been twenty-seven years, I have endeavored to lead a praying life, and have every day since had a continual hungering and thirsting after God and his righteousness. I did not that evening receive what I called religion; it was not until some months afterward, at a campmeeting, when the light broke into my path so clearly that I ventured to make a public profession of my faith, and joined the church. From that period until eighteen years had passed by, I continued earnestly seeking the blessing of perfect love. I searched for it as for hid treasures, and my constant cry was, O how shall I understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. I never doubted but that my former sins were blotted out, and the assurance was all the while given me that when I died I should go to heaven. I was seldom under condemnation for actual transgression against a known law, and was as seldom in heaviness; so that I could rejoice in the Lord. It was always my object and delight to render a perfect obedience to God in the discharge of duty. Though I did, with others, feel a great tremor in my system under the cross. I was ever groaning to be freed from inbred sin, and generally felt its weight the greatest when with all my heart I was striving to break from its power, and was crying with the poet, "Every limb and every joint stretches for perfect purity." Sanctification at this time was seldom preached upon or talked about, consequently I had not the simple, happy theory of faith to aid me, but was all the while, (as I see now,) seeking it by works; and verily thought, when I had gotten my thoughts, words and actions, so rightly organized that I did not offend with my tongue, I should then enjoy perfect love. Praise God, he did not break the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax, till the same omnipotent voice and power which said, "Let there be light, and there was light," spoke to my inmost soul and said, "Arise, Arise! thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee." The little leaven which was hidden in my heart, I knew not when, where, or how, had at length leavened the whole lump, and brought forth a new creation in my soul. *Here was a change radical and glorious -- complete regeneration, entire sanctification, perfect love, an ocean deep and wide, a place of broad rivers and streams. Here was paradise restored; my very flesh and bones seemed imbued with a spirit which was unearthly.* I believe that, had I waked up in the eternal world, the change would not have been much greater or more astonishing to my vision than what I then realized. The Son of Man came to put an end to sin at a time when I did not expect him; it was while praying in secret by my bedside, before retiring to rest. The unutterable bliss I then felt continued, without the slightest interruption, for twenty-four hours, during which time I had no temptation, not even an idle thought passed through my mind, but I reclined on my Savior's bosom, feeling all was safe and secure as the infant in its mother's arms; when, lo! the serpent came, and, like Eve, I listened, believed in him, and fell. Reader, take care how you listen to the enemy of your soul! It was while praying in the same place where I received the blessing the night before, that the powerful assault was made at my soul. It was this: one wandering thought only; what that thought was I do not now remember, or should I ever have thought of it again, if he had not made up a lie from it. He told me no one ever had idle, wandering thoughts while they enjoyed this blessing, and of course I had sinned. Believing this, it brought darkness equal to that of the sun being put out in the twinkling of an eye at noonday. The darkness, the gloom, the horror, and the disappointment I then felt, was as great as the heaven of love which preceded it, and both were exceeding abundant, above all I ever realized before. The most of the night, with many others after it, I spent in agonizing prayer, till at length the angel of mercy appeared, crying, *"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, for a moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. My God will still supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus; not by any works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost."* These precious truths sank deep in my poor heart, and I felt that my spirit was being melted by them like wax before the fire. The Sun of righteousness arose again in my soul, bright as the summer's noontide ray, and from that period to the present, it has never withdrawn its shining, so but

that it has been as a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, leading and guiding me to the "Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." But O, with what slow and trembling steps have I followed this light; how many times have I had to cry, my leanness, my leanness, so slow of heart to believe, and hard to understand the difference between temptation and sin, and that sin did not consist in being tempted, but in yielding to temptation; and not until six months past have I been able so to abide in Christ, as to hold fast the profession of my faith without wavering, and reckoning myself dead unto sin and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ my Lord. I believe had I followed the teachings of the Spirit more fully, instead of taking for my doctrine the commandments of men, I might now have been a giant in the cause, whereas I am but a poor groveling dwarf. I was advised by those in whom I placed the strictest confidence, to say as little about perfect love as possible, unless it was to those who enjoyed it, (as it would be casting pearls before swine,) and as I seldom met with those who enjoyed the blessing, I did of course say but little about it in public or private. Sometimes in my Christian zeal, the flame of love would rise so high that all around could see the light. This was a great trial to my mind, because I had given my brethren and the world reason to believe that I intended to make a public profession of the blessing. This I did not intend to do, as I had learned, as I supposed, that it would not tend to the glory of God. My chalice of joy at length ran over so often, that my trial became a burden too intolerable to be borne, and I had either to make a public profession of my faith, and no longer keep back a part of the price, or give up the ground, with all its pleasant fruits, into the hands of my enemy. Here was war; to give up what I had for so many years learned by the aid of the Holy Spirit, and what I had been gathering, cherishing and cultivating, I could not; and to make a public profession of entire sanctification I dare not, as I thought it would be impossible for me ever to come up to the standard of holy living which was requisite for all who took upon them this profession. At length I resolved in the strength of the Lord on perfect obedience: to uncover the light and no longer to smother it; to bind myself with all I had upon the altar that sanctifieth the gift, and believe that he who had ordered and accepted the same, was able, also, to establish and keep me from evil, and preserve me blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. No sooner had I put this resolution into practice, than trials, temptations, doubts and fears all fled like chaff before the wind, and it was as easy to believe the promises and obey the commandments of the Lord, as to breathe the air or eat my food! I now saw more fully than ever before, that to obey was better than sacrifice, and that God never imparts the spirit of his grace to be put under a BUSHEL. My heart soon appeared like a garden of choice fruit, sealed to all but God. Before, it was like a city without walls, or a garden without gates, without anything to keep off the enemy. Now, there were both walls and gates; yea, more, the firm lock and key of faith and good works were applied, wherewith I have been able so far to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, and to keep the enemy of all righteousness on the outside of the walls. Here may he ever remain, and there will he remain, so long as Faithful keeps the gate. Praise the Lord, he has given me the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. O may I ever offer unto him the sacrifice of praise, and may I be found under the shadow of his wings. He is my all and in all. I feel to rejoice ever more, to pray without ceasing, and in everything to give thanks, and do daily taste of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come. I know the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth. I believe, and do continually enter into rest. I believe that I abide in Christ, for I have the things I ask. I believe that I love God and his children, for his commands are not grievous, but joyous. I believe I am walking in the highway cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in. I find no lions in the way, or any ravenous beasts therein; praise the Lord. Nor do I see any gloomy vale of death at the end of the way, but the strait gate is there, and over it is written, Eternal life. No frightful ghost is pictured there: no smoke of endless torment rises there: but Jesus, with outstretched arms and bleeding hands, is there: the cross, all stained with hallowed blood, is there; angels in their chariots of love are waiting there, to escort me to the paradise of God.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #019

I was born in this place the 18th day of July, 1801, and in the year 1821 was placed in a public office, where I am to the present as a surrogate. My father, who died in December, 1803, was, I have since learned from others, deistical in his religious notions. My mother, many years before her death, embraced religion and attached herself to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and died suddenly in March, 1829, and I hope in the faith, although in the latter part of her life she was rather indifferent on the great subject of the soul's best interests. I do not recollect that my mother ever spoke to me of religion, more than she caused me to be learned and repeat, when a child, the Lord's Prayer, on retiring to bed. With a view of commencing at my earliest convictions, I remark that, in 1810, or 1811, whilst the late Bishop Emery was laboring on this circuit during a revival of religion, I was much affected, and the impressions made upon my mind at that time, strongly inclined me to be religious but I did not then yield to those impressions. From that time until the year 1823, 1824, or 1825, I had doubtless many slight convictions, but do not recollect any very serious and strong impressions until one of those years; yet I was a regular attendant on the Methodist ministry.

About this time, whilst I was sitting under the sound of the gospel, some truth reached my heart; there was then no particular religious excitement or revival here, nor any extra effort being then made for the conversion of sinners. I was induced to leave the house of prayer and retire to a place in the open lot, where it seemed to be suggested to my mind if I would go then, I would obtain religion; but after retiring to the place, and praying, I obtained no relief, but was led by suggestions made to my mind to go to another place, where I still found no relief. I then endeavored to break off from my sins, and did for some two or three months come out from the wicked, and took to reading the Scriptures, in which I had considerable delight; conversed with several Christians, on the subject of religion, and spoke of my convictions, and was much encouraged by them and advised to give the subject my special attention. During all this time I made no profession of religion, nor did I attempt to join any society of Christians. If I had done so, I have no doubt I should have saved myself some nineteen or twenty years of living in sin and folly, and rebellion to God; for in an evil hour I gave way to a sudden temptation to anger, and lost my good impressions and strong desires. From that time to the year 1843 I gave way to a course of sin and folly, and ran into many acts of gross wickedness, which make me blush to think of. Billiards, cards, dice, and such things, I delighted in notwithstanding I had many convictions of sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come.

In 1840, whilst a friend was in great distress and seeking religion, I was deeply convicted of the importance of religion, and made many excuses, and even at one time took medicine to avoid going to the house of prayer, the exercises of which I could hear from my room. In March or April of 1843, I heard a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Yardon, of the M. E. Church, from these words, "All are yours," which made considerable impression on my mind: soon after which a revival of religion commenced in the Methodist Episcopal Church of this place. The protracted services of this meeting had been begun and kept up for some eight or ten days before I ventured to the church, during which time my mind was suffering under painful excitement and anxiety. I was restless and uneasy -- the Spirit doubtless striving with me and I resisting it. I felt an intense anxiety to learn every morning if any person had been forward the previous night to the anxious or mourners' bench, to seek religion; yet I feared to ask. I learned, during the progress of the meeting, that the Rev. Mr. S ____ had said he was satisfied there would be a revival; the announcement of this seemed to unnerve me, and created in my breast singular emotions and flutterings. At length I learned some had been forward and found peace. Oh! what feelings I had on hearing this; fear, despair, conviction, seized my mind, my feelings became almost insupportable, yet notwithstanding I endeavored and succeeded measurably to conceal them under a cheerful countenance. Sometime during that week, I, and one who is dear to me, together with a young

lady, (who is still in the gall of bitterness, and for whose salvation I often pray,) made an agreement to go to church and go forward to the mourners' bench to seek religion. This contract, or agreement, although made in seemingly trifling spirit with us all, was nevertheless adhered to, and we accordingly went to the church. When the invitation to seekers was given, my dear friend and Miss _____, and others went forward, which left no alternative for me. However, I tarried for a while, and asked and insisted on an acquaintance that was sitting by my side to accompany me, observing to him I believed in the truth of experimental religion, and remarking at the same time, that if others could obtain it we could, and that we were somewhat advanced in years, and were preventing, by our example, other persons from seeking religion; he replied yes, he believed in it too, but refused to go forward, saying he did not feel like it. I observed, as well as I now recollect, neither do I, but I will go, and arose from my seat and went forward and knelt under the most painful feelings of mortification and shame. After kneeling some five or ten minutes, my convictions increased and became deep, pungent and powerful, and I cried mightily to God for mercy, but could get no comfort that night. The next night I again attended and took a seat near, or among the members of the church (which I found a great cross to do), but refused to kneel at the mourners' bench; yet I desired to be considered as a seeker. Oh, the pride of the human heart! During the meeting I continued to attend, refusing to kneel, only as the congregation kneeled. The protracted exercises of this meeting lasted some week or more after this, during the continuance of which I found no permanent peace. After these services closed, I resolved to break off from my sins by righteousness. I therefore joined the society on trial, and forsook my former companions and places of amusement, and sought the company of the religious and pious, talked about religion, inquired of such the plan of salvation and of their Christian experience, prayed much, established regular hours for private prayer, became very punctilious in the observance of all the means of grace, especially class meetings and private prayer, (and have never to this day missed my class, unless distant or sick, except once: then it was to attend preaching.) I became very attentive in reading the good book, often taking it on my knees and asking light from Heaven. Sometimes I fancied I had religion, and again I would be thrown into doubts and fears; and would often despair of mercy, feeling my former course of life bear heavily upon me. I repeatedly read Mr. Wesley's sermon on "SERVANTS AND SONS," and was often comforted in the belief that I was a servant and should be saved. In August, 1843, a very particular friend died, whose death, together with other circumstances growing out of this Providence, gave me great affliction of mind, and added much to my previous distress: however, it drove me close to a throne of grace, for the day after his interment I took up family prayer, and notwithstanding I found it a great cross and was often tempted to drop it, yet I persevered; often almost despairing of ever obtaining a clear evidence of my acceptance with Heaven. However, it pleased God in his abundant goodness and mercy, after ten months, drinking the wormwood and gall, on the 7th of February, 1844, to set my captive soul at liberty. Whilst bowed before God in prayer (and immediately after closing the public prayer), I asked the Lord to show me what it was that prevented me from obtaining a knowledge of the forgiveness of my sins; and that portion of Scripture came to my mind wherein it is said, "And a certain ruler asked him (Christ) saying, Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life. And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good, none is good, save one, that is God. Thou knowest the commandments, do not, &c. And the ruler answered and said, All these have I kept from my youth up. Jesus replied, Yet lackest thou one thing; sell all that thou hast and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me." I was struck at first with the importance of a literal compliance with the Savior's instructions, and rather drew back when making an application of the language to my own case; yet upon one moment's reflection, I resolved to acquiesce, even though this should be required of me, and replied I think audibly, "Yes, Lord, I will;" then it was, this language was communicated to my senses by the Holy Spirit, clear as if written in letters of gold before me, *"Your sins are pardoned, you are free," and as quick as thought I was filled with the fruits of the Spirit, peace, love, ecstatic joy in the Holy Ghost; and was enabled to rise and rejoice in hope of the glory of God, having a new song put into my mouth, even praises to our God.*

Then was it manifest to me that I had no genuine religion before this. Yet I still believe, had it pleased Almighty God in his wise providence to call me from earth, at any time between April, 1843, and February 1844, he would have cut short the work in righteousness, and taken my soul to rest. Glory be to God for his forbearing mercy and tender kindness.

The next morning after my justification, and regeneration, and entire forgiveness of my sins, I felt the kindlings of revenge and unkind feelings towards an individual with whom I had had some misunderstanding touching a business matter. These feelings alarmed me much and gave me much uneasiness of mind for the moment; yet I soon went to Christ, and inquired of him in my closet, how these things could be, and prayed that they might be removed; and forthwith my heart was again filled with love to God and love for this same individual, as well as all the world. I was then very happy for two weeks, with little or no intermission. The language of my heart was,

"Jesus all the day long,
Is my joy and my song."

After these feelings abated, I was again thrown into doubts and fears by discoveries of the remains of the carnal mind; a disposition to anger, malice, revenge, pride, impatience, self-will, &c., &c., in all of which the enemy of God and man took the advantage of, and would and did make to me many suggestions.

However, I now took a decided stand and prayed much, fasted, read the word of the Lord, inquired of the Lord on my knees with his word open before me, for light, and when done reading, would pray that instruction be sealed upon my heart, and that the truths might be treasured up in my memory, that thereby my understanding might be enlightened, my judgment informed, that I might have my fruit unto holiness and my end peace. I never have, since God spoke peace to my mind, neglected any one day, (unless sick in bed,) the reading of a portion of the good book. I early discovered that I was growing in grace and in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. At a campmeeting, the summer after my conversion, whilst a local brother was praying in the meeting tent, I received such a blessing as almost induced me to think it was sanctification, which I knew nothing of and had heard but little about. Yet I was early convinced after this, that my heart was not cleansed, for I still found in it the remains of the carnal mind.

During the latter part of the year 1844, and the beginning of 1845, my mind was drawn to the subject of sanctification, or holiness of heart: chiefly, I think, by my own diligence in searching after truth, with the aid of the Holy Spirit enlightening my understanding. I was continually striving to know the truth of this doctrine, by doing the will of God, which I found to be the advice of Christ.

I talked with many Christians, both of the ministry and laity, but (I regret to say it,) I could find but few that understood or enjoyed this blessing. I examined Wesley, Fletcher, Peck, Carvosso, Mrs. Palmer, Clarke's Commentary, and many other writers on the subject, in which I became very much interested.

Sometime in the Spring and Summer of 1845, I visited Baltimore, and attended the Saturday evening meetings held at the chapel, by Dr. Roberts, for the benefit of those who were seeking holiness. I listened attentively to the experience of others, and to the holy advice and instruction given by that man of God, but could not exercise faith so as to make a personal application of the advice.

I have been (and I speak it without boasting and without the fear of contradiction,) attentive on all the means of grace, public and private, from the time God in his infinite goodness spoke my sins forgiven, and I have enjoyed a large portion of the divine influence, and have been made to rejoice and shout the praises of the God of my salvation. I have been often much drawn out in prayer after holiness,

entire sanctification, and often, rather despairing, become indifferent.

In December, 1845, I was struck with the great victory I had obtained and was still obtaining over inbred sin, and began to believe more than ever in my privilege of obtaining the complete victory over the remaining corruptions of my nature, (if any,) for indeed I was sometimes almost constrained to say, to be sure my inward foes are all vanquished and gone. In January, 1846, our much beloved and dear Bishop Janes paid our village a pastoral visit, and preached some three or four times, once from Romans 8:18, and 12:1, Rev. 3:18, in which he beautifully portrayed the duties and privileges of Christians; that they should by the mercies of God present their bodies living sacrifices, holy and acceptable unto God, which he clearly proved to be their reasonable service, showing that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in them; he therefore counseled them to buy of Christ gold tried in the fire, that they might be rich, and white raiment, that they might be clothed, that the shame of their nakedness might not appear, and to anoint their eyes with eyesalve that they might see. These sermons, together with a conversation had with the Bishop, and his general deportment and holy living, greatly encouraged me, and I became again deeply engaged with the Savior for a clean heart. These sermons were to many as bread cast upon the waters, seen after many days, and have been, I believe, the chief instrument of building up the walls of Jerusalem here, -- (new church erected.)

Sometime in February of the present year, (just two years from the time God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins,) I had retired to my chamber in the afternoon for prayer, and whilst kneeling and pleading with God for a clean heart, for the removal of all inbred sin, to be cleansed from all my idols, and to be sprinkled with clean water, for holiness of heart, for entire sanctification and dedication of all to God, and perfect love, I became much humbled before the Lord, with a deep sense of his presence, during which I felt much of the melting, tendering influence of his grace, with great poverty of spirit, weeping and agonizing with considerable earnestness of soul, when the Holy Spirit gently communicated to my mind, "*that you ask for, you have.*" This was entirely different from what I had expected, as I did expect it to come as the rushing of a mighty wind. *My faith laid hold and I believed,* and whilst retiring from my chamber and proceeding down stairs, with my foot resting on the first step, the enemy suggested, May you not have been mistaken? -- and forthwith I began to doubt, and immediately returned to my chamber and bowed before God, and asked of him a renewal of the witnesses or a confirmation of that given, whereby all doubts might be banished and my faith increased, and again the same language was sealed upon my mind, "that you ask for, you have;" after which I heartily praised the Lord in silence; my soul seemed to exult greatly with deep humility, and great meekness and poverty of spirit.

I resolved at once I would make a profession of my faith in Christ's sufficiency to cleanse from all sin, from a knowledge of what I had thus felt and now enjoyed. I found many temptations to hold my peace; the enemy suggesting that I had not made a profession of religion sufficiently long to profess holiness, that there were so many others in society, even in the class to which I was attached, who had been ten, fifteen and twenty years in society, and had never made any such profession, and some of them were considered very pious, and that they would not believe me.

However, I resolved that others might do as they would, I should and would acknowledge, as I believed it to be my duty to do, what the Lord had done for me, and accordingly I did so the first opportunity, which was in class, probably the next evening, and I have never from that day to this ever regretted my profession, or for one moment doubted the genuineness of the work. I have felt from that time to the present, that all doubts and fears were gone, all roots of bitterness, anger, wrath, malice, impatience, self-will, are all expelled, and I have an abiding consciousness that I please God, and shall, by faith through grace, inherit eternal life. Patience now has its perfect work, and perfect love hath cast out all fear which hath torment, either of death, hell, or falling from grace, though I am conscious I yet

dwell in a house of clay, and have no confidence in the flesh. I have had various temptations and in various ways, but out of them all the Lord delivered me, and continues thus to deliver, and I am assured he ever will whilst I put my trust in him and cast my care on him. I have often been in great heaviness from these temptations, but whilst thus tempted and tried, I have felt always a calmness and peace within, whilst my soul has been sustained by the promises, "Lo, I am with you always;" "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but God is able to deliver them out of them all;" "In six troubles I will be with you," &c.; and in patience I am enabled to possess my soul. I trust it will not be considered presumption in me to assert positively that I have never for one day in the slightest manner yielded to the influence of sin; I certainly have never for one moment since felt any condemnation. I have now an implicit confidence and trust in the atonement, and perceive that I am daily strengthened in faith, and am advancing still in the knowledge and love of Christ. I now understand spiritually what is meant by Paul in the 11th chapter of Hebrews, by faith all things were done as therein enumerated. I feel that I am now crucified with Christ and made conformable to his death, "the body of sin is destroyed;" and I, (that is my corrupt nature,) live no longer, being dead to sin, but Christ liveth in me, and is as a well of water springing up unto eternal life, and as a fountain in my inmost soul, from which all tempers, words and actions flow, and the life that I now live in the flesh, even in this mortal body, I live by faith in the Son of God.

Since I have been thus established and made this profession, I have had the good pleasure of seeing the work of the Lord revive much in this part of his moral vineyard. Some six or eight other witnesses have been raised up to testify of this great salvation, and many others are in final stretch for the kingdom; praise be to Jesus' name, the work is reviving here; the will of the Lord be done, praise ye the Lord.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #020

In the autumn of 1842, the doctrine of Christian Perfection was first distinctly presented to me, as having claims upon my understanding and heart. A dear brother, through the Lord's great goodness, was brought into the enjoyment of what he called "the blessing of sanctification," and urged upon me the privilege and duty of giving my undivided heart to the Savior I had long professed to love. Owing to denominational views, and misapprehension of his terms, I was very much opposed to the doctrine, although I could but acknowledge, his experience was scriptural, that he was in a good place," and I felt an earnest desire to obtain a similar state of mind. My first step was to drop all controversy, and confine my attention to that which was beyond dispute, the duty of loving God with all the heart. For the encouragement of those who are laboring with friends and relatives on the subject of holiness, I will just say -- that brother's efforts, accompanied by his believing prayers, under God, removed my prejudices against the doctrine, and were the means of bringing me into the glorious liberty of the gospel.

My views of divine truth, and the object I desired, were exceedingly indefinite. A deeper work of grace was what I felt that I needed; having always been a doubting, halting Christian, (if indeed I was a child of God,) I earnestly desired "to read my title clear," and finally determined not to rest until I had obtained a full assurance of an interest in Christ. I asked the aid of the Holy Spirit, that I might be made to see just what I was, just what I needed; with a sincere desire to know and be led in the way of all truth.

The first work of the Spirit was to convince of sin; the guilt of withholding part of the price; I had been trying to serve God with a divided heart; no wonder I had always felt it would be presumption for me to say, "I know that my Redeemer lives."

Are you willing now to be wholly the Lord's? Entire consecration is the absolute requisition; I could get no further till 'this point was settled. I saw that it was a reasonable as well as a just requirement. A distinct query was proposed by the Spirit; in itself the thing was trifling, harmless: owing to circumstances, it was made a test question. I shrunk from the sacrifice, -- almost feeling that God was a hard master to require me to give up a thing not in itself sinful, though I was conscious of its being a hindrance to a spiritual mind. I continued in this state for weeks, encountering many snares and wiles of the great adversary, aided by a deceitful heart and a rebellious will. As often as I made special effort by prayer or otherwise, I was met by a specific requisition, till at length I was enabled to give it up and say, " Yes, Lord, anything, everything thou seest best.

A calm, peaceful state of mind ensued, arising from the consciousness that there was no longer a controversy between my will and God. I had been enabled to make an entire consecration, and felt a willingness to do, or be anything, and a sweet satisfaction in the thought that a holy God reigned.

But I did not yet apprehend the way of faith. I still felt it would be presumption for me, a vile, guilty worm of the dust, to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. When I related the state of my mind to the dear brother before mentioned, he at once urged upon me the duty of believing God. If I was conscious that all was submitted, body, soul and spirit, laid upon the altar, then I ought to believe the offering was accepted.

Although slow of heart to believe, a new thought had been suggested, and after he left me I continued to ponder upon it, inquiring, Lord is it so? Immediately another distinct train of thought was presented to my mind. I seemed to see myself as one of a company of condemned sinners, awaiting execution. The Son of God comes forward, saying, "these need not perish, I will die for them". God accepts the substitute, -- will the sinner? With my whole heart, most gladly, most thankfully I cried, "yes". The scales fell from my eyes:

I cried, Lord, I believe
"'Tis done, the great transaction's past,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine.

There was no excitement, but it seemed to be a calm, deliberate reception of the precious atonement, by the understanding and affections, with a yielding up of the will and the whole being to the Lord. The first thought was, shall I continue in sin? The next, God forbid! I am not my own, I belong to Christ; and with an indescribable precious sense of union with Him, sprung up in my heart, a feeling that I lived, yet not I but Christ lived in me. I seemed, by that act of faith, to be incorporated into, and become a living branch of the living Vine; drawing spiritual life, as truly and distinctly from Christ, as the branch does from the vine.

It was in February, 1843, that I was enabled to receive the Lord Jesus as my Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption; and as I received Him, so have I endeavored to walk in Him, by simple faith, up to the present moment. I have indeed been "kept by the power of God, through faith;" to God be all the glory. I have not spoken of the joy and peace that have flowed from believing in Jesus.; they cannot be described -- to be known, they must be felt.

This work of grace has been characterized by a deep sense of the evil of sin, of my exceeding sinfulness, and a clear apprehension of the extent and fullness of the atonement, the ample provisions of grace, so entirely meeting the wants of depraved nature. All the great doctrines of the Bible have been more readily perceived and greatly endeared; the Scriptures have become life and power; the precious words "sweeter than honey to my taste."

Prayer is no longer a formal duty, but is become, so to speak, the habit of my soul. I find my

thoughts and my desires rising spontaneously to God, not only at stated times, and for special objects, but at all times and in sudden emergencies, the heart is lifted up for direction; "Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel," seems to be its language.

My views of the spirituality and extent of God's perfect law, have been greatly enlarged; there are no longer any little sins, -- the slightest deviation from that law requires fresh application to the blood that cleanseth from all sin. When conscience reproves, (and the inward monitor is very vigilant,) I find my best way to fly at once to this fountain; indeed I try to keep in that precious fountain, that maketh "every whit whole."

The most decided change I find to be in the will and affections. I am aware it is a great thing, to say, the will of God is my will, but I do feel, that in this respect God has given me a "new heart." I am able to speak with more confidence on this point, from the fact that the Lord has subjected me to a most rigid course of discipline, and has seen fit, in his unerring wisdom, to test my submission in ways extremely trying to the natural heart. The cup of sorrow has often been put to my lips; friend after friend has been taken from my sight; the dearest earthly ties severed, and my family dispersed under circumstances of peculiar trial: but the precious Savior has himself been with me, sustaining my spirit, strengthening my faith, enabling me to say with one of old, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, &c.: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." In view of anticipated trial, I have felt to say, "If it be possible let this cup pass, nevertheless -- not my will, but thine." But if the bitter cup was presented, the blessed Lord enabled me to see that it was presented by the same loving hand that was nailed to the cross, and to receive it with a submissive spirit.

One more circumstance I will mention, to show what God has done for me, and what cause I have to magnify the riches of his grace. For five years I have been confined to my couch by painful disease; never free from some degree of suffering, at times severe. The first and second years of my illness, I was kept from murmuring, but I had a will; I did not choose to be where I was placed, and was ever hoping and looking for a favorable change in my disease. When I was brought into the blessed rest of faith, I was enabled to give that matter all up. I had such a sense of the hand of God in my continued sickness, and such a desire that his will should be done, that I did indeed enter into rest. The Lord has so graciously manifested himself to me, in seasons of severe pain, that I have felt my situation to be anything but an affliction. I think I know, in some measure, what made Paul and Silas sing at midnight in prison.

In view of still further suffering, I am enabled to say, "the will of the Lord be done." He has given me a desire to glorify him: let him choose his own way. If he will but permit a worm of the dust to honor him in any way, I have abundant cause for gratitude and praise.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #021

In the days of my childhood, I was powerfully awakened by the Spirit of God, to a sense of my danger, as a sinner out of Christ, while reading the memoir of a pious lady. I saw myself a guilty, condemned sinner, before a just and holy God. I resolved at once to renounce the world, and live a Christian life. Soon the Lord spoke peace to my soul. The evidence of my acceptance with God was clear and satisfactory. I almost thought I was living in a new world. I felt that the Savior was in me and all around me.

"Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song."

Soon after this, a member of the church in the place where I resided, came to converse with me respecting the happy change I had recently experienced. I rejoiced to see him, fully believing him to be one of the faithful followers of the Savior, having had the privilege of but very little religious conversation. After sitting a few moments in silence, he asked me "If I loved God." I answered, yes. Said he, "Have you had no doubts respecting it?" None, I replied. Turning to my mother, who also was a member of the same church with himself, he replied, "It is very strange that she has had no doubts." He said very little more, and left the house. I was much disappointed. Feeling, as the poet expresses, "Weaker than a bruised reed."

I expected, through his conversation, to receive strength and encouragement to walk the narrow, happy way. I had not learned that I must doubt my conversion, if I would be a Christian: nay, I had not so received Christ. And I now believe it to be the theory of the adversary. For a while I rejoiced in the smiles of my heavenly Father. But having very few religious privileges, and being surrounded with opposition from within and without, I soon began to decline in my spiritual life; and before one year had passed away, I found I had almost imperceptibly deviated from the way that leads to God. I made many weak attempts to return, but as often failed; till finally I retreated back into the world, and suffered the enemy to gain the victory. Often while joining the gay circle, would the grieved and insulted Spirit of God find way to my heart, gently whispering, "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Thus I lived, proving by experience, that "the way of transgressors is hard," until twenty-one years of age. About this time, a minister came into our village, and preached a few times. My health being very poor, I was not able to attend his ministry; but he, with true apostolic zeal, taught publicly, and from house to house. He sought and found this stray lamb. He assisted me in returning to my Father's house. Again my soul rejoiced in God my Savior. I now united with the church; but being mostly confined at home by ill-health, I enjoyed but few religious privileges. I now felt that I only lived to love and serve my God. But soon, "the foes that lurk within," commenced their warfare, and often allured me from the path of duty.

In 1840, I felt the need of a closer walk with God. Although hearing but little said on the subject of holiness, I now began to see it my privilege to live in a state of entire consecration to God. The promises of God encouraged me to seek for it; but here I met with great difficulties; the way was too narrow for me. I could not make the required sacrifice. I now concluded to live as near the Lord as I could without the blessing, hoping it would finally be well with me. But still, at times, I was powerfully convicted for a pure heart.

In 1841, the Lord raised me up another spiritual friend, in sending Bro. M_____ to labor on the circuit where I then lived. He was a humble, devoted follower of Christ. From my first interview with him, I was convinced of the necessity of being holy. About this time, a sister in the church sent me a few numbers of the Guide; which proved to be just what I needed, to explain the way of faith to my understanding. I now resolved to give myself to the Lord without reserve. Often when attending the public worship of God, would my soul be filled with such a sense of the divine presence, as scarcely to be able to restrain my tongue from shouting the high praise of God: but the pride of my heart would not permit this. I would not be a shouting Christian on any account. I had heard some people shout, and praise the Lord, whom I considered to be Christians, but thought they were "zealous overmuch," though humble and happy. I often wished myself to be as happy as I supposed them to be, but I also wished to appear respectable at all times in the eyes of the world. I now clearly saw, if I would be holy, I must also be humble. I daily mourned my distance from the Savior. The burden of my prayer was, --

"O, for a closer walk with God."

But how to make the required sacrifice; how to be willing to have my "name cast out as evil for the Son of man's sake," and be called a fool and an enthusiast (Now called a nut case); how to meet the scorn and ridicule of friends and relatives, and perhaps be an on cast from their society, as yet I found not.

About this time, Bro. M_____ was to preach a lecture near our place of residence; after the lecture, there was to be a class meeting. The time arrived, and I with many others attended. Bro. M_____ dwelt on the subject of entire sanctification: his words, attended by the energies of the Holy Spirit, reached the inmost recesses of my heart. I was blessed with a sense of the divine presence of God; the Spirit bade me give God the praise. I shrunk from the cross, still feeling a strong aversion to such exercises. Here the Spirit left me, and darkness filled my soul. Here the pride and stubbornness of my heart were clearly discovered to me. Pride and the esteem of the world were not yet laid upon the altar: but, still resolved on obtaining the blessing, I promised the Lord, if he would permit his Spirit once more to return to my disconsolate heart, I would endeavor to obey him in all things. Soon the Holy Comforter returned, with peace and love, into my soul: the same duty was presented, -- again I hesitated; my good name; how can I give that up? It was suggested to me, "If you submit to that requirement, you will never again dare to show yourself in good society, but must mingle only with the low and ignorant." Language fails to express the anguish of that moment! The conflict was severe! "The enemy thrust sore at me." Such was the darkness with which I was surrounded, I feared the Spirit had taken his everlasting flight; but he who died to destroy the works of the devil, drew near "with the tokens of his passion," and engaged in my behalf. Again I dared to promise my merciful God, if he would permit his Spirit to return, I would be his without reserve, come life or death. I now felt my consecration to be entire. All was upon the altar. How solemn; how interesting that moment! I felt I was waiting for the fire to descend and consume the sacrifice. Presently I felt the Holy Spirit descending with his heavenly influences, and resting upon me; and ere I was aware, the praises of my Redeemer were sounding forth from my enraptured soul. By faith in the atonement, I claimed the blessing to be mine. I no longer regarded appearances; the old man of sin had received his deathblow. The Lamb had gained the victory! "Glory, glory, glory be to God," was now the language of my heart, while my bodily powers were nearly overcome by the weight of divine love resting upon me. O the victories of the cross! I could exclaim with the poet,

"Tis done; thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

I was willing the whole world should hear me shout the praises of my Redeemer. After the sermon was over, class meeting commenced. We had a heavenly season. When spoken to, I related the exercises of my mind during the sermon, and also acknowledged what the Lord had done for me. Class-meeting being over, I returned home. All nature presented a new aspect: and although encumbered with the cares of a family, I lived above the world. The Bible was far more precious to me than ever before. My views of the atonement I can never express; so perfect, -- so exceeding broad. With joy I was enabled to bear the cross in confessing before the church and the world what great things the Lord had done for me. From that time to the present, I trust I have walked in the "narrow way." I still feel that I am a "sinner saved by grace." Now, when the enemy tells me I am out of good society, I can say, while I am blessed with the presence of the Father, Son and Spirit, who will dare to say, I am out of good society? When it is suggested that my company is low and ignorant, I can say it is only with the lowly in heart I love to associate. Glory be to God! We know Christ, and him crucified. I

find no other way to dwell in the secret place of the Most High, but by perseverance in the path of duty. By the assistance of grace, I am resolved to abide in the ship until I gain the port of endless rest. Glory be to God.

"And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #022

My childhood was marked with developments of sorrow and depression, combined with sensibility. At the age of seven years, I was the subject of deep religious impressions, and was frequently under the most pungent convictions for sin, until I entered my nineteenth year; about that time I was reading Milton's Paradise Lost, and Hervey's Meditations: these works had a tendency to convince me more thoroughly, of the necessity of the atonement, and to deepen my religious impressions, which had then amounted to an anguish of soul. I was very careful to conceal the state of my mind from every individual -- a strange timidity which accompanied all my religious experience. In the deepest mental affliction, I repaired to a distant place on the farm, and while on my knees in prayer, was powerfully and gloriously converted to God. I rose triumphant, but fell prostrate: the praises of my Redeemer flowed freely from my lips, comforting passages of Scripture occurred to my mind, with force and joy: my happiness continued inexpressible; for three days and nights, Satan scarcely dared to tempt me.

Three years since the Life of Carvosso was put into my hands by my class-leader; I read it carefully, and found that it was my privilege to make higher attainments in the divine life than I had yet known. I earnestly besought the Lord to deepen his work of grace in my heart, and gradually lost all relish for every thing that was not of a holy character. I grew more fervent and importunate in prayer, and felt sensible of an increase of faith. A close investigation of the Scriptures had a tendency to confirm me in this holy faith. I plainly saw that the sacred pages were richly fraught with promises of sanctifying grace, and frequently advocated and enforced the doctrine.

On the first day of last October, (a memorable day to me,) while sitting in company with two of my sisters, and expounding the Word of God on that subject, the Spirit of the Lord descended upon me with so much power and glory, that I do not think I could have lived, if he had not in a measure withdrawn it. I was filled with all the fullness of God, and I could only exclaim, "I am sanctified, I am sanctified." I seemed to be bathing in an ocean of perfect love; my life was hid with Christ in God, who had cleansed me from all sin, by the application of his more than precious blood. It is in vain I attempt to describe what I experienced on that occasion; language is far too weak, my words sink down under the weight of the meaning I wish to convey. Since then I have enjoyed that peace which passeth all understanding. My joys have been pure and abundant. I seem to have lived all my life in comparative darkness, with only an occasional ray of light; but now my sun shines night and day; the Scriptures are an inconceivable rich mine, which grows brighter and more precious, as I advance; and in the midst of these sanctifying joys, I am often assailed by temptations and trials of a formidable character; but glory to God, they are made my richest blessings; I have a sweet and abiding assurance, that Christ is my indwelling Savior; I am indeed a new creature. "Old things have passed away, and all things are created anew in Christ Jesus."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #023

My natural disposition was serious and thoughtful, rather inclined to melancholy than gaiety. From a child I felt deeply the necessity of a change of heart, to qualify me for the enjoyment of that world of spirits where none but the pure and holy are permitted to enter. I was timid and fearful, and the prospect of death was terrifying. I sometimes retired to secret places to ask God to have mercy on me and pardon my sins. When nearly grown, the Lord was pleased to send an affliction on me which blasted all my earthly prospects; but with the affliction these words were applied to my mind:

"Afflictions, though they seem severe,
Are oft in mercy sent."

I often thought of the words, but my heart was unbelieving, and rather inclined to murmur at the dark ways of Providence; and often did my wicked heart rise in rebellion against God, and reproach him for unkindness and injustice. My convictions continued to increase. I felt that I had a wicked heart, and that I was wretched and undone, without an interest in the merits of the Savior. I began to seek with my whole heart the pardon of my sins. I read the Scriptures and prayed frequently; and employed all my energies to subdue every evil propensity -- determined never to give up the struggle. Glory be to God, he did not suffer me to seek in vain. A ray of light penetrated my benighted soul, and I felt a peace and calm that I had never before enjoyed: and there seemed to be a "still small voice," assuring me that my sins were blotted out, and that I had acceptance with God through Jesus Christ our Savior. But I was not satisfied; the light which I had received was too dim, and my evidence was not as bright as I desired. I ventured to express to a friend the change that I had felt, but assured him that I could not take this for conversion. This confession brought with it an increase of light and faith, which grew brighter and stronger until every doubt was removed, and I was filled with peace, and love, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Death had no longer any terrors to me. For about three months I had neither doubts nor fears. I could say continually,

"Not a cloud doth arise to darken my skies,
Nor hide for one moment the Lord from my eyes."

Had I then seen the conflicts and difficulties that awaited me, I should have shrunk from the field of battle and sunk in despair. But the Lord has led me on step by step, and I have ever found his grace sufficient for me. In my darkest and most trying hours, he has never suffered my faith to fail. I have fought a thousand battles, and he has given me as many victories. Glory be to God, I can now look back upon my past life, and with feelings of love and gratitude to God, say,

"In all my ways thy hand I own;
Thy ruling Providence I see."

How sweetly do I feel that all my trials and afflictions have been sanctified to my good. Glory be to God, for the praise is all due to him. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." About the year 1883, I was thrown among the people called Methodists; and as I became acquainted with their doctrines and customs, my heart was drawn towards them by the strongest chord of Christian affection. Surrounding circumstances made me feel it my duty, as well as privilege, to unite myself to this society of Christians. I have learned that there were yet higher attainments in religion than I had ever before thought was my privilege to enjoy. I was delighted. It was the very thing that my soul longed for. Whenever I found anything written upon the subject of "holiness" or "perfect love," I read it

with eagerness and a sincere desire to be made a partaker of the blessing. I sought it in the sincerity of my heart, and sometimes felt that I was ready to lay hold on the blessing; but my faith would waver, and thus I suffered myself to be deprived of this inestimable treasure for years, -- sometimes doubting my privilege to enjoy it, and sometimes seeking it with my whole heart.

Last fall I was very much encouraged to renew my efforts, and double my diligence. Several persons of my acquaintance had professed to enjoy the blessing. I was fully convinced that it was my privilege also. And I determined, by the grace of God, never to give up the struggle, cost what it would; that I would never again rest satisfied until I felt that I had a clean heart, and enjoyed that "perfect love" which "casteth out fear." But instead of looking to Jesus immediately, as my all-sufficiency, I began to look at my own unworthiness and surrounding difficulties. Consequently my mind became overwhelmed with darkness, and difficulties seemed to multiply and rise like mountains before me; until my way seemed so hedged up that I almost despaired of victory. But I was continually encouraged by my faithful pastor, to persevere, though all things should appear to be against me.

I denied myself, and took my every cross; and the language of my heart was, "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee." While in this state of mind I heard a sermon in which the Savior and the promises were presented to my mind in a most striking and forcible manner. I had a severe conflict with unbelief. At length it gave way, and I felt that I had gained the victory. I felt that the Savior was mine, his peace mine, his promises were mine, and his love was mine. I was inexpressibly happy, but did not, at that time, claim the blessing of 'perfect love.' I felt that God had, in some degree, given me the victory. I was enabled to look to Jesus, and I saw my way clearly. I continued to seek the blessing with increased confidence and zeal. I felt that the work was going on in my heart, and firmly believed that I would obtain it; but had an impression that it would be a gradual work.

I expressed myself in this way to my pastor, with whom I was conversing upon the subject. He reminded me of the length of time that it had been gradually going on in my heart; and made it very plain to my mind that there must be a time when it would be instantaneous. The admonitions of that day sunk deep into my heart. I was edified, strengthened and encouraged. I felt deeply impressed with the awful sin of unbelief. I could not rest. I felt an aching void within which nothing but God himself could fill. I retired to my room and threw myself at the feet of mercy. I wrestled and agonized, and read the Scriptures and sung until bed-time. My heart was very tender, and tears rolled copiously down my cheeks. Being wearied and almost exhausted in body and mind, I retired to rest and fell asleep. I awoke sometime in the night, and still felt that aching void and those awful convictions of unbelief. I thought that the Holy Spirit was striving with me for the last time, unless I made a full surrender and took God at his word. I felt that it was believe -- believe now, or be lost for ever. I made a covenant with God, that if he would sanctify me and give me a bright evidence, every power and energy that I possessed, should be wholly and unreservedly devoted to him my remaining days.

I commenced singing the hymn, "And can I yet delay, my little all to give?" I believe I sung it through, and every line was in accordance with my feelings and desires. I prayed in the sincerity and fervency of my heart that God would take entire possession, and make me wholly his. I ventured myself and my all upon the merits of that blood which cleanses from all sin. My faith laid hold on the promises, and I claimed the blessing. No sooner had I done this than a flood of light and love and joy poured into my soul; and I felt as conscious of the immediate presence of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, as I did of my existence. I exclaimed in the fullness of my heart, "Now I am thine and thou art mine. I am sanctified. O! the sweet fullness of a Savior's love. Never more withdraw thyself from me, and I will be wholly thine. Glory be to God. Bless the Lord, O my soul." I felt that I was conversing with an intimate, loving friend, and that there was a sweet union between God and my soul. Words fail to express all that I felt that night, but it seemed to me that I was "filled with all the fullness of God." That aching void was completely filled, and I was satisfied. This took place on the 24th of Dec .1845, -- a

day never to be forgotten. But in eternity I expect to remember it, when I join with the sanctified above, to sing the holy song -- " Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, his Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

But the tempter came and suggested to my mind that perhaps I had been deceived; that I had better not make an open confession of this blessing, lest I should not be able to live up to the profession. I listened, and reasoned, and for some time "kept back part of the price." But I found that this would not do. I lost the witness, and my mind became overwhelmed with darkness. The sorrow and disappointment which I felt on this occasion are indescribable. Temptations came like a mighty torrent; and it took all the strength I possessed, both of body and mind, to bear up against the assaults which were leveled upon me. Blessed be God, although he hid his face from me a little moment, he did not forsake me. I held on to the promises with a trembling grasp. I told my heavenly Father that I could not live without his smiles and his presence; and promised solemnly that if he would restore that sweet witness to my heart, I would confess on all suitable occasions all that he had done for me. This sweet promise was applied to my heart -- "In due time you shall reap if you faint not." I rested upon this promise, and in a short time the witness was restored. I now longed for an opportunity to make this full and open confession. At length it was presented; and I believe if I had been certain of being put to death for it as soon as I had done, it would not have deterred me one moment. And O what strength and power did I receive on that occasion! I felt that I was wholly given up to God, and my peace flowed as a river. Since that time I have sweet access to the throne of grace, and commune with my heavenly Father in a far more endearing manner than I could with my most intimate earthly friend. I feel there is a sweet union between my soul and my Savior; and that fear is cast out by perfect love.

"Stretch my faith's capacity
Wider and yet wider still:
Then with all that is in thee
My soul for ever fill."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #024

One morning about ten o'clock, a dear brother came into my room, and after talking with me for an hour or two, left me with a feeling similar to nothing which I ever experienced, save that which I felt in the hour of conversion. I saw again the beauty of God in Christ, and trusted in him fully, not as then, for the salvation of my soul, but for its sanctification. I knew that I might look to the Lord Jesus as my friend, who would come to my help in time of emergency, and I felt a great reposing of my soul in his keeping to save it from the penalty of the law, but this had been all. The work of overcoming sin in the soul, and of thus preparing it for heaven, I thought Christ had committed to me, and I had been accustomed to look forward to life, as one unbroken series of straggles in the effort to accomplish the task. At death I thought Christ would finish what I had left undone; but until then I must do better myself, and "work out my own salvation." I use this language still, but in a different sense from what I formerly gave to it. My friend convinced me that the work which I was undertaking was useless. I was endeavoring to perform that which was comprised in the office of Christ. Sanctification, he assured me, was as truly the work of Christ as salvation. It startled me, though joyfully, and at first I could not believe it. He insisted that Jesus had bought with his blood the privilege of fitting his soul for heaven, as truly as he had that of eventually saving it from hell. He quoted the passage in which Christ is declared to be not only our wisdom, but our sanctification and redemption -- other passages in which

Christ is described as working in us the good pleasure of the Lord, &c., and assured me that in the case of salvation, my part was only to trust in him for that which I desired. While he conversed, the character of Christ had been expanding and unfolding, till it seemed most beautiful. Still I felt that I was not confiding in him, and asked my friend how I should do so. Then, said he, you are making a work of trusting, and are fancying that until you do something you call trusting, Christ will not receive you. Simply look to Christ and rejoice in him, leaving with him your soul, that he may sanctify it, just as you would leave it with him to be saved, or just as you would confide to me any business which you knew I was fully competent and willing to perform, and ceasing from all anxiety concerning it. I saw that he had exposed the true nature of the difficulty, and as I saw this snare of Satan, I felt as I never felt before, the utter hopelessness of ever escaping, unaided, from nets so refined, and so cunningly laid. It seemed as though he had thrown a fine invisible silver wire around my soul, and thus, unperceived, was detaining me from Christ, while I sought first to put forth the effort of trusting. The moment I perceived the difficulty, I rested calmly upon Christ, my anxiety fled, and sweet tranquility stole over my soul. I seemed resting on his bosom, and there, panting, exhausted, scarcely daring to breathe, lest I should fall again, I lay, feeling that he bore me in his arms. This was the thought which filled me with calm delight. I need no longer struggle with difficulties, external or internal, for Christ will go with me and bear me over them in his arms, as the mother bears her child over obstructions which it cannot surmount. For a few days before and after this, I noted upon a little paper a sort of outline of my feelings, and by quoting from it, perhaps I can produce a more distinct conception of the transition, than by a description from memory. "Friday. -- Brother S___ led the morning meeting -- exhorted the brethren to state their feelings. W___ spoke of new views of Christ -fullness of his love. Those who were willing for two weeks to talk and pray daily with one Christian, rise while singing the last hymn." ' Saturday. -- W___ spoke of seeing Christ IN THE BIBLE, between us and God -- blessed views. "Sunday. -- Dr. B___ led. Talked of cold professors. Christ will spew them out of his mouth. Jesus knocks even for them. Like the sleeping disciples, 'not pray one hour?' and the Savior half apologizing for them; and now comes and would enter. Dr. ___ wept -- great feelings. (Several of the students seemed converted over -- glorious views of Jesus." "Monday. -- Brother G___ spoke; has seen Christ as never before -- difference between looking at the image of the sun in the water, and the sun -- at the brazen serpent, or at the image in the mirror -- no healing. Following the image of the mirror we go from Christ. Now he is rejoicing in Christ. Bro. E___ also is rejoicing in Christ as never before. Christ is the 'light of the world.' I felt we cannot shine of ourselves. Christ is the sun -- we must open the door and windows of the heart, let him shine in, and through us light will go forth. Wished for it -- though I have felt it not -- rejoice that others have. B___ says, you have Christ, rejoice in him, think not of views. But I must see Christ before I can rejoice in him. Felt a desire to live in Christ, that I might speak for him earnestly, fearlessly, knowing what I affirm, then every service, and all labor will be like the flying of a bird -- easy. Prayer for this knowledge -- appears like twilight -- I see Jesus, but not enough -- rejoice in him as good and lovely, but his face looks not at me." " Tuesday. -- Brother B___ led -- he said, think of a being blind, but knowing that beautiful objects are around him -- deaf, knowing that delicious sounds may be heard -- no taste, yet knowing that exquisite things may be tasted -- that was my state a few hours ago. Now it is not so. I speak to you from the land of Beulah. I know now what is meant by joy unspeakable and full of glory. After meeting, prayed with E___. He told me his feelings -- seeing God in Christ while reading the first chapter of John -- glorious Savior -- loved him. To me still there are clouds. Christ seemed beautiful, but thin silver clouds are around him. Seemed to see the life of Christ in the Bible, like a stream of silver -- beautiful.

"At eleven B___ came in -- told him T___ wanted those views -- felt I could not serve Christ effectually without them. He said I must desire Christ in himself want none else in heaven or on earth -- leave myself with him, forgetting myself, trust in him lovingly. He is all love. He could make me useful -- give me visions of glory -- or if best, leave me in the dark without usefulness. Trust him, he will do

best. Determined I would. Saw him in prayer like a sun of love -- rested in his arms, and felt a calm, sweet peace, which lasted all day."

"Wednesday. -- Pleasant morning devotions. I led the morning meeting -- spoke of Christ as our pearl and 'hidden treasure' -- rejoice in him -- not leave in the earth, or only look into the lid of the casket, but take out the pearl, admire -- love -- rejoice -- use treasure enough for all wants. Talked with B ____; so full he can scarcely speak. Bible full of Christ. All new -- Christ 'the door,' 'way,' not, he says, through Christ into heaven, out at the other side, but door into God himself. What he did on earth not extraordinary, but a specimen of himself, as a piece of cloth, specimen of the whole willing to suffer all over again for us. We to fill up the remainder of his sufferings,' by shedding out his love over the earth -- as now he, bodily, cannot. Knelt and did not pray, but praised God with him. B ____ says there are but three or four words in the language worth anything -- Jesus, love, glory -- says he wanted to die; feels he could not long live under such visions -- they came while thinking how good Christ had been to brother W ____ He says, in heaven he shall want to get off in some corner alone, and there sit and look at Christ. 'Wouldn't you have him look at you also?' 'No matter, if I can only see him.' The Bible is so full, he can only read a few verses at a time. In looking for a text, he stopped at a hundred others, he says, as a boy on an errand sees insects and beautiful flowers on the way, till he stops and forgets his errand. At noon I had a vision of God, in his greatness, too infinite for us to know him, so he compressed himself into our body -- came among us doing good -- not because he loved the blind, &c simply, but to show us how full of love he is to us -- as if going among animalcules, as an animalcule, doing them good, to let them know, as they could not else, how much he loved them; and now in heaven he is the same mountain of love. As I thought of God thus, he seemed a great stream of glory pouring down on the earth, and through the life of Christ gloriously lovely.

"Now I rejoice in Christ as my sanctification -- new views thought before must do this myself. But Jesus will bear it, and carry me in his arms through life, as the child led by its mother -- he will catch it if it begins to fall. He is morally omnipotent, and will contrive means to give me every needed feeling -- send a friend to talk with me -- sermon -- passages in Bible -- train of thoughts -- and make all right."

" Thursday. -- Waked with sweet views of Christ. After meeting, talked with an impenitent friend -- thought he knew all -- told him he did not -- he was blind -- I saw beauties he could not -- knew he did not love God as lover his betrothed -- and looked forward to an interview thus delightfully. I did. If this be fiction, imagination, it is better than reality. The sunshine seemed coarse compared with the light of God's love in the soul. I lie like an infant in the arms of Christ, O, how sweetly, and pray that the light may not be let in by him -- dear him -- too fast. O, that this may never cease."

"Saturday. -- In meeting thought of the love of God to follow us in indifference, and love us in coldness. Felt indifference to be the worst of sins -- saw myself vile -- Christ lovely -- feared lest the evil spirit should turn me away from Christ -- felt powerless to resist -- thought of Christ as stronger than the strongest man -- in darkness his arm of love would follow me under the clouds I had brought between -- hold me up and bring me back. Felt as if I was lying in his arms. Feared this view rendered him more kind than the truth -- remembered, 'though mother forget her child, yet will not I forget thee' -- read, 'Spirit bears witness with our spirit that we are born of God.' Children -- felt that this Image even, was less than the truth. O, infinite love. Fiction, fancy, fail utterly by the side of the reality, and this is to be for ever. O, that I may be kept from looking away. Saw that sanctification is looking at Christ and being transformed into his image. During the past week, many students have trusted in Christ. Had a view of God's fullness, glorious love, that was sweet beyond expression; prayed for its continuance -- felt that he would keep me, and give me those visions of himself all along through life. O that I may see him in his glory. I desire nothing else."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #025

I experienced a change of heart when about eight years of age, but as I grew up I mingled with young people of the world, and lost what I had formerly enjoyed. But I could not be happy; the Spirit of the Lord strove with me, and continued to strive, but I continued to resist. Praised be his name that he did not cut me down, but that he bore with me, ungrateful as I was. O, it was love, wondrous love. He was not willing that I should perish; nor is he willing that any should perish, but that all should be saved. Glory be to his name. I continued in this state until the latter part of the year 1837, when I was led to reflect more seriously on my condition before God. I was circumstanced in life most happily; my husband and most of my friends were pious. I dreaded an eternal separation from them in another world. O, what would I have given then to have felt, as some have, deep sorrow for sin. But I could not weep for my sins. I only wept at the thought of being separated from friends that I dearly loved.

I would often say to my husband, "We shall have to be separated; you enjoy religion and will go to heaven, but I never expect to experience religion, because I cannot feel conviction for sin." I have kept awake sometimes half the night praying for conviction. I thought I would go and see the minister and tell him how I felt. I accordingly went on Monday, February 26th. He gave me much encouragement, and prayed with me; but still I could not shed a tear. He advised me to use all the means of grace, and if I had an opportunity, to present myself at the altar for the prayers of the people of God. I shrunk from the idea of going to the altar with such a hard heart. But as I had gone to him for advice, I resolved I would do all he told me. I sought in the use of all the means public or private until the Sabbath following, being nearly one week, but felt no better. I retired to my room, threw myself on my knees, and said, what more can I do; I have done all that I knew, and here I am, even worse if possible than I was a week ago. Must I give it up after all. I answered, no, I will seek the Lord till I die, and if I perish, I will perish calling on him for mercy. It was suggested, you have done everything but come to Christ. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Then I saw that I had been trusting in the means instead of looking through the means to Christ. I said, Lord, I come to thee, I give myself to thee just as I am; thou dost receive me, thou didst die for me, thou art my Savior, thou canst not deny thyself. "Him that cometh;" it is thy word, I rest upon it, and if I am lost, I will be lost trusting in thee. O what a sweet peace filled my soul. I went to church; everything appeared new and lovely. O what a love I felt for the people of God.

My peace and joy continued to increase. Then I saw as I had never seen, what a sinner I had been. How ungrateful, and I wondered that God could have mercy on one so unworthy. I abhorred myself in the sight of God. O, how I adored the riches of his grace. I saw in Christ such a willingness to save all that come unto him, that I was constrained to cry out with the poet:

"Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sand upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid
For all a full atonement made."

I immediately began to tell what the Lord had done for me. I wanted to tell it to all the world, and have them all know Jesus, and I was sure that they would love him too. On Monday morning I went to see my dear mother. It was the hour for dining. I began to relate what the Lord had done for me. The hour passed. I was not aware of the length of time I had been speaking, until recalled by my mother to partake of the food before me. I had not thought of my dinner, and found they were ready to be dismissed from the table. I then remembered I had not eaten anything since Sunday noon, but I felt no hunger. The Bible was to me a new book, and the hymns I had so repeatedly read and sung all

appeared new. I would say to my husband, what a beautiful hymn; have you ever read it? He would reply, "Yes, and you have read it too, and sung it many times."

On Tuesday I attended a meeting designed especially to converse on the subject of holiness. I listened with much interest to the testimonies given in, and felt an earnest desire to obtain the great blessing I heard so many speaking of. I thought, this is what I want to keep me. I felt a hungering and thirsting after righteousness. My soul panted to be filled with all the fullness of God. I had such a grateful sense of his goodness to me, that I wanted to love and serve him with all my heart. I said to sister P_____, on leaving, I want to be wholly the Lord's. She told me, young as I was in experience, it was the will of God, even my sanctification, and it was my privilege now to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ my Lord. I returned home, retired to my room, poured out my soul before God, plead the promises, and prayed that I might be sanctified wholly, soul, body and spirit; that he would cleanse the thoughts of my heart, that I might serve him in righteousness and true holiness all the days of my life. I looked in the word of God, and found that I was not asking too much. It was the doctrine of the Bible. Holiness to the Lord seemed written in every page. I continued thus pleading with the Lord for some time, and during the night my soul went out in aspirations after God.

The next morning I again kneeled before the Lord, still pleading the promises; and feeling a delightful sense of gratitude towards God, I commenced singing,

"My God I am thine, what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine;
In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name."

And while repeating the words, "My Jesus to know and feel his blood flow," these words were sweetly spoken to my heart, "Daughter, all that I have is thine, and thou art mine." I felt at that moment the sweet assurance that God accepted me wholly; that all my unrighteousness was covered with the atoning blood; that Jesus was my complete Savior; nor have I ever since, for one moment, doubted it.

Having heard some speak of the benefit of testifying to the work of grace thus wrought in the soul, I immediately sent for my companion, to tell him of the blessing I had received. And although the snow was falling fast, I hastened to see my sister, to tell her that I had found full salvation through faith in Jesus. I wanted all to help me praise the Lord, and I found my faith strengthened every time I spoke of it. But I thought, how shall I profess this before the church; they will think me presumptuous. One so lately justified, only four days, when there are so many who have been members of the church for years, and have not professed to have received this blessing. I shall perhaps wound their feelings, grieve them; or perhaps they may not receive my testimony. These words were applied with power to my heart, "What is that to thee, follow thou me." I was enabled to leave myself in the hands of the Lord, and to bear testimony of his power to save to the uttermost. I felt my soul strengthened and established in so doing.

But I find that I have not always been faithful in the discharge of this duty; too often I have had cause to humble myself before the Lord, on account of my unfaithfulness and slowness to believe the promises of God. Yet notwithstanding all my unworthiness, Jesus receives me, pardons me, forgives me, washes me in the atoning blood. I find that I cannot live but by momentarily trusting in him as a present Savior. I feel that every moment I need the merit of his death, and that every moment by faith I have the merit of his death, and that because he lives I live also. O what a Savior! His name is Jesus; he saves his people from their sins. I praise him not only for a full and a free salvation, but for a present salvation.

I realize an increasing sweetness in this name. It is the name high over all. My soul loves it, and is enabled sweetly to rest in him. I fear nothing while trusting in him. I do not expect to be exempt from trials and temptations in this life, but I can sweetly rest in that promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God," and my heart is thus made to rejoice, even while passing through the fire. I feel an increasing desire to be more like God. I see such beauty and so much loveliness in him, that I want to be like him. I have not always rapturous joy, but a constant peace, and a sweet assurance that Jesus is my Savior. I have no anxious fears in reference to the future. I am enabled to leave all with the Lord for time and for eternity. Death is a subject of delightful contemplation, and I sometimes find myself desiring to depart, and be with Christ; not from a desire to be freed from trials merely, but to see Jesus as he is, and to praise him as I ought. But while he permits me to live, I want to glorify him in my body and spirit, which are his, and to lay up treasure in heaven. Of myself I am perfect weakness; I can do nothing; but through Christ strengthening me, I can do all things. He is my strength and my righteousness; in him will I trust and not be afraid. O, what wondrous condescension to look upon one so undeserving and so unworthy. I am often led to exclaim with the poet:

"'Tis mercy all immense and free,
For O, my God, it found out me."

I ever want to lie low at his feet, and to sink into nothing before him. I am nothing, but Christ is all and in all. He is the portion of my soul, and with him I am satisfied.

My heart rejoices that the work of holiness is reviving, and that many new witnesses are being raised up to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness. I pray that it may continue to revive and spread until the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #026

I love holiness; its very name is sweet, but how much more so is the thing itself. One year ago I knew nothing of this full salvation. I believed it to be taught in the Bible, but could not think it was for me at present. It was too high. I must first become better, not considering that this was seeking it by works. O, how many snares the devil lays for unwary souls But my blessed Lord is stronger than the strong man armed; and he sent his children to converse with me, and to urge me to seek the blessing as a specific object, and that now was the accepted time. I listened was encouraged to ask for it -- felt it was for me; and after struggling a few days, I did on the 4th of May, 1845, lay my whole being upon the Christian altar; and reckon myself the Lord's property -- my debt was paid and I was freed. Thus by a simple act of faith I was cleansed. I felt no ecstatic joy, but a heavenly calm, and a peace indescribable. I knew I lived entirely by faith, and I believed God saw it best to try its strength. I felt such a perfect submission to his will, whatever it might be, that I was willing to live all my days entirely by naked faith, if he saw it best. I remained in this position without any farther spiritual illumination a day or two; Satan at the same time presenting the most powerful temptations to make me believe I was deceiving myself. Still I clung to God's word. After he had sufficiently tried my faith, he poured in floods of glory, and made my soul happy as I could live in the body. I was hardly sensible that I was an inhabitant of earth; my spirit was so buoyant that the body seemed no impediment, and I felt as if walking or rather floating in mid air. This state of rapture continued two or three days, and left a settled, abiding peace, an unshaken confidence in God, and a realizing sense of my union with Christ, which I can neither explain nor describe. Suffice it to say, "He is mine and I am his." It must be experienced to be understood. Immediately on my coming into this highway of holiness, my spiritual

vision was strengthened, and I clearly discerned the heartlessness of professors of religion, and the idols cherished by them, which caused me to mourn on their account. At the same time I was led to wonder that those who were spiritual had borne with me so long; but above all I wondered at the longsuffering of God, who had spared me while I was withholding from him his own; viz. my undivided heart. O, the blindness of the human mind, and all brought on by sin. How then can it be that any can cling so closely to it? I am led to this train of thought by the remembrance of a conversation with some professors, who start at the idea of freedom from sin in this life; and yet say they love holiness, and believe it is taught in the Bible; but we must not expect it till death. My heart was pained at their limited views of the atonement, expecting death to accomplish that for them which the blood of Christ fails to do. Yet in the midst of my pity for them, could praise God from a full heart, for showing me a better way. I thank the Lord that he has led me to believe the atonement is as extensive as the fall: else it would not be full. The beauty of this feature captivates my soul. I love to consider man as originally made pure and upright, created in the moral image of God, in righteousness and true holiness; pronounced by his Maker "very good; "though by his fall he forfeited all these, became a rebel against God's government, exposed to his righteous indignation, and deserving nothing but eternal banishment from his presence, yet the bosom of infinite Love, self-moved, devised the glorious plan of salvation; and by the sacrificial death of his Son, the demands of justice were satisfied, and the way opened, not only for our pardon, but for our restoration to pristine purity. In this, I may by some be thought heretical, every views from the sacred volume.

Some who love the doctrine of holiness, are led to stumble at the very term "Christian perfection," confounding it as they do with angelic, or God-like perfection. May the Lord clear the sight of such persons.

My only object in writing these lines is to advance the cause of Christ. Since I have known a full salvation, I am not circumscribed by denominational lines. Praise the Lord, I feel that we are all brethren; for wherever I see the image of Christ, there my affections are attracted; and those who are most like him, are dearest to me.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #027

I have for a long time felt it my duty to make known what the Lord has done for my soul, and have endeavored to, as far as I could reach the ear, by the word of mouth; but believing it may encourage some, I trust many, to come to the fountain, from whence such fullness flows, I will endeavor to give a brief narration of the dealings of the Lord with me, the few past years of my life.

When about nineteen, I was brought to seek the Savior, and to find him to the joy of my soul. He, for his own name's sake, spoke peace to my troubled spirit, and I have no doubt still, but my sins were then forgiven.

I had much light and joy, and of course great peace for a time, but the sun that had risen in my moral horizon did not remain long without clouds and darkness; and when it shined afterward, it was only at intervals, to be succeeded by deeper darkness. I think the first reason why I did not follow on to know the Lord from that time, was, that I began to measure myself by my teachers, and those whom I thought worthy of imitation. I thought I must not take a course that differed very much from what they thought to be right. Here I left the Bible, and the teachings of the Spirit in part, and did not see and understand as I have since, what I was doing. But I was without excuse, for I had the law, and the testimony, yea more, the teachings of the Spirit to guide me in the way of life. Yet notwithstanding these, I stumbled on the dark mountains of unbelief, and became an easy prey to the tempter; and thus I

lived for a number of years, sinning and repenting. Sometimes light shone on my pathway, and then again darkness that might be felt surrounded me, and all my resolutions were like ropes of sand, toward holding me in the pathway of obedience. I was often led to cry out, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" despairing of deliverance until death, and sometimes almost longing for death, as a release from unbelief and sin. I found it truly a life of hard bondage, the spirit warring against the flesh, and the flesh against the spirit, each ruling in turn. Yet the Lord in mercy kept me from open breaking sins. From the time that Jesus first spoke peace to my soul, I felt deeply, that Christians ought not to live and practice as the world; that they should be a peculiar people, zealous of good works, and not zealous to follow the customs, manners, fashions and vanities of this world, which if we love, the Savior has said the love of the Father is not in us. Many times have I tried to find some one, who could point out to me the way into liberty. But instead of finding help, I was driven farther off than before, by their laboring to convince me that I must not be singular so as to become a subject of remark, for it would do injury to the cause I much desired to honor. If it had been said that I should not be singular for the sake of being singular, but that it was right to differ from all, who differed from the Bible I think I should have found my way into the liberty of the gospel, much sooner than I did. I can look back now, and see that the Lord in mercy was urging the blessing of "the liberty wherewith Christ maketh his people free," upon my acceptance, by every consideration that could be brought to bear upon my mind. At length, becoming more and more weary of bonds and fetters, I began to inquire in earnest, if liberty was to be enjoyed in this life, and what were the privileges and duties of the disciple of Jesus. I learned from my Bible that the Lord was not a hard master; that he required nothing of his creatures that he would not enable them to perform; that Jesus was represented to be a present help in every time of need to all who put their trust in him. I did not know at that time, that there was an individual on the earth; that lived by the Bible; but I saw from it that there were those who had "walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless;" and if it was their privilege, I understood that it was mine, and I would enjoy it or perish seeking. Such was my ignorance of the meaning of the blessed Bible, that I did not understand what the baptism of the Holy Ghost was, or what Jesus meant when he told his disciples to "tarry at Jerusalem until they received the promise of the Father," or any other like passage, that shone out upon almost every page of the Bible. But my heart fastened upon this -- I want a pure heart, or in other words, I want that which will qualify me to do the will of God on earth. I had ceased to be anxious about present enjoyment, or that my soul might be saved in heaven at last, although this had very much occupied my thoughts previous to this time, during the ten years of my professed discipleship. All these and similar considerations were lost sight of; while the glory of God, and the good of dying men swallowed up every other desire. I commenced my salt at the mercy seat, feeling that it was the will of the Lord, and for his glory, that I should have a pure heart, and clean hands, to do the work he had given me to do; for I felt that he was saying to me, "Go preach the gospel to every creature," in your life and conversation; just as much as though I had been a minister called to preach from the pulpit. I then felt that in weighing the matter and counting the cost, I was doing business for eternity, taking a stand from which I was never to recede, putting on the harness, never to lay it off till death removed me to a higher sphere of service in heaven. About that time I began to pray -- "Lord, show me my duty, and in the strength I can and I will do it." I soon, in the strength of Israel's God, took a long leap out of self, into the cleft side of Jesus, where that fountain is open that washes away sin and all uncleanness, and every stain that sin has made upon the soul. I found the Lord true to his promise, "Ye shall find me, when ye shall search for me with all our heart." I found it even so.

My only grief is, that I did not thus seek him much sooner, that I might not have lived so long to no purpose in this world that lies in wickedness. As soon as I was brought to believe that it was my privilege to enjoy uninterrupted communion with -- my Savior, and not only so, but that I was grieving the Spirit while I was walking in darkness, and dishonoring God every time I spoke of doubts and difficulties, as though the Lord was not able and willing to supply the wants of his children, and to

supply them abundantly -- from this time, I say, my tongue was silenced in regard to complaining of the scantiness with which my wants were supplied. I saw it was my own fault. It was, and is still the greatest wonder to my mind, that the Lord should spare my unprofitable life so long; that he did not cut me off as an unprofitable servant, and appoint me my portion with the fearful, the unbelieving and the hypocrite. I feel truly that it is because he is God, and not man, that I still live to recount his mercies.

At the time I began to be in earnest, and honest before the Lord, not making provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof, *light began to break in upon my mind as an overflowing stream. My heart seemed like a measure filled, pressed down, heaped up, shaken together, and still running over. It seemed to me that the Lord caused just as much of his goodness to pass before me, as this mortal frame could endure and live.* From that time, until this, which is about five years, there has been a constant increase, so that what the Lord permits me to enjoy at the present, compared with that period, is an ocean compared with the small drop of the bucket. I find as my heart is enlarged, so it is filled, and from that time to this, I can truly say, my wants have all been abundantly supplied. In Christ I find all my wants met. He is all in all to me, working in me both to will and to do, of his own good pleasure, so that it is not I that do it, but the grace of God that dwelleth in me.

Now the inquiry may arise in some minds -- How did you get this blessing? I would answer, simply by faith in Christ, which gift he is waiting to bestow on all who are willing to receive it.

In regard to the professed people of God, I feel as though, in the strength of the Lord, I would lay hold of them with holy violence, and pull them out of the fire, hating the very garments spotted with the flesh; and I understand this is to be done by living out the principles of the gospel, fully, and perseveringly before them. From the time that my fetters were loosed, my prayer has been, day and night, that Zion might arise, her light come, and the glory of the Lord rise upon her; and such are my feelings sometimes, that I can only groan before the Lord, that deliverance may come in some way; for it seems to me that the professed church is dragging the world to perdition by her ungodly influence. I feel that I am not alone in this, but that there are those, scattered over the earth, who are offering the same prayer, and living for the same end, and the Lord grant that the number may be rapidly increased, until Jerusalem is made a praise in the earth, instead of the hissing and byword of the enemy; until her light goes forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth. (Will this ever be? Yes it will be, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Therefore we can trust and not be afraid, while the Captain of our salvation leads the way.) I can now truly say, that my sun does not go down, nor my moon withdraw itself, the days of my mourning are ended, and a new, and never ending song, is put into my mouth, even praise to our God.

When I see the gospel feast prepared at such infinite expense, without money, and without price to any and all, my heart sinks within me, because so few can be persuaded to come and eat and drink abundantly, and be made every whit whole. I am glad that the Lord does not get weary with our continual coming to make our wants known by prayer and supplication. He has told us to pray till he rain righteousness upon us. I find Jesus a constant companion all the day long and in the night watches, opening up before my mind, the meaning of the word, until I am lost in wonder, love and praise. When I think the transforming influence of the blessed gospel on the heart, especially on one so hard, stubborn and rebellious as mine has been, I am overwhelmed. It sometimes seems to me that I drew back, in opposition to the truth, until the fatal charm was in mercy broken, and then my heart drew in the opposite direction, and ever since the language of my heart is, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do, that thy name may be glorified and souls saved? The world now cannot crowd itself into the mind in any way. Its honors, its pleasures, its wealth, are no longer objects to be desired. I now know something what it is to live above the world while we live in it, using it as not abusing it, knowing that the fashion thereof passeth away. Everything aside from the glory of God, and the salvation of man is as a dead carcass without life or interest; but the name of Christ and holiness, carries a thrill of joy through the

whole soul unspeakable and full of glory. If such is the sweetness of the stream, what must the fountain be?

ACCOUNT #028

For your encouragement, and those now thirsting for full salvation, permit me to declare (in humility) what the Lord has done for my soul, though of all the most unworthy. In view of the goodness of God to me, I can but exclaim with the Psalmist, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise and bless his holy name." Truly the forbearance of God is great, in sparing so long the barren fig tree, while justice has cried, "cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"

When fifteen years of age, I experienced a pardon of sin, and was connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church. For five years following, I lived as many others doubtless live -- at times would enjoy much peace of mind; then yield to temptation, fall under condemnation, and feel the keen pangs of sorrow; my confidence in God and myself would be lost; darkness would enshroud the mind, and the reconciled countenance of my Savior would be hid from my weeping eyes. Thus I spent five years, sinning and repenting, and was unwilling to obey the call of God, to leave all and follow Christ. In the spring of 1839, I resolved to do my duty to God and my fellow men, and commence preaching the everlasting gospel. But in order to warn the sinner of his danger, I felt the importance of being saved entirely myself. I thought somewhat on the subject of holiness, but not sufficiently. One year since, I was led to feel more deeply on the subject, Bro. Rice's experience, and also by conversing with him on the subject, as to the nature and importance of entire sanctification in this life. After mature consideration, I came to the conclusion that it was possible to be holy in this life, and that without it I could not be of much use to the church or world.

I commenced seeking for the "baptism of the Holy Ghost," for a clean heart, an entire consecration to God! My prayer, I trust, was answered; my soul was filled with love, joy, and constant peace; my communion with God was continual and sweet. For two weeks

"Not a cloud did arise to darken my skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes."

it was glory from the rising of the sun until its going down. At this time a query arose in my mind like this, -- "Is it my duty to publicly acknowledge what the Lord has wrought for my soul?" I began to distrust the omnipotency of my blessed Lord, and the adversary of all good gained a bearing. He reasoned in this way, -- "You are young, exposed to many temptations, of a lively temperament, and a cheerful disposition: if you make so high professions, you will be watched by the church and world with jealous eyes, and you will likely fall from this height, and great will be your fall: but you may keep it to yourself; then if you do lose the blessing, you will not wound the cause publicly." Alas for me! I listened to these crafty insinuations of Satan, and thereby lost the heavenly treasure. I deeply mourned the loss, but concluded to live in the enjoyment of a tolerable degree of religion, and not think of being holy till about to leave this world. Then I would seek for holiness, "without which no man can see the Lord." But this did not pacify my conscience when I read on the subject, or heard the sanctified soul exult in the joys of a full salvation. It would pain my heart, knowing that once the same joy was mine. At times I was troubled much on this point, and would try to content myself with my present enjoyment, and think that some individuals, from their peculiar circumstances in life, or from their being differently constituted, having fewer besetments, might be holy. But it was too much for me. Thus I reasoned, and thus I lived, full of hope and fear. At times on the mountain top, and then far from my Lord -- by the side of Babylon's cold waters.

Last month I left my charge, taking some of the church with me, and found my way to "Millennial Grove," with the intention of regaining the costly pearl, the loss of which had so long and

grievously afflicted me. But the enemy followed me even to the grove, and told me there the same old story, "If you regain the blessing you cannot retain it." But we were told on Wednesday afternoon, (the second day of meeting,) that we could retain it as long as did Enoch of old. His short but powerful arguments, by the application of the Spirit of God, allayed my fears, dispelled all my doubts, and I resolved that from that moment, with divine assistance, I would be wholly the Lord's. I felt much of the power of God before the close of that exercise, especially while a brother was singing after the sermon. The public exercises of that afternoon closed; I repaired to my tent, but still continued to look to the Lord. I resolved, like Jacob of old, to wrestle till I prevailed. I saw my heart as it was, discovered many things wrong, sinful; my prayer was, "Lord, show me what I am. Tear every idol from my heart; cleanse me from all sin." I plead not for joy, for happiness, but for a clean heart, for pure love to God. *One enemy after another was driven from my heart; my faith increased; gradually and silently I sunk out of self into God. My heart I believed was purified, the roots of sin taken out, and I was filled unutterably full of love and of joy; heaven seemed to come down to earth; my soul was full of glory and of God.*

Two others, at the same time, were prostrated by the mighty power of God, and drank with me at the same fountain, or rather were plunged into the same pool. The rest of the meeting to me was, in truth, a heaven on earth. The worship of God never seemed so delightful before; communion with saints never so sweet. Wherever I could behold the image of Christ it was indeed lovely. Whenever I met an individual enjoying a full salvation, I met a true friend. No matter by what sectarian title known, we were one in Christ Jesus. Glory to God in the highest, for that perfect love which can destroy selfishness, pride, envy, and the spirit of unjust emulation. This is the "balm for every wound, the cordial for every fear." This cement of perfect love will unite the whole Christian church, of whatever name or order. O that I could describe the feelings of my heart; the gratitude which flows continually to God for past mercies, present favors, and future prospects.

It seems that the set time to favor Zion has come. The work has commenced where it should, in the church, in its ministry and membership. They should be holy. Too long already have we been apparently unconcerned for ourselves and others, but we have reason to rejoice that increasing interest is now felt. In many churches we hear an almost universal cry for holiness of heart. In this place many are seeking this inestimable blessing. From every direction we hear the cry, "O Lord, create in me a clean heart." Many are now swimming in the ocean of perfect love. Hundreds, in various places, can now testify in sincerity that the blood of Christ does cleanse from all sin, even in this life. And by the assistance of divine grace we can retain the blessing; yes, glory to God, we can continually feel that "all is well." My peace of mind is now constant; my confidence in God unshaken; my faith is strong -- it claims the blessing now. Communion with God -- O, how sweet! The Bible unfolds new beauties. A new and stronger relish for divine truth seems to have been formed; especially where it treats of holiness of heart and life. No subject is so interesting as this; no topic of conversation so delightful to dwell upon. I find it now easy to perform any and every religious duty. Once it was very crossing to converse with individuals, directly and pointedly, on the subject of religion -- especially to exhort the Christian to greater diligence; but now it is a pleasing, a delightful task. It is now easy preaching the word of life; of salvation, free and full. Difficulties that previously were insurmountable, now are light, hardly worth noticing: if noticed at all, they serve rather to stimulate than discourage. We care but little what the world say or think of us. The question is not who and how can I please, but rather, how can I be instrumental in the advancement of my Redeemer's kingdom? What can I do for the souls of others, and for the glory of God? Love to God and man is the mainspring that impels to virtuous action. Love, perfect love, filling the heart, constitutes the fountain from whence streams of kindness and Christian philanthropy continually flow. My heart can truly say, "Praise the Lord" for the rich provision made, so that man, fallen man, can have a full supply of grace, rich grace, to drive all his wants away; that we, unworthy worms of earth, can so near approach to God as to be adopted into his family; be purified by

his blood, and constantly cry, Abba, Father -- my Lord and my God. Glory to God; while I write, the fire of God's love burns within, on the altar of my heart: the sacrifice, I trust, is all consumed, and "Christ reigns without a rival there." Christian friends, go on; "be steadfast, unmovable; always abounding in the work of the Lord." Let us continually pray that the entire church may be baptized with the Holy Ghost -- especially those whose duty it is to bear the vessels of the Lord. Truly we can sing,

"O, how happy now are we,
Since we gained the victory."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #028

As I have been much interested, and often profited, by reading the "Guide," and as the experiences it has contained have proved a blessing to me, I am constrained, through sense of duty, to communicate the gracious dealings of the Lord to my unworthy soul. Realizing my own inability, I transmit the following to you, to dispose of as you may think proper.

In taking a retrospective view of the past, my soul is filled with gratitude and praise to my heavenly Father, for his abundant goodness and tender mercy, which have followed me all my days. I was in early life the subject of my serious impressions, but continued to resist the strivings of the Holy Spirit until nearly thirteen years of age; about which time, during a revival of religion, I became deeply convinced of the necessity of the pardoning grace of God, by hearing a sermon from that text of Scripture which declares that "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." I felt that I had, all my life, been disobeying the righteous command of God, and grieving his holy Spirit; that I was a guilty sinner, already condemned, and every moment exposed to the wrath of a holy and righteous God. I found no rest until I was enabled to cast my wearied soul entirely upon the mercy of him who shed his precious blood even for the chief of sinners. It has been about eleven years since God for Christ's sake forgave my sins. I was for some length of time happy in the Lord; I felt that my sins were all forgiven, my name written in the Lamb's book of life; but I soon found that there were remaining corruptions in my heart. I felt that I had a heart prone to wander from the Lord. My days were spent in doubting and hoping, in sinning and repenting. In this miserable way I lived on for nearly ten years, sometimes reviving, then again being slain. I tried to serve the Lord, but it was with a divided heart, -- I made very little if any progress in the way to heaven. I was taught by older Christians, that there was no better inheritance for Christians while here below, and that death only would free them from this state of bondage. I often resolved to set out anew to serve the Lord, and serve him with all my power, but I as often found my resolutions vain, -- I felt that I was led captive by Satan, at his will. I became sick of living in such a poor dying way. I felt, it was worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone. I realized that I was not prepared to live or die.

About two years since I commenced reading the "Guide to Christian Perfection." I began to search the Bible with a desire to know the truth and the whole truth. I became convinced that it was the will of God, even our sanctification; that the blood of Jesus was sufficient to cleanse from all unrighteousness. I resolved to seek for holiness of heart for full conformity to the divine requirements.

In the summer of 1841, I became acquainted with several persons who were enjoying full salvation; and I have great reason to praise God for the assistance I received through their prayers and conversation. It had now become the burden of my prayers that God would sanctify me wholly -- that he would "create in me a clean heart, and renew within me a right spirit."

The December following, I had the privilege of attending a protracted meeting. During the

meeting some precious souls were brought into the fold of the Redeemer, others received the pearl of perfect love. The meeting commenced on Monday. Day after day of the meeting passed, until Saturday evening came; and my soul was yet under the power of sin and Satan. I had at times, during the meeting, enjoyed much of the presence of the Lord, but I still felt that all was not right within. I had often wrestled at the throne of grace for a clean heart, and at times seemed almost to grasp the prize, but had as often been thrown back into a state of darkness and perplexity. Saturday noon came; the struggles of my mind had become severe. I was tempted to give up the struggle; but that I resolved I would never do. If die I must without this blessing, I resolved to die pleading for full redemption through the blood of Jesus. Darts from the enemy flew thick and fast around me. My mind was like the troubled sea. Sin like a heavy burden wearied my soul. My past unfaithfulness in the cause of Christ came up before me, and seemed to call for the displeasure of a holy God to rest upon me for ever. During the intermission I retired alone to pour out my whole soul before God. I think I felt willing to become anything or nothing, or even a fool, for Christ's sake. The language of my heart was, "As the heart panteth for the cooling water brook, so thirsteth my soul after thee, O my God."

I returned to the prayer meeting in the afternoon, weary of my life, yet with the determination that, though

"Devils rage, and hell assail,
I'll fight my passage through;
Though foes unite, and friends desert,
I'll seize the crown in view."

During the prayer meeting one brother arose and invited those who were seeking for holiness of heart, and who desired to be especially remembered in the prayers of their Christian friends, to rise. That beloved brother then led in prayer. The Lord was present to hear and answer; power was given me to believe. When we arose from prayer, my soul was calmly resting on God; although I did not, at the time, realize that my heart was cleansed from sin. I felt that I had given myself entirely to the Lord, and was safe in his hands. I think I had long been as willing to be entirely the Lord's, as I was at that time; but never before felt such a trusting in him. I soon began to contrast my feelings with what they were a few hours previous to that time. All now within my breast was as serene and peaceful as a summer evening. Not a wave of trouble rolled. At the evening meeting, I felt it my duty to acknowledge what the Lord had done for my soul. I was blest in so doing. I could freely adopt the language of the poet, where he exclaims,

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry."

Sabbath morning came. My soul was in perfect peace. I enjoyed that perfect love which casteth out all fear. The fear of death was taken away; I felt it would be a privilege to lay this body down, and rest for ever in the Lord. I did not fear the reproach of a vain world, it being the only desire of my heart to do the will of my heavenly Father.

Several months have passed away, and I feel that Jesus is the same both yesterday, today and for ever -- a present, an all-sufficient Savior to those who believe. I now enjoy his presence; my heart is stayed on God; I find the yoke of Christ easy, and his burden light. My trust is in him who is able to

keep me from falling, and to present me full less before the throne of his glory. My peace is like a river. I bathe in the ocean of God's love. I feel a blessed assurance that I am accepted of God, that Jesus is mine, and I am his. Although I have passed through trials, temptations and persecutions, I have thus far been enabled to cast all my cares on Jesus, feeling that he careth for me. At present my motto is, Onward It is my earnest desire and prayer to God, that all Christians may come up to their high privilege, that the same rich blessings which have been imparted to unworthy me, may be enjoyed by every child of God.

Who that has ever tasted of the love of God, and does not desire to have his soul filled with that love? Who that loves, can love enough?

"The love I owe for sin forgiven, for power to believe, --
For present peace, and promised heaven, no angel can conceive.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #029

It is now nine years since God forgave my sins, and gave me a clear evidence of my acceptance with him. Soon after my conversion, I became convinced of the necessity of purity of heart, and made several attempts to obtain it. At times I believed I had gained the full blessing; again, would be far from it. In this fluctuating state, I remained till I entered the ministry and received my first appointment. I then felt deeply, that I could not preach the whole gospel, unless I preached holiness; and though I often touched the doctrine, I dared not preach it definitely, until I was myself in possession of the blessing. In August, 1837, I attended campmeeting at Eastham, for the sole purpose of finding this priceless pearl. For several days I struggled, visited every praying circle, and listened to every one whom I heard talk on the subject; but found no relief. On the contrary, I seemed to be farther from the prize I sought. At length, almost in despair, I retired into the depth of the forest to commend myself to God, as my last, my only hope. While praying, I was enabled to believe the word of the Savior, "I will; be thou clean." Immediately, O wonder of mercy! I felt the work was done, and I was saved. I had previously supposed rapturous, overwhelming joy the invariable and immediate result of Sanctification; but I now found it to be (in my case, at least, and I believe it to be so generally,)

"The sacred awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

All idols were taken out of my heart, and I calmly exclaimed, "Now I have none but Christ."

I returned home in the same peaceful frame, and told my people what God had done for me. I lived in the full blaze of Gospel love for a few weeks, frequently speaking of the great blessing, until, in an evil hour, I concluded that, while I still enforced it on others, I would say nothing of my own personal enjoyment of it, lest by often referring to myself I might appear an egotist. After I thus resolved, I soon had occasion to cry, "O, my leanness." I lost the witness, and went mourning. I am thus particular, that others may see and shun the rock on which I fell. I soon began to neglect urging its necessity on others, either from the desk or in my visits; for how could I enforce on men a duty which I was neglecting? From this time, unbelief had a great ascendancy over me. After some ineffectual struggles to regain what I had lost, I gave it up, and concluded to enjoy all that I could in a justified state, and hoped to do some good, and get to heaven finally. In this state I remained till the next summer, when I was again brought into this glorious liberty. Since that time I have been enabled, with the exception of some intervals, to rejoice in the fullness of the blessing. Praise to God, I retain it, as I

received it, by simple faith.

"This, this alone, my soul can save."

And this does save me from turmoil and from slavish fear. I trust my present and eternal all with Christ. I am able to claim, constantly, the promise, "Lo, I am with you." This is the glory of our holy religion. May the church universally come up to its enjoyment. It must be done. I repeat it, the church must enjoy it. Holiness and effectual "personal effort," which is destined to be the mighty instrument in the conversion of the world, go hand in hand.

May the hallowing tide of the atoning blood flow till the church and world shall be, by the Savior, "purified unto himself, a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #030

Your request, that I would write you a more particular account of the way in which God was pleased to lead me to the discovery of the riches of His grace in Christ Jesus, has not been forgotten. My principal reason for deferring it has been, lest I should seem to arrogate something peculiar to myself. Yet I know that you will not so understand me. Indeed, if there has been anything peculiar in my case, it has been a peculiar amount of hardness of heart and unbelief, which has resisted the grace of God.

It was in the spring of 1836, that I first indulged a hope in the pardoning mercy of God. For more than a year my mind had been laboring under deep conviction, yet contending till the last moment with that gracious influence which was drawing me towards my Savior. Notwithstanding all my waywardness, the Holy Spirit had been gradually discovering to me the glory and excellency of the divine character, until God's perfect equity, his unchanging goodness, and above all, his love in Christ Jesus, presenting themselves in contrast with my vileness, had rendered my sin and guilt an insupportable burden. In vain did I look at the various ways in which my mind had been hitherto seeking help; their efficiency had all vanished. Refuge failed me. Nothing lay between me and everlasting death, save the mere mercy of God. I was distinctly conscious of casting myself on him as my only hope. I saw clearly that it would be perfectly just in him to cast me off for ever -- that I could never redeem the soul I had destroyed, nor atone for one of the least of my sins; but that, if ever I was saved, it must be by the free, sovereign grace of God. Long had I admitted this sentiment in theory, yet never till this moment had I known the meaning of GRACE. A new idea had taken possession of my soul, and I sought in vain for a new term by which to express it. But still it was grace; and, whatever epithets I might add to it, I could express no more than the gospel had always expressed, of the way of salvation through Christ.

But O, in what a glorious light did the gospel now burst upon my view; so adapted to man's necessities, -- so simple, and yet so glorious, -- so worthy of its Author. It seemed to melt my whole soul in love and gratitude and praise. My happiness did not arise from any change which I supposed wrought in me, or in my relations to God, for it was not until some time after, that I discovered any such change to have been wrought. But it was what I saw in God, and especially in his way of salvation through Christ, which filled my heart with rapture and my lips with praise. My whole soul rejoiced that the entire universe was under the government of such a Being, and wherever I turned my eyes the whole earth seemed full of his glory. For several weeks I was conscious of no other feeling than that of love to God, and desire to spend and be spent in his service.

I knew very little, however, of the nature of true religion, or of the way by which the soul draws life and strength from Christ. The consequence was, that, struggling against temptation in my own strength, I was soon overcome, and my mind brought into darkness. For many years I lived, for the most part, in a state of bondage to sin; earnestly desiring deliverance, yet knowing not where to find it; vainly resolving, striving, and praying against it, yet continually conscious that the world divided my heart with God. True, I could go to a throne of grace, and there pour out my complaint, confess my wanderings, and again throw myself on the sovereign grace of God. This was my first, and this my only hope, that salvation was of God alone. I should have given up at once, had anything depended on me; but I could not despair, while Jesus lived to dispense a salvation founded alone on free, unmerited grace. Sometimes I would for a season feed in green pastures, beside the still waters, but oftener I was constrained to inquire

"Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?"

In the early part of 1842, I heard Elder Knapp preach several times in Boston. His discourses led me to think more than ever before of my own responsibility, and convinced me that my slow progress in the divine life had resulted wholly from want of effort on my part. I returned home, fully determined to exert my utmost powers to lead a godly life. But, alas! the more I strove the more I sinned and stumbled, and the deeper and more awful appeared the depravity of my heart. I now began seriously to question whether this was the new heart which God had promised to believers. The fountain of my hope underwent a thorough examination. I took the Bible anew, as the word which must judge in at the last day, and sought to learn of Christ and his apostles, what it was to be a Christian. The more I studied upon this point, the more thoroughly did I become convinced that it was no small thing to be a disciple of Jesus. A high standard of Christian character was before me, but how should I attain to it?

While searching to know what provision God had made to enable his people to meet his requirements, the gospel opened before me as a glorious plan of sanctification. So new and precious did its promises and provisions appear, that it almost seemed like a new gospel. I saw in it all that I had ever desired or wished for. It was truly the pearl of great price. But how should I come into possession of it? Its blessings, I saw clearly, were all promised to faith; yet for a long time I sought to attain them by works. My proud heart wanted to do something towards its restoration. Still my confidence in God was daily increasing, as I saw more and more of the wonders of his love towards us. I felt that he was worthy of our unmingled confidence, and that no sin could be equal to that of unbelief.

One day I had been reflecting on the 11th of Hebrews, and while considering the various examples of faith, as there recorded, my mind rested on that of Gideon. I thought of his fleece twice tried, and of his listening to the dream of the Midianite, till it really seemed to me that, under the same circumstances, I should have had more faith in God, -- that to me the command of God would have been enough without any such tests. What, thought I, had he to lose, supposing God had not sustained him? Could he die in a better cause than while executing the commands of Jehovah? Amid such thoughts as these, I again retired to my chamber, to wrestle with God for a heart to love him with all my soul. Of this one blessing it seemed to me I could not be denied. I saw that God was so worthy of the love and service of every rational creature, that I longed, with a desire I can never express, that in all things I might live to his glory. The passage, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," came with peculiar force to my mind. I began to plead with God for such a disposition, when it seemed forced upon me as a command, with an authority I had never before felt.

Here, thought I, is a command, as obligatory, and as much directed to me, as was the command to go against the Midianites on Gideon. But this is wholly beyond my power. So was that beyond his. I have

tried a thousand times to obey this, yet always failed. Then, has God commanded an impossibility? I saw that it was awful impiety to refuse to do what God had commanded, however seemingly impossible; yet I feared to undertake. At this moment my reasoning respecting Gideon came home to me with power. What had I to lose? Suppose I should not succeed, would there be any harm in making the attempt? I dared not decline; yet O, my weakness!

With what feelings did I leave my chamber as I saw on the one hand the justness and excellency of the command, and felt that nothing was so desirable as to obey it -- yet, on the other hand, I had reduced myself by a course of sin into a state of guilt and impotency, which made me weaker than a bruised reed. Still my constant prayer was for grace to enable me to obey this precept. No special duty was before me, nothing but the common avocations of my family. But as I went from one thing to another, the question still was, "Will this be for the glory of God?" Of some things I felt constrained to say, Yes; of others, I was doubtful; while a third class I thought could not possibly glorify my heavenly Father. And would I not have done these yesterday, thought I, without any compunctions of conscience? Yes, because I thought them trifles, without any particular moral character. As to those things respecting which I was in doubt, I could but ask myself, how I could be so ignorant of the moral character of actions which I was in the daily habit of doing.

This question brought with it the astounding fact, that I had never really made it my business to do all I did to God's glory. My soul sank in abasement before God at this discovery, and I longed for an opportunity to retire again to my chamber. Three distinct errands urged me to a throne of grace. First, to thank God for having enabled me thus far to keep before my mind a desire to promote his glory. Secondly, to ask for wisdom respecting those things of which I was in doubt; and, thirdly, to confess my awful guilt for never having made his glory the one object of my life.

Never shall I forget that season of prayer. My soul seemed to melt before God. I felt that I was indeed nothing; that he was all in all. Yet there was a sweet consciousness that what I wanted accomplished in my soul was the very object most dear to my heavenly Father. And though all weakness, yet I felt to lean on him to mold and fashion me into his own image; I felt to choose him as my only portion. Everything else looked like dross, as less than nothing, and vanity. I felt, too, to take him as my king, to rule in, and reign over me for ever. As I looked back, it seemed to me I had all my days been serving self; now I could say in truth, Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. My whole soul went out after God, and delighted itself in him with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Yet, like a little child, I could repose on his arm of infinite love with a peace which truly passed all understanding. Never before had I known such a heaven on earth.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #031

At the age of ten and a half years, I was led to the knowledge of Jesus by the remission of sins. My peace and joy in the Lord abounded; and for some weeks subsequent to my justification, I felt nothing contrary to perfect love which casteth out fear; constantly rejoicing in God, and endeavoring to serve him with all my powers. My heart seemed to cleave to him with increasing intensity of love and firmness of purpose. But soon I felt the rising of depraved nature, and had to contend with evil dispositions which I discovered were lurking within, and rebelling against the King of kings and Lord of lords, who, though he reigned in my heart, had not yet fully destroyed the man of sin, but had subjugated him, and bound him, (as it were, hand and foot,) so that he could not have dominion over me. Yet, though thus subdued, he still remained, and was continually striving to regain the ascendancy, and usurp the throne of which the adorable Redeemer had possession. To prevent sin from having

dominion over me, was my unceasing effort, and my soul was pained and grieved inexpressibly, to feel the workings of this vile enemy within: often did I weep in extreme anguish of spirit on account of it, for I was not then aware that it was my blessed privilege to have this foe cast out and utterly banished from my heart. But shortly after this period, there came a holy man of God, to preach in the place of my residence. As a good and faithful shepherd, he soon sought out the lambs of the flock, and as I was the youngest and most tender one, he made me an object of peculiar care. With unremitting solicitude he watched over me, and assiduously strove to guide me into "the good and the right way of the Lord." He did, indeed, lead me (with all the flock of which he had the pastoral care) to living fountains of water, and green pastures of grace. Most clearly, and forcibly, and constantly, he preached the doctrine of full salvation, as the privilege of all the children of God; and O, with what avidity did my hungry, panting soul, seize the living bread, and drink this life-giving water? This was just what I wanted! In the fullness of my soul, I exclaimed:

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin --
And now The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace!"

O, what an unutterable joy sprung up in my soul, in the blissful hope of being delivered out of the hands of my enemies, that I might serve God without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of my life. From that hour, in which it was first presented to me as my privilege in Christ Jesus, I sought it with unremitting diligence and earnestness, and I think I may say, I that hour presented myself to God "a living sacrifice," -- that hour gave myself to him "in the bonds of an everlasting covenant" and that hour began to "reckon myself to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." This, I think, was about six months after my conversion to God; yet I did not, at that time, receive the evidence that the work was fully wrought. *It was several months after, that I was made to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory," in possession of that precious gift, the witness of the Spirit, that my heart was cleansed from all unrighteousness. And never, never could I forget the felicity, -- the ineffable bliss of that hour! So great was the "weight of glory" which filled my soul, that it prostrated my body, deprived me of physical strength, and of all my external senses: for some time I was unconscious of what was passing around me; I was in communion with heaven, and my blessed Redeemer seemed so near to me, that I could see him face to face, and so was I overwhelmed with the glory of his countenance, and so captivated with the words of unutterable love which he spoke to my heart, that I could neither see nor hear aught beside. When I received power to speak, I endeavored to tell those around me "how great things God had done for me;" and I was afterward informed that such was the power of the Holy Spirit accompanying my words, that all were melted to tears, and many commenced seeking to be "made partakers of like precious faith." How clearly did this demonstrate that it was the work of God -- for a little, ignorant, feeble child to be thus empowered to speak words that would affect the hearts of persons advanced in years and in knowledge! How manifestly was divine "strength made perfect in weakness!" It is to magnify the grace of God, that I thus allude to the effect produced by the relation of the manifestation of divine love to me when a child. I am fully sensible that it was all of grace. What a confirmation of the truth of the words of inspiration -- "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord!"*

From that time, I went forward in the way of holiness with undeviating steps, and rapid pace, for some length of time, (I think about nine or ten months,) and then, by listening to the advice of some, whom I considered wise counselors, I had a season of spiritual darkness, which, however, was of short

duration. I was advised to cease professing the attainments of holiness; they said I could show it by my life and conversation, without professing it; and it would appear more humble and becoming, especially as I was a little child; and I was always ready to receive instruction and counsel from older Christians, and therefore yielded to their opinion, believing they were influenced by the good Spirit. But I soon discovered that the holy flame in my heart began to grow dim; I was alarmed, and began to search for the cause, praying with great fervency of soul to have the fullness of love restored to me, which I felt I had in a measure lost; yet I could appeal to the Omniscient one and say, "Thou knowest that I love thee! Thou knowest that since I laid myself upon the altar, and gave myself an offering to thee, I have never taken the sacrifice away; I have never removed the offering thence; I am thine, blessed Jesus, only thine, wholly thine! I will ever be thine! But where, O, where, is that fullness of peace, and joy, and light and love? Where is that sweet communion with him whom my soul loveth -- that constant intercourse with heaven? I can not, will not, rest without this! After having drank at the fountain of bliss so copiously, I cannot be satisfied with a scanty supply. The holiness I must have! *I did not long wrestle thus in earnest believing prayer, before the windows of heaven were opened, and a plenteous effusion of holy love was poured into my heart, and again I rejoiced in possession of the fullness of love.* I then saw clearly that it was my duty to speak more frequently on this subject, and on every suitable occasion to proclaim the riches and the glory of this great salvation. I discerned more perfectly the way in which I ought to walk: that I must look to God's word and Spirit for direction, and not depend so much on frail mortals for guidance. The language of my heart from that time was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and I was enabled to pursue the narrow path with renewed ardor and diligence, and made rapid advancement in the knowledge and love of God. For several years my course was steady, and my happiness in God continually increasing and abounding. In the year 1835, I left the place of my birth, and residence from my childhood up, and came to the place of my present residence. In the society here I found some of "the excellent of the earth," but the church in general were not deeply devoted to God. I soon discovered that there was a peculiar repugnance felt by many to the profession of entire sanctification, and was informed that several who had for many years enjoyed this blessing, had long since ceased to profess it. I thought, now if I profess it, I shall stand entirely alone, and I shall be considered arrogant and assuming. They will say there are mothers and fathers in Israel who have so long shown the fruits of holiness, and they do not speak of it publicly -- and lo, here comes a stranger, and elevates herself above these devoted souls, who are well known as the excellent of the earth. This was too much for me -- for by reasoning with the evil one I was, like Samson, "shorn of my strength." I yielded to the tempter, and resolved to hide the gift of God that was in me, though it was still my purpose to live wholly devoted to God, and to guard the sacred treasure of holy love in my soul with great care. The thought of losing this precious pearl, was the most distant from my mind.

But, alas, how vain were my efforts to retain this hallowed enjoyment! I had grieved the Holy Spirit, -- clouds and darkness gathered round me, and I was filled with gloom and sadness. I besought the Lord, in fervent supplication, to remove the clouds, and again reveal to me "the brightness of his face," for without it I could not rest, -- I could not live. This earth seemed indeed as a barren wilderness, and my soul found no food, no sustenance -- it was famishing, dying. While engaged in prayer, my gracious, condescending Lord dispelled the darkness, and with unutterable joy I saw again the out-beamings of his glorious countenance, who was "the life of my delights," and again went on my way rejoicing. But alas, "the fear of man, which bringeth a snare," again brought me into darkness. Again I concealed the light which God had commanded me to set up before the world that they might glorify him; and what wonder that he withdrew it from me, when I would not improve it in showing forth his praise? But in the ever abounding goodness of God he again looked upon his rebellious child, and through Jesus, whose all-atoning merits I pleaded, and by faith could claim, he received me graciously, and again owned me for his child.

But after all this, I again hesitated to be a public witness of the efficacy of his all-cleansing

blood, though I did speak of it to individuals, and urged it upon them as their privilege, and endeavored to be diligent in every good word and work, but still "kept back a part of the price," and consequently my enjoyments again declined. This vacillating course I continued to pursue till the winter of 1840, in the month of January, when I was led to seek, with all my heart, an entire conformity to the image of Jesus.

One day, after having entered my closet, determined never to leave it till this blessed work was wrought in my heart, the Spirit of God revealed to me that I must come to a point to which I had hitherto been unwilling to come, or I could never receive the blessing for which I was seeking. I must resolve and covenant with God that I would no more hesitate to be a "witness" for him, no more yield to the fear of man, but be willing to bear the reproach of Christ, -- be willing to forsake all and follow him fully -- or he would take his Holy Spirit from me, and I should no more enjoy his favor. The time had now come when I must be a whole Christian, or no Christian; and now was the severe test. Could I bear to have my "name cast out as evil" -- to be called enthusiastic, presumptuous, arrogant? I thought of the priceless worth of the treasure I was to receive, the ineffable bliss I should enjoy, if I would make the sacrifice; and, O! in that moment, the glory, the value, the exquisite delight of that "unspeakable gift" absorbed my whole soul. I did not hesitate. I could not. I said, Lord, take my soul, my life, my all! I will forsake all and follow thee! I'll

"Gladly reckon all things loss,
So I but Jesus gain!"

Yes, I will count it all joy even to be persecuted for Christ's sake, and rejoice to be counted worthy to bear the glorious shame of my Redeemer's cross! My gracious, longsuffering God accepted the sacrifice, and once again embraced me in the arms of his mercy! O, what bliss did I feel in realizing that he had indeed accepted the offering, and sealed me his! that henceforth I was "to live, not unto myself, but unto him that died for me and rose again;" that I was now to work, and speak, and think, for God alone. And from that time how gladly have I run at the bidding of my Lord! I have not stopped to ask if this or that would be pleasing to the church or to the world, -- if in so doing or speaking I should gain the approbation of my fellow mortals. I only ask, Will it please God? Is it the will of my adorable Redeemer for me to do or speak this or that? and whatever I believe to be in accordance with the word and spirit of God, that I endeavored to do. "And the peace of God, that passeth understanding, keeps my heart and mind through Christ Jesus." O, the blessedness of having a single eye! one object, one desire, one purpose, one aim -- for God to live and die! With deepest sorrow and regret I retrospect the period when, through my unfaithfulness, I grieved the blessed Spirit of God. How many were the dark seasons through which I passed, by reason of the clouds which I brought upon my own soul, when I might have enjoyed perpetual sunshine, had I diligently hearkened to the voice of the Lord, and faithfully obeyed his commands. O, had I always been willing to deny myself and take up my cross, how much farther should I have advanced in the blessed way of holiness! I am confident that this is the only way to retain the perfect love of God. There must be the spirit of sacrifice. We must be "crucified to the world, and the world to us," and our "life he hid with Christ in God." There must be no compromise with self, or earth, or sin; there must be an entire renunciation of all we have and are, if we would be conformed to the likeness of him who knew no sin -- if we would have the Savior to dwell in us and walk in us -- if we would be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

I would remark, with reference to my refusal or unwillingness to confess what God had wrought in me, I did not do this with a clear and full conviction that I was acting contrary to the divine will. Satan managed it so that I did not discern it thus. There was always something presented to my mind as a reasonable excuse for not professing this attainment: it was in no case my intention to act contrary to the divine requirement, or to incur the displeasure of heaven. Yet I cannot believe that there was an entire abandonment of self at those times when I was led into that fatal snare; there was not a forsaking

of all for Christ, otherwise I should have been so entirely under the Spirit's influence that I should have been guided into all truth, and would have seen clearly the way in which I should walk. From this I have learned the necessity of cleaving closely to the side of my Savior, and of looking to Jesus, moment by moment, to keep my feet from falling, and to save me from the power of the tempter; and while I live thus near to God, Satan, nor earth, nor self, nor sin, can have any influence over me. Pray for me that I may be preserved "blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #032

Since I have thought of writing, in answer to your proposal, I have labored under a sense of extreme inability, and have been almost ready to shrink from the undertaking. But at length I have broken through every objection, believing, through Christ strengthening me, I shall be able to declare what God hath done for my soul.

Five years previous to the time I was convicted for holiness, I experienced the pardoning love of God. I had not a doubt of my acceptance with him.

For nine months, I rejoiced continually, and obeyed the voice of the Spirit. I loved my Redeemer, and longed to depart and be with him, which I considered far better than life. After this I began to decline, and by degrees lost my enjoyment, and became formal and spiritless in my religious duties. Remains of sinful tempers began to trouble me, and I doubted my former experience. But though I was unhappy, and my heart unholy, yet I was enabled to live uprightly as to my outward walk. At this time, the Rev. Elijah Hedding was stationed in Boston. I was reclaimed, and brought into liberty again; after which, I retained a sense of my justification, till I resolved to seek for holiness of heart.

It is now full three years since I began to read the word of God carefully, diligently, and with prayer, to see if the doctrine of Christian perfection could be proved by it. I likewise took my pen, and marked every text in the New Testament which proved or favored that doctrine. After thus carefully examining the Scriptures, I was convinced that this was purchased by the Savior's death, and that God intended that we should be restored to his full image. I saw that he had promised it to us, and that he commanded us to be perfect. At this time my mind was greatly perplexed with doctrines. I read many books, and the different ideas and sentiments I met with greatly confused my mind. But the Lord, who delighteth not in the death of a sinner, in great mercy caused light to break in upon my mind and shine upon my path. February 18, 1818, in prayer I cried to God that he would show me my state, earnestly entreating him to let me see all that was in my heart, when he inclined his ear and granted my request. But the sight made me tremble, and for a time most threw me into despair. I found the remains of almost every sin in my heart; and groaning in this deplorable situation, I lost sight of Christ as my mediator. I struggled, mourning, weeping, prostrate on my face; for some time being tempted to think that my damnation was sealed. I lay, as it were, crushed under the mighty hand of God; for Christ, my advocate, was hid from my eye of faith. A sense of God's penetrating eye surveying my heart, beholding all, yea, more than I saw, sunk me down, and I appeared to myself as a mote; yet my sins appeared like mountains. But after all this, I saw that there was compassion in God; and soon my Savior appeared to my view. I saw by faith that he loved me, and had given himself for me. I plainly saw that he had bought me with his own blood, and that his blood was sufficient to cleanse my polluted heart from every sinful temper -- yea, from all sin. I could now cry for mercy, peace, and a pure heart. My soul was comforted, and a gleam of hope appeared.

But it was soon suggested, "All mankind will eventually be saved -- why do you trouble yourself? You will lose your senses at this rate." This temptation brought darkness upon my mind, and I

could not believe that all would be saved -- there was no rest for me here. I cried to the Lord, and light broke in upon my mind. I said, "Lord, strengthen me, and open my way before me, and I will not rest until I obtain a clean heart." I opened the Bible (which lay before me) on these words, (Rev. 3:8,) "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." This, and what followed, to the end of the chapter, greatly strengthened my faith, and I cried, "I will, I do believe; and my way shall be open from this moment." I resolved to obtain the blessing, at the expense of everything else. From this time I began to fast and pray, and to seek sincerely and earnestly for full sanctification. I strove to keep the whole law. I sought by works to subdue my sins, and conquer myself. But, alas! I grew worse: and my heart rose against God, because I could not conquer it. I asked, and obtained not. I strove, but did not receive the blessing. At times I was apprehensive I should never obtain my end. I gave way to temptation, and involved myself in many difficulties. I saw no power to live to God a single day. I found indeed that I was weakness itself; and my sins appeared like mountains, separating between me and my God. But I had some comfortable seasons. I had now and then a taste of the little streams which flow from the great fountain of life and comfort. I had a little strength to keep my resolution, that I would have the blessing of sanctification at the expense of everything, and deliverance from my Lord's enemies in my heart.

At one time, this text was brought with power to my mind, "You have not resisted unto blood, striving against sin." Sometimes Christ would fly over the mountains of my sins and transgressions to my soul, and for a short season would comfort me. Then again he would leave me in the dark, struggling with my temptations and troublesome forebodings of future things. I was in an agony, and knew not what to do. It appeared to me as though Satan led me captive at his will. One day, while contemplating the wretchedness of my condition, it came to my mind, as if spoken by a person standing by, "Read H[ester] A[nn] Rogers' Life." I arose from my meditations, and immediately obtained it. O! praise! praise! praise the Lord, that ever this precious book fell into my hands! I read it with prayer, and my heart opened to conviction; for I had done all that I could do, and was none the better, but rather grew worse, like the woman in the gospel, who, having spent all that she had, was at last glad to come to Christ for a cure. In like manner I came at last.

In reading Mrs. Rogers' letters, I saw that the way to obtain sanctification was by faith, and hereupon discovered my own error. I found that by works alone I could not obtain salvation from all sin. I resolved, however, not to lay works aside: but used the means, waiting at the foot of sovereign mercy, expecting to receive; for I was laid low, yea, in the dust I could lay my mouth, with my hand upon it, crying, unclean, unclean. I saw the way I was to come, with all my pollution and unworthiness, and cast my soul upon Christ; and I believed that he would accomplish the work in me, that he would slay all my foes, and by his spirit and grace make me truly alive. Here grace and nature had many a struggle; but grace always prevailed. Self now appeared out of the question -- nature and grace fought the battle; for I had given myself to God, in the name of Jesus Christ, to do with me as it pleased him.

I cried continually with many sighs and tears, "Give me thyself to know, from every sin set free -- cleanse my heart, sanctify my nature!" I could take no denial. I said, Give me this, or I die. Take everything I possess, but give me an indwelling Savior. I must have this. Nothing short of this can satisfy my immortal mind. Lord, give me thy nature, thy perfect image.

"I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly saved from sin."

I had many temptations to think this was not the time; but in such a place, or in such a meeting; at home, in the closet, I might obtain. Notwithstanding the power of Satan to tempt, I was enabled to look to God by faith, and wait patiently till the work was accomplished.

Whether at home or abroad, my language was still the same. One night in class, I felt my heart exceedingly hard; but it was soon melted before the Lord. After I arrived at home, these words were applied to my heart:

"Dear Savior, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea;
None but a bath of blood divine
Can wash my sins away."

After this I resolved to open my mind to our minister, who had not preached the doctrine of holiness so explicitly and fully as he afterwards did. I went to his house, trembling, weighed down, fearing I should not be able to stand against the opposition I should meet with; for few fully believed the doctrine of heart holiness, even among the Methodists. I endeavored to tell him the exercises of my mind, and he explained some things, and prayed for me. While in prayer I shook exceedingly; and when we arose from our knees I found I had lost my burden, I felt neither sorrow nor joy. I went home much relieved. I had no sense of anything, only my soul was delivered.

A day or two after this, I began to think I had lost my convictions; and it appeared to me that I had lost my earnestness for the blessing. I was somewhat alarmed, and feared I should not obtain what I so much desired. I retired, with a view to pray for conviction; and, to my great surprise, when I came before the Lord, I could not feel distress: but the following words were set home upon my heart: "Abide in me, and I in you: as the branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me." At this moment I was in Christ; my every passion was at once laid even; and a sweet stillness, a peace like a river, or, like the waves of the sea, wave after wave, thrilled through my soul, as no tongue can tell, or pen describe. I arose from my knees to see what it was, or from whence it came. I looked abroad upon the trees, and every leaf appeared awed into profound silence before the Lord: and all that I saw brought joy into my soul. The weight of love I realized was great indeed.

From this moment I had the witness that the work was done, and that God had full possession of, and dwelt in my heart. "Know ye not that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost?" But again I erred; for I resolved to be cautious about telling of it. I thought I would see the fruits it produced, before I professed it. And although it is proper to be careful, yet it is the duty of sanctified souls, in simplicity and godly sincerity, to make known what God has done for them. I brought a dark cloud upon my mind by not professing it at a certain time, when it appeared my duty. But as soon as I began to declare what God had done for me, light shone upon my mind; and from that time to the present, I have had the abiding witness of the same, except once for a few days, when under great weakness of body and severe trials of mind. I professed this blessing with great weakness, feeling my entire helplessness; but in every instance, when I have been called to profess or defend this glorious salvation, God has stood by me, and I believe he ever will. Though earth and hell should be engaged against me, they shall not prevail, while Christ is my strength and my shield.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #033

Being deeply impressed that in order to be a Christian in the full meaning of the term, one must be a student, a constant student, I have, with all decision, made it my one employ, to live understandingly; and would be happy in contributing something to the interest of the "Guide," with my favorite signature. At the age of twelve years, my attention was attracted from the ordinary lessons of the world to that given by our great Teacher. At that period I learned the present effect of repentance

and trust in Jesus for the pardon of all the sin and folly of a childish life. From this I proceeded onward to further knowledge, (not, however, being a close student,) sometimes seeing clearly -- more frequently as through a mist, while attempting to know the meaning of this or that Christian grace. For the six years subsequent to the time mentioned, I realized gradual advancement in the justified way: yet deeply oppressed at times, while thoughts of dissatisfaction and discouragement arose, occasioned by my too frequent vacillations. I knew, I felt often, in deep anguish of spirit, that my soul was not deeply fixed, by faith, in him whom I desired to love. In such exercises, I saw my need of gaining that point, here the will of the creature is lost in that of the Creator, and entire or perfect love is the element of the being. But here, the love of self, inasmuch as there existed a fear of the responsibility of great profession, hindered my examining the subject of Christian holiness with deep and sincere interest, as one in which I should engage myself, until the autumn of 1836. (I had, from childhood, been so situated as to hear such blessedness frequently spoken of.) At that time, while witnessing the exercises of some devoted ones seeking inward purity, my own state was compared with theirs. I saw the distance between myself and them as seekers of the grace of life. I saw, too, and O! how searching! the vast difference between myself and him whom I had called Father! At this time I took this subject -- entire consecration, with the application of the promises, closely in mind; secluded myself for its consideration, when, to my own astonishment, I found myself a wavering believer in it. Some, a few special ones, may realize this great attainment; but so nearly angelic is it, it cannot be suited to human nature everywhere -- was my mental language. But my wearied, unsatisfied soul, rested not here with the subject. By a train of mental exercises, too tedious to be mentioned, I came to the full and unwavering belief that Christ Jesus would save any and all of his desiring people from their sins, would they but believe. Yet, strange to be said, I did not then decide to come to the very point -- make the entire consecration at the very time, now, though deeply impressed with a sense of the great want I was suffering, and yet bringing upon myself. My former devotion appeared superficial. I had indulged a selfishness; a reserve of the heart, of some portion of the heart, at every consecration heretofore made! so that for weeks, and months, I unceasingly cried for a willingness to be made holy. I could not wonder, should the reader exclaim, What a prayer! for my soul would repeat it, What a prayer! But to come to the point of my meaning, I should say I was willing for all, except a certain responsibility of walking in so narrow a way as would be implied in a profession to live free from sin. For a time I sought a resting place in good decisions; resolving to live heartily near my Savior, -- much in prayer, -- but would take the course of the majority of Christians, in reference to the subject of sanctification, for the present. Need I say, this was a dangerous place? What spiritual eye cannot see the danger? A heart unyielding to clear and known duty cannot be ever justified in his sight who requireth the whole soul. Thus I found it, to the deep regret of my heart, now not justified. Clouds and darkness rolled upon me; and while attempting to carry my decisions into practice, my undesirable state was kept in open view; and though for a time my resolutions for prayer, and separation from that which was unholy, were kept rigorously, discouragement had unseen influence, insomuch that unconsciously my purpose was yielded, and general decline was perceptible. The passing of days and weeks, was but the constant reminding that the influence of the creature's will brings death-like blight, and lays low the cultivation of every Christian grace. The winter had passed which brought me to March, 1837, but the dreariness and bleakness of the mind had not gone; neither was there any sign of verdure, pure waters, or fruit. Yet seeing my state, having no rising hope for the better, while in that position, my judgment was called upon to compare the points -- that of living in part to self, with that of entire, constant and everlasting consecration to the King of kings and Lord of lords. In answer to earnest supplication, the value of eternal things, with the privilege of walking with Christ, were brought near, so that my judgment saw the exceeding benefit of living for holiness. At this time, in this light, I made the decision. I felt, I now feel, at by divine grace, it was a final decision. I desired only to be prepared to live so as to fulfill the blessed commands, to live for souls: by my hand it was recorded, by my heart it was repeated: to seek entire death to all but that which should please my Lord. Now my heart was set upon unreserved living

to him who is invisible -- upon a life of faith, purity of heart, present salvation from all sin. Here commenced my seeking this distinct, comprehensive attainment. Now my unutterable desire was realized. Searching the heart by the holy word, successive hours in prayer became absorbing; meantime, I fell into many errors; such as seeking a preparation to be made holy -- to be prepared by good works and good emotions, in order to exercise the true faith. And again, so great inconsistency did I see in happiness without holiness, that I resolved to be unhappy in mind, until pure in heart; (I mention these particulars, thinking, perhaps, they will meet the eye of some one thus inclined,) thus I condemned myself most rigorously for feeling the least rising of joy, until thoroughly pure in heart. Gloomy agonizings and despairings were the companions of all my hours. Autumn again returned, and found my state not perceptibly changed. Now I seemed in a thicket. Not having had personal instruction from those who understood the deep workings of the heart when firmly set for that it does not fully understand, my errors had become multiplied. Where am I? Have mercy, Lord! was the language of my heart. At this time I resolved to go to a "tented grove," where much, probably, would be said and felt of the "precious faith." My thirsty soul panted for instruction. This I received; and from those, too, who had in clear remembrance the darkness from which they had just emerged; they taught the way of faith; all was clear to me, but one dark step; this my philosophizing feelings would not assent to. Such a week I had never experienced; fasting, praying, and hearing, seemed alike fruitless, for I stopped at the main point, "believe that ye have the things that ye ask, and ye have them;" and so tenacious did I find myself of my supposed understanding of the way to receive the blessing for which I plead, that a kind of triumph frequently arose, that I had been kept from so great an inconsistency, saying, a thorough work I must have, if life itself must be a sacrifice. The privileges of this meeting had passed, and my object was not attained. How insecure and wretched did I then feel myself to be! One day, with a journey of sixty miles, brought me to another meeting of the same character as the former. Through the privileges of this, I passed in like exercises, until nearly the last day of social exercises there. Increased inclinations to despair of becoming free from the bondage of sin, with a dread untold of a future life, long or short, without holiness, produced emotions unutterable. Not the excitement of the exercises of others did I seek, but close and convincing teaching. I now found that I had gained nothing by long seeking, and by my repeated trials to get the heart placed aright. I seemed now farther from the salvation than at any moment before. While feeling that the point of decision must soon turn in general despair or victory, I called the promise to mind, "believe that ye have the things ye ask," &c., and asked, can it be that it should be taken coldly, intellectually? would it, could it be thus? I saw my infidelity in this; decided to it, hazarding all, for no other resort did I know; all else had come short. I took the blessed Book, turned to the promise, retired where no human eye was seeing, no human ear was hearing; knelt, holding forth the hand of faith; resolving intellectually to believe it, to continue to believe it, and yet believe irrespective of emotion; for my emotions now seemed dead; *I must take it thus, or have it not at all. One half hour, and yet without perceptive change; constant intellectual exercise of counting myself dead to sin, and free there from, as I performed the condition required for it; (which is the simple believing, in itself,) without my evidence of it, save the veracity of him who had promised:-- believing absolutely, hoping against hope, with an effort to remember the Father is ever the same, the Fountain for cleansing, opened by the crucified Jesus, ever the same. A long time elapsed, and I had yet to say, coldly intellectual yet I will, I do believe. Now a resting of spirit I began to realize, as I forgot self, while gazing at Christ; remembering, when we cease from our own works, (or efforts,) we enter into rest, the rest of faith. And lo! the darkness is gone! the way is clear! all was done by my Lord, and had been done since the promised redemption, would I only "believe unto righteousness." Then, in a sense not known to me before, did I feel "the sacred awe that dares not move, and all the silent heaven of love." All is God, was my spirit's language. It is enough! All is well! Salvation! Self is gone and Christ liveth! Deep, unbroken, hallowed peace, with a silent triumph filled the soul, and more and more so, while confession was made thereof. Having received Christ Jesus by faith, my purpose was and is, so to walk in Him. (By faith we stand, by the moment! How dependent!*

Every moment the blood of sprinkling we believe for, by which we have acceptance.) Having, with all His creatures, the constant aid of divine grace, irrespective of sight, my soul shall ever ascend in faith; though it sometimes be upon.

In giving an account, in the August number of the Guide, of my experience in the "narrow way," I briefly spoke of certain errors; thinking that some one might be benefited by the mention of them. Some of those errors I will now more particularly refer to; for, once, twice and thrice, I have found myself pursuing a course, which, if long followed, though in a deep sincerity, would have proved, in the result, fatal to my object. At one time, less than one year after my entering a state of perfect faith and love, my feelings were deeply excited in view of the destruction awaiting the thoughtless, soul-neglecting multitude; so that it was a subject of wonder that I had previously felt their case no more. Accordingly, upon this point I fastened my mind, renewing and repeating my petition to my heavenly Father, -- to bestow upon me as deep a sense of their state as I could bear and live, in order that my spirit might be so exercised in behalf of souls exposed to everlasting destruction, as henceforth to feel unutterable promptings to labor unceasingly for their rescue. In this strain I continued to supplicate: grasping, as it were, infinity of feeling upon this point; not once thinking of the possibility of not being approved by Him who knew my object was, to be prepared to labor for the greatest good of the greatest number of my kindred travelers. O! for a deep and close view of the awful "end of the wicked," to be constantly before me, was the cry of my heart. My Father, who doeth all things in wisdom, and maketh even our very errors lead to wisdom, if the heart be wholly consecrated to Him, took me at my word; my spirit trembled at the view which He gave me; my heart quaked. My soul, deeply oppressed, got utterance only in bewailings and lamentings. Language I could not use. In society I could do nothing, for presence of mind had nearly gone; and in retirement, nothing was accomplished. Days passed. The brain became feverish; the nerves tremulous; the whole system prostrated. Yet so absorbed, and utterly absorbed was my mind in the view which had been presented to me, that I thought not of the cause of this physical debility, and mental confusion, until after receiving the instructions and admonitions of a Christian friend. At that moment my eyes were opened, and I saw something of the import of my ill-judged prayer. Astonished, deeply humbled, I now must look up for the blood of sprinkling, that the error be laid not to my charge: henceforth, saying, Give as Thou wilt:-- as much, or as little, of this or that sensation; for I have no wisdom with which to come to Thee. Amen!

Notwithstanding, in this case, I had forgotten my residence in a house of clay, and as brought to remember it, by learning that I had asked a degree of feeling which would unfit, instead of preparing me for the work so desirable, I again proved my liability to fall into other errors of a similar kind.

While yet in the first year of my experience in the deeper things of God, I was impressed that I had not received the baptism of the Holy Ghost as mortal might receive: as others had received. So, for this, particularly, I set my heart; that I might be better prepared to labor with power and effect. Night and day, at morn, and the midnight hour, I plead for this until my petition for it took the place of all those which I was accustomed to offer other things. I hardly need say here, that in this case I lacked discernment; not thinking that I had, perhaps, already as much as I could bear. For some time, my pining spirit sighed for that it did not understand, or the entire effect of which it had no conception of, until its zeal for this obscured the blessings already possessed, -- a sense of purity and peace. Here, I saw, nay, felt, the strugglings in which I once verged on despair; and now, by this intimation, I saw myself stepping upon critical ground. Ignorance! Blindness! were my appropriate exclamations. Lord Jesus! what, and how much shall I ask! The holy Sabbath came. My morning and retired exercises were indescribable. During church service nothing touched my case; no light shone upon that point, until, when at the library with my Sabbath scholars, an angel of mercy came for my strengthening -- my rescue. Its form was "Fletcher on Christian Perfection." The most emphatic words which I heard that time, I will quote. (He spoke as if one with us at the time): "Do not confound Angelical with Christian

perfection. Uninterrupted transports of praise, and ceaseless raptures of joy, do not belong to Christian, but to Angelical perfection. Our feeble frame can bear but a few drops of that glorious cup. In general, that new wine is too strong for our old bottles that power is too excellent for our earthen cracked vessels but, weak as they are, they can bear a fullness of meekness, of resignation, of humility, and of that love which is willing to obey unto death. If God indulges you with ecstasies and extraordinary revelations, be thankful for them; be not exalted above measure by them; take care, lest enthusiastic delusions mix themselves with them; and remember that your Christian perfection does not so much consist in building a tabernacle upon Mount Tabor, and enjoying rare sights there, as in resolutely taking up the cross, and following Christ to the palace of a proud Caiaphas, -- to the judgment-hall of an unjust Pilate, and to the top of an ignominious Calvary. You never read in your Bible, Let the glory be upon you which was also upon St. Stephen, when he looked stedfastly into heaven and said, 'Behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right band of God.' But you have frequently read there, 'Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who made himself of no reputation, took upon him the form of a servant, and being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross.'" -- At this, my waiting spirit cried, Amen! and amen!

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #034

It is more than two years since my mind became much interested in the subject of personal holiness -- a subject to which, at that time, the attention of the religious community was particularly directed. I was entirely dissatisfied with the attainments I had made in religion, and fully aware that I was not living wholly for Christ -- that there was too much conformity to the world, and too little of the "fruits of the Spirit" manifest in my life. My soul thirsted for holiness, as the only means of usefulness or happiness, and I sought it earnestly in prayer. I obtained at that time increased nearness to God and uncommon peace of mind, which I enjoyed for several weeks -- but it was not abiding. A few months after, at a religious meeting, I became acquainted with the experience of some who professed sanctification. Being myself of the Congregational order, the subject was in a great measure new to me. I was deeply affected with the statements made of their religious exercises, and felt that such a work of grace as they described was just what I needed, and entirely beyond anything I had experienced. From this time I became much interested to inform myself respecting the doctrine of "Christian Perfection," and examined the Scriptures and other books in reference to it, having my heart much set on obtaining the victory over sin, if such were my privilege. I found much encouragement to enlarge my desires, from the precious promises of the Bible; and determined never to rest till I could appropriate to myself the language of Paul, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." My hungerings after righteousness were greatly increased, and also my hopes in regard to it, by reading the Memoir of J. B. Taylor. As I contemplated his elevated piety and exalted joys, my whole soul panted for like attainments; yet, notwithstanding my efforts, I seemed, for a while, "nothing bettered, but rather grew worse."

After the lapse of several months a revival commenced among us, and my anxiety for advancement in holiness increased. I felt that I was unprepared to labor for the conversion of others till my own soul should be set at liberty, and that my first duty was to myself. My mind became exceedingly burdened. I was convinced that I must make a new and entire consecration of myself to God, yet shrunk from such a total surrender. I sometimes felt that if the Lord would make some communication to my soul, as a pledge that he was ready to meet me, and would grant sufficient grace, in case I entered into such solemn covenant to be his, I could then venture to engage to live henceforth for him alone; but, through weakness of faith, I dared not venture forward upon his naked promise. No

such aid to my faith, however, was granted me. I saw that the surrender must be unconditional, and became overwhelmed with the intensity of my feelings. In this state, having retired one evening for prayer, I deliberately surveyed the whole subject of an entire consecration to Christ -- counted the cost and laid the peculiar difficulties, which I apprehended in my own case, before the Lord -- and then, as I believe, by the help of God, surrendered myself to him, without reserve, to be his forever. I arose from prayer relieved of the burden which had oppressed me; but my mind, though calm and peaceful, was shrouded in darkness, and scarce a ray of light gleamed across my path. Nearly the same state of my mind continued through the succeeding day; yet I had reason to believe that God was with me, granting me unusual aid against temptation. The next day there was a great increase of my peace. I found my faith much strengthened, and felt satisfied that God was with me of a truth, and that he had accepted the sacrifice which he had enabled me to make. The day following, which was Sabbath, the little rivulet of my peace had swelled to a river, and my heart was filled with the love of God. I had a delightful consciousness of his presence, and was so absorbed in holy contemplation and communion with my Savior, as scarcely to be sensible of what was passing around me. I was remarkably assisted in every duty, and the hours glided sweetly by. Thus my evidence of acceptance, and my joy in the Lord, increased daily. I had little disposition for food or sleep; and during the wakeful hours of night, quite unlike to my former experience, my mind was intensely occupied with devout meditation and prayer.

As weeks and months passed by, I discovered more and more the value of the blessing I had received. I continued to enjoy a sweet serenity of soul, a calm submission to the will of God, and trust in his fatherly care, (which shielded me from everything like anxiety or disappointment,) an abiding sense of his presence, and access to him free and delightful as that of a child to a parent. I found his yoke indeed easy and his burden light, beyond what I had ever understood before: and was taught by daily experience, that "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

At two or three different times, in my past life, (for I had been a professor of religion thirteen years,) I had walked with God and enjoyed great peace of mind for some days or perhaps weeks together; but had always suffered much fear of soon losing the narrow path which fear had, in every instance, been realized -- *but now, I had such filial confidence in God, such love, as almost cast out fear. He seemed to me not like a hard master, watching for my halting, but a loving father, always ready to lend his aid, and better to me continually than my expectations; and his goodness, so abundantly manifested, drew from my heart corresponding returns of love and gratitude to him, such as I never knew before. I felt that I could make any sacrifice for his sake, and should "rejoice to be counted worthy to suffer shame for his name." I could cheerfully renounce the world, and the good opinion even of those whose esteem I had most highly valued, when it came in competition with my Savior's love. I was willing to incur reproach and have my name cast out as evil; yea, to be counted a fool, if necessary, for Christ's sake -- and delighted to pledge myself anew from day to day, to perform any service to which he should call me.*

It is now not far from a year since I received this great blessing, and I feel that I can never sufficiently praise the Lord for what he has done for me. I have ever since abode under the shadow of the Almighty, and had constant experience of his faithfulness and loving kindness. Surely it is not a vain thing to serve God. The still vouchsafes to me his presence, and an abiding, blissful peace, which is indescribable. I have passed through some seasons of severe trial, being in great "heaviness through manifold temptations;" but at such times I have been distinctly conscious of divine support; there has been a deep-seated tranquility, which I think has never left me, and an unwavering confidence in the love of God, which has sometimes enabled me to bless and praise him, from my inmost soul, for his dealings with me, even while his hand was heavy upon me. I could adopt, as never before, the beautiful language of the Psalmist, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him." I recur with gratitude to the memorable day to which I have referred, as the time when my feet

were taken from the miry clay and set upon a rock; when I was enabled to present myself "a living sacrifice" to God, henceforth to be wholly devoted to his service. Since then, I think I have felt continually that I am not my own, and have sought to glorify God in my "body and spirit, which are his." I have kept in view the direction, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God;" and have felt that it is perfectly practicable, by the help of God, to obey this command. I have loved daily to repeat my vows to be the Lord's; and my heart has responded to the words of the psalmist, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth that I desire beside thee." I have been led to seek the guidance of the Spirit in all my concerns -- temporal and spiritual -- and have learned how sweet it is to cast all my care on him who careth for me. The most prominent feature of my experience has been a cordial submission in all things to the will of God: which, together with a clear perception of his overruling providence, even in the most minute events, has reconciled me to every situation, and produced, at all times, that contented mind which is "a continual feast." I have often been surprised at the strength afforded me against temptation, and have sometimes felt that I had nothing to do but "to stand still and see the salvation of God." Since I have learned to look simply to Christ for grace, instead of depending, in a great measure, on my own efforts, I find it is very easy for him to work that in me which I had been vainly seeking for years, (though not aware at the time of my self-dependence,) to effect in myself; and since his gracious interpositions bring new evidence of his love and faithfulness, I do, with St. Paul "glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." It is my constant prayer that I may grow in the knowledge of Jesus Christ; for I have learned, more than ever before, that in him is all my salvation; that he is an overflowing fountain, and his fullness is a mine of inexhaustible wealth to those who believe in him.

In all past years, there has been, at times, an aching void in my heart, which nothing on earth could fill; but since the date of my recent experience, I have not for a moment been conscious of that painful sense of want, but have ever found the promise verified, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

While I thus recur with gratitude to the past, I would by no means rest in present attainments. It is the height of my ambition to press forward in the heavenly race -- to get clearer views of the glory of the Savior, and thereby be "changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord."

It may be that these professions may expose me to the charge of boasting; but, could the accuser look, as God does, at the heart, I think he would see his mistake; boasting is excluded -- by the law, not of works, but of faith. I see this far more clearly than when I was under the dominion of a legal spirit; and so deep is my sense of obligation to rich, unmerited grace, that I can hardly conceive of being so misunderstood. It will be found, I think, that where man may judge thus harshly, God sees only the promptings of duty, and a desire to bear some feeble testimony for Christ, that others may be induced to drink at the same fountain, and secure for themselves a like blessing. The poor, helpless orphan, that should tell to his companion in misery the story of another's generosity, who had supplied all his wants without money or price, and was ready to do the same for him, would hardly be accused of boasting. It would seem that gratitude to his benefactor, and a benevolent desire for the happiness of his friend, must prompt to such a course.

It is in the hope that my humble testimony to the freedom of divine grace, bestowed on me, most unworthy, may be the means of encouraging some poor, famishing soul to avail himself of the fullness of Christ, that I make this communication. It is my sincere desire and fervent prayer that the church may arise and shine, clothed in her Redeemer's righteousness, that the lives of its members may be, in all respects, consistent with their professions. Then will the grand obstacle to the progress of religion be removed, when all who profess to live under its influence, shall feel and exhibit its power;

then, also, will complaints of coldness and unfruitfulness be exchanged for the cheering words of the apostle, "Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have our conversation in the world."

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #035

When about sixteen years of age, I trust that God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins. I neglected to connect myself with any church, until about a year afterwards; I then joined the M. E. Church. The situation in which I was then placed was anything but favorable to my advancement in the cause of piety. I was surrounded by youthful associates, who regarded not the things of religion, and, although not openly vicious, were filled with pride and vanity. It is not much to be wondered at, that I soon declined into a state of coldness and inactivity. I offer this not as an apology, for young as I then was, I well knew, that let others do as they might, it was my duty to live soberly and righteously. Some months after, I was baptized; and this, I believe, was the beginning of better days with me. My minister enjoyed the blessing, and was instant in urging it upon the church. I believe that from him I heard the first sermon that I ever heard upon the subject. To me, it was a convincing one. I immediately became convinced that this was something which I did not enjoy. I began to search my Bible, to converse with Christians, and to pray much upon the subject. In my Bible I read, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord;" and again, "Be ye holy," &c. Many of my Christian friends exhorted me to strive to become holy, and the Spirit of God whispered, while I prayed in secret, "Thou art called unto holiness."

I had, in common with many others, conceived the opinion, that this blessing was only to be enjoyed by persons of such master minds as were possessed by a Wesley, a Bramwell, a Fletcher, and others equally great and renowned; and had, therefore, as too many are now doing, satisfied myself with a medium share of enjoyment. When I heard brother B___ urge upon each individual member of the church, to seek for entire holiness of heart, and heard many of the brothers and sisters tell how the blood of Jesus, as applied to their hearts, washed from "all sin," I was, as before observed, convicted, and cried unto the Lord in the bitterness of my soul, to make me also, entirely his. My friends all took a deep interest in my case, especially my sister-in-law, with whom I boarded; and often did she urge my suit at the throne of grace, and earnestly entreat, that my youthful soul might be filled with the fullness of that gospel, which had so effectually saved her. But, notwithstanding all the exertions of myself and friends, my trouble of mind daily increased. Many, who were fellow seekers with me, stepped into the pool, and were healed. I wept I prayed I struggled -- I agonized. It seemed to me that I must feel more pungent grief, have greater sorrow for past coldness, before I could be

"Plung'd in the ocean of his love."

But when, after many days of trial to prepare myself for the blessing, I gave up in despair of success: then it was, that God made my extremity his glorious opportunity. It was at one of my stated seasons for secret prayer. Never did I feel as I then felt. All my interests for time and eternity, seemed to hang upon that moment. My feelings became every moment more and more intense: the earth receded; the heavens lowered; my faith grew stronger; until, at last, losing sight of self, and grasping with the firm grasp of faith upon the promises of God, I could say

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do."

That struggle sealed my victory. In a moment, O, how changed! Love flowed into my heart like a river; every feeling and passion seemed changed, and, in the sentiment of the poet, I could cry,

"Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side."

My prayer was turned to praise, and had I been in possession of ten thousand souls I should have given them all to Jesus, so lovely, so exceedingly beautiful did he appear.

Since then I have passed through various scenes; I have been variously circumstanced and tried; but whenever I have put my trust in the Lord, I have ever found him a "present help." Praise God for the fullness, the freeness, and preciousness of the Gospel. I have not had continually the witness of my full acceptance, but most of the time I have been able to hold the blessing as I received it -- by simple faith in Christ.

It rejoices my heart to hear of so many who have received this priceless pearl; but when, O, when, will the church be freed from the very appearance of evil. May God in mercy speed the time Then will cease all strife and contention. Then, and not till then, will the church be able to exert a holy and salutary influence upon community; and Christianity be wiped of a stain which has long stigmatized and debased her. Brethren, enlist anew in the ranks of Christ, and come up to the help of the Lord of hosts, against the mighty.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #036

Having been blessed with pious parents, I was taught from my earliest childhood to regard the Bible as the word of God, written by "inspiration, and profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness." And from that book, together with what I was taught by my parents, I early learned that I was a sinner against God; and in order to be saved and reconciled to him, I must have a new heart and a right spirit. For this end I often raised my desires in secret to him who "seeth in secret," and prayed that he might reward me openly. And thus, for many years (not being "almost and altogether" persuaded to become a Christian, but preferring the enjoyment of this life and the pleasures of sin for a season,) I lived, alternately sinning and repenting, repenting and sinning. This kind of repentance I have since learned was not true repentance.

O, how can I but love and adore that Being who was so good, so kind, so merciful and long-suffering towards me, not willing that I should perish, but desirous that I should be brought into the knowledge and love of the truth. About a year since, where I reside, there seemed to be a general feeling upon the subject of religion, and I felt again called upon, as if it were the last time, to make a surrender of myself to God -- to give up all for Christ. All my sins were arrayed before me. I then felt that I was indeed and in truth poor and needy, wretched and undone. But thanks be to God, by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I was enabled to see that there was "help laid upon one that was mighty," and that there was one who was able and willing to save, even unto the uttermost. It was then, I laid down my weapons of rebellion -- then I gave my heart to the Savior. And O, what peace, what joy in believing! For some time I was willing to leave this world and all who were near and dear to me here. Yea, I was more than willing; I longed to "depart and be with Christ," which I considered far better. I prayed, I gave thanks, I rejoiced and trusted in the Lord with my whole heart. It was then I could say, "I've given all for Christ, He's my all." But O, the sin of ingratitude, and the sin of unbelief! The former has slain its thousands, the latter its tens of thousands! From what I was told by all, I was led to feel that I should not, and that no one could always live in this state of mind. So the deacon believed, the pastor believed, and the church believed, and how could I doubt but what all said must be true. It proved true in my case. For the moment I began to doubt, I was in darkness -- I lost my "first love." Not long after this, while

conversing with a young lady of my acquaintance, who had experienced a like change with myself, I was asked in an inquiring manner, if I thought it was the duty of Christians to pray to be freed from all sin. I replied at once It is our indispensable duty -- it should be the constant desire of our hearts. "Why is it? You do not believe we shall, or can be in this life, and how can it be our duty? Certainly we cannot ask in faith, and whatsoever is not of faith is sin," was her reply. These few words, spoken, as I suppose they were, with great sincerity of heart, bore with much weight upon my mind. And from that time I was led to make diligent search in the Scriptures of divine truth, determined if possible, to know the will of the Lord, and to see what provisions were made in the gospel for our redemption and deliverance from the effects, the power and dominion of sin. Although I had heard but little in regard to the doctrine of holiness, yet I must say I was somewhat prejudiced against it. But when I came with an honest and sincere heart, desirous to know the truth -- what was actually taught in the Bible -- how different it appeared. It was to me a new book. I there learned that God required "truth in the inward parts" -- that he was satisfied with nothing short of the whole heart that it was his will I should be holy even as he is holy, and that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." From this time I began to be more and more desirous of making an unreserved surrender of myself to God, for time and for eternity. But often would I find on examination, that my observance of the Sabbath, attendance on public worship, secret prayers and devotions, were almost if not altogether from selfish motives. They were observed and performed that I might receive a blessing, and eventually be brought into the kingdom. I found, too, that I was not fully reconciled to the will of God -- not praying as Christ had taught, viz: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done," but was setting up my will in opposition to the will of God. The more I learned of the sinfulness and depravity of my own heart, the more frequent and fervent were my prayers that the Lord would "forgive my sins, and cleanse me from all unrighteousness." It was now, in preference to all things else, my prayer in the morning, my desire in the evening, that the Lord would "search me and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." It was a source of much grief to find within me a selfish disposition -- a sinful heart of unbelief, not wholly in subjection to the will of God. From day to day my prayer was, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Thus I prayed for months, and desired the blessing which I was satisfied God alone could bestow, until, about two months since, after returning from a social meeting in the evening, I took the Bible and read with uncommon interest, believing it to be in truth what God had said, and what he still says by his Holy Spirit; "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else. Believe on the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved, and thy sins and iniquities will I remember no more." My heart with raptures replied, "Lord, I believe, help mine unbelief." I heard, as if it were the still small voice, saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee -- I am thine and thou art mine -- there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus -- they are freely forgiven all trespasses -- they are justified from all things -- their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." These, I replied, are the immutable words of truth. They cannot be broken. O, my soul, trust thou in them. Believe without doubt or wavering -- withdraw not thy confidence. I will trust and not be afraid. I do believe all that the Lord hath spoken. He will do all that he hath promised. "The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation. In him will I put my trust." Here I found peace and consolation to my soul which I had never before enjoyed -- a peace which indeed "passeth all understanding." I now became satisfied that the Father was perfectly reconciled, not for any works of righteousness which I had done, but through the life and death of his Son, giving me as a free gift, the benefits of his life and death, and putting me into possession by believing. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise him for the exceeding riches of his love. What a mercy it is that he has brought me into this way of peace! O Lord, -- may I ever believe, may I ever trust in the merits of thy Son -- take encouragement from thy blessed word. Find what consolation it gives: "Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by that new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say his flesh, and having an high priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a

true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." What perfect peace is here proclaimed to the children of God! Having been separated from Him by sin, but now having access through his Son. This is indeed "new and living way, in opposition to the old way of works. All that are all to God live by faith of the Son of God. I speak the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that being justified by faith, I have found peace and free access to a reconciled God. We are agreed, and now I desire to walk with him. He is my Father, and has towards me as his offspring, the most tender affection. I ought not, it would be base in me to question it, since he has shed his love abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost, who has made me of one mind and of one heart with himself. These are the fruits of the Father's covenant, grace, and everlasting favor. O, what exceeding riches of love are these! If I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered. And now, what more shall I say?

I feel an abiding peace and consolation, a nearness to my Savior which I never felt before. At times, it is true, I am tried, but not forsaken; and, as if it were cast down, but not destroyed. My Savior is ever round about me -- a very present help in time of trouble. It is my desire to "give to the Father praise, and glory to his Son;" for I know that I have been blessed, greatly, wonderfully blessed, by him. And to his honor, to the praise of his great and adorable name would I say it. I am satisfied that I have been kept, and must still continue to be kept by grace through faith, "and that not of myself, it is the gift of God." And what more can I ask?

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #036

I have perused a few numbers of the Guide, by which I have been both edified and blessed. I saw a number some time since, and read upon the cover, "We are in special want of matter for the Guide." I felt impressed to contribute for the promotion of holiness, my own experience. A suggestion arose, It would do no good in such a glorious cause; consequently I concluded to be silent. But after more mature deliberation and prayer, I felt conscious God had done much for me, and if it were possible, I ought to promote his cause by confessing "the blood of Christ had cleansed me from all sin." I turned to my diary, from which I make the following extracts: January, 1836. -- During this revival, quite a large number were converted. My own soul was often like "a well watered garden." I longed to be spent in the vineyard of the Lord. But O, the longings of soul I felt for perfect purity. Sometimes, when praying for mourners at the altar of prayer, my heart would be drawn away from their condition to pray for holiness for myself in such a manner, that it seemed I could pray for nothing else; and though often blessed, it did not satisfy me. I saw such a fullness in Christ, such a beauty in the holiness and purity of God, that I could not be satisfied unless filled with all his fullness. I had been convinced, by reading the Bible and pious memoirs, that it was my privilege to enjoy it. The unsatisfied desires of my soul urged me to seek it. O, what hungering and thirsting I felt for the living God. I panted after him as the hart panteth for the cooling water brooks. And often did the inquiry arise in my mind, "After thy lovely likeness, Lord, ah! when shall I wake up?" The least trifling word afflicted my conscience, which was as tender as the apple of an eye. Vain and idle thoughts were unwelcome guests. An unholy dream gave me pain. I wanted my whole life conformed to the holy example of my Savior. I wanted "to walk even as he walked." I was grieved to see professing Christians jesting or trifling. I could not bear a fretful, peevish spirit; and the words

"What, never speak one evil word,
Or rash, or idle, or unkind?
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,

This mark of true perfection find?" were often applied to my mind. I wanted to hear and talk of nothing but holiness. It even mingled with my sleeping hours, during the silent watches of the night. I prayed hours for it. I read everything I found on the subject; and the sermon that did not directly or indirectly touch upon it, appeared to me like a skeleton. But when I heard it preached upon, my soul was all desire. A pious friend gave me the following rules of holy living:

1. Let your words be few and serious.
2. Let your temper be mild, and all your actions kind.
3. Let your deportment exhibit cheerfulness, modesty, and devotion.
4. Begin every day with prayer; spend it watchfully and dutifully, and end it with praise to God.

I endeavored to regulate my life by these, and to keep God's glory constantly in view; and in all I did, to have in reference the day of final judgment. Devoted souls were my delight. How irksome was the society of any but those, who either enjoyed or were pressing after entire purity of heart. I even dreaded a visit from a near friend, as it diverted my mind from communion with God and the pursuit of his renewing grace. I prayed without ceasing for days together; whether eating, drinking, walking or conversing, my heart was engaged in mental prayer for entire sanctification. This was last in my mind at lying down at night, and first in rising up in the morning. I often fasted for it, and in this I found sensible benefit. I watched over my words and my thoughts; believing, with the psalmist, if I "ordered my conversation aright, I should see the salvation of God." Sometimes, in a retired apartment, I walked the room, lifting up my heart in silent prayer to the Lord for his cleansing grace. This would sharpen my devotions and increase my desires, and give a more wakeful appetite to prayer. I longed to have pride and unbelief rooted out of my heart. I wanted that faith which credits all the word of God. I desired to have a freer access to a throne of heavenly grace at all times. In my approaches to God, I felt at times a spirit of fretfulness and impatience; and often did I cry,

"Lay the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And open in my heart a little heaven."

The conviction for this blessing far exceeded that for justification, though I felt no guilt or condemnation. My sympathetic powers were acute; a tender spirit of weeping often melted my soul in prayer. I profited much by reading the Lives of Bramwell and Benjamin Abbot. Merritt's Address, in pamphlet form, on Christian Perfection, was made a great blessing to me, especially that part treating upon the dispensation of the Holy Ghost. The Acts of the Apostles I often read over and over again. The baptism of the Holy Ghost, so often spoken of therein, I ardently desired to feel. I thirsted for it as one famishing by thirst in a desert land. The words of our Lord Jesus Christ, "Ask and receive, that your joy may be full," more than a hundred times were applied to my mind, often drawing tears from my eyes. I sometimes felt so much in family prayer, that I trembled like a leaf in the wind.

I retired one evening for secret prayer. I felt the Spirit's influence in such a degree as to produce a weakness throughout my frame. I had hardly opened my mouth in prayer, when it seemed as if the heavens were coming down to earth. An awful sense of the presence of God rested upon me. It appeared as though the powers of darkness surrounded me to prevent my obtaining the blessing. I drew back with fear. The temptation, "put it off until family prayers," was suggested to my mind. I listened to it for a moment, but the presence of God as then manifested, was withdrawn. I almost despaired of obtaining, as the nearer I approached the blessing, the more powerful and cruel were my temptations from Satan. I thought as I preached, how could I teach others what I did not know myself. I could be of little use in the world, or church, without this blessing, and the thought of being but a weak, dwarfish Christian all my days, and thereby depriving my soul of what had been so dearly bought by my Savior's precious blood, and probably miss of heaven at last, only prevented my giving up the struggle. Again

did I resolve to go up and possess the Canaan of perfect love. I waged an irreconcilable war once more with my internal foes. And although I have been defeated, I resolved once more to approach, in the name of Christ, the citadel of my enemies within. One morning, in company with a circuit preacher at Bro. B____'s, during a season of social prayer, I felt again an unusual struggle for the blessing. The power of God rested on all present. It threw my soul into an agony, and even "my flesh cried out for the living God." I fell to the floor in deep distress. The blessing approached almost within reach, and as I looked to Christ by faith, it seemed to approach still nearer. Temptations, like chilling water, were poured upon my spirits, to dampen my ardor, and divert my mind. My soul appeared all desire, and the language thereof,

"My heart-strings groan with deep complaint;
My flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee;
And every limb, and every joint,
Stretches for perfect purity."

But Satan tried to keep me from it; his temptations were as cruel almost as death itself. I groaned and cried to the Lord for victory. O, how I felt the need of some one to pray for me, far more than when seeking pardon. The circuit preacher had fallen under the Spirit's power, and lay motionless on the floor, and some had risen from their knees. I was tempted to think that they thought I had been a hypocrite, and had never been converted, and was then crying for mercy under conviction for my actual sins. I yielded to the temptation for a moment; my ardent desires left me; the presence of God was again withdrawn. I arose disheartened and unhappy; I felt as one who had been fighting for a prize and had lost the conquest. *Next day being Sabbath, I attended meeting. And whilst leading the class, the sacred purifying fire went through my soul, burning up my pride and unbelief. I ventured all on Christ. Glory to his eternal name; I was filled with unspeakable joy. O, what faith and confidence I felt in God. Salvation in heavenly floods was poured upon my soul. It appeared to be a fire of burning love throughout my whole soul. After this, when I went to my private devotions, ere I had opened my mouth in prayer, the Lord poured his blessings upon my soul. And often was I so sweetly and fully blessed, that I desired to break away from the clay tenement, that I might inhale the pure air of heaven, and gaze upon my adored Redeemer and see him face to face without an intervening veil, and be lost and swallowed up in the ocean of love divine. I now felt that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost resided within my unworthy heart; and at times it has seemed that I had distinct communion with all three. The Father has appeared to me to be like an unbounded ocean of purity and majesty, which always filled me with solemn awe and veneration. And sometimes I have viewed the Son by faith, in person, so near me, and so much like a reality, it seemed I could clasp him in my arms, and pray to him, as I would converse with a friend, face to face. O, how have his sufferings and wounds endeared him to me! And in my approaches to the Father for his blessings, the name of Jesus only repeated, was the most successful petition I could use. And Jesus has always appeared to me the most precious appellation by which he is called.*

At other times, I felt no particular communion with either the Father or Son, but with the Holy Spirit. Sometimes I have felt the outpourings of the Spirit almost as sensibly as I could water. At other times, it appears more like a pure flame, burning on my heart; but generally, like the gentle fountain springing up into everlasting life; and so exquisite has been my enjoyment at times, that I felt I was a wonder to myself. O, to hold communion with the triune God, who upholds universal nature, has appeared to exhibit such condescension on his part, as would sink me in adoring silence at his feet, and involuntarily I would utter from my lips:

"O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break

And all harmonious human tongues,
The Savior's praises speak."

I could not now be silent in the company of the unconverted without warning them of their danger, and pointing them to Christ. O! how plain was my duty. The Spirit would roll upon me a burden for undying souls in the way to ruin, so that, at times, I could not converse with them without weeping; and if I neglected to speak to them, I grieved the Spirit, and lost my light and enjoyment."

But to proceed. I lost the witness of the blessing, by giving way to the idea that if I had not those raptures constantly, I had not perfect love. If I was tempted or weighed down, I concluded a sanctified person did not feel as I felt, and consequently dared not profess the blessing; but, after struggling and praying for it, again it would be given me. And then, O! how happy! The very spirit which glowed within my heart would seem almost audibly to say, "surely, this is perfect love." And thus, for some time, I kept gaining and losing the blessing, until I have become less ignorant of Satan's devices. And now, let my frames of mind or feelings be what they may, I live by faith, and often are my severest trials and temptations precursors to greater blessings. I now, in all suitable places, confess what God has done for me, through the merits of his Son.

I preach holiness; and I have seen, when preaching on this subject, men fall under the power of God like men slain in battle; and in praying with those who were seeking purity of heart, I have seen them sink down in a motionless, deathlike state, being

"Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in His immensity."

Nothing so enraptures my soul as preaching, praying and talking about holiness. O, blessed subject! It is the marrow of the Bible -- the essence of the gospel -- the bone and sinew of Christ's church! I almost envy the Editor his task and usefulness. O, may he spread sheets innumerable, until the world becomes Emanuel's land, and a mountain of holiness to the Lord.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #037

If you judge it would be acceptable to your readers, I would ask permission to record the great goodness of God, my Savior, to me in my afflictions. I have been laid aside from my ministerial work for more than two months, so that I have made but four very feeble attempts to preach since last January. My disorder has been a deeply seated chronic catarrh, which has reduced my strength so much that I have been able to walk or ride but very little; and there was evident danger, from the extreme prostration of the system, that consumption would follow at no distant period, unless relief could be obtained. But, thanks be to the merciful and wise Disposer of events, my symptoms are now more encouraging; and though I am not now entirely out of danger, yet I and my friends cherish the hope of recovery. The Lord has been peculiarly good to me in my afflictions; but in recording his merciful doings, permit me to revert to the past.

More than twenty years since, and after several months of earnest endeavors, and much prayer for the blessing of entire sanctification of heart, on a fine summer's day, as I was leading my horse down one of the high hills of New Hampshire, a few miles east of Keene, earnestly lifting my heart to God, that he would then give me faith to embrace the blessing, and finish his great work of grace in my heart, he poured upon my longing soul such a full baptism of the Holy Spirit as perfectly assured me

that the work I had been seeking was accomplished, and that the inestimable blessing of perfect love was mine. The calm, solemn, sweet joy I then felt was truly "unspeakable and full of glory." So perfectly was I filled and surrounded with the salvation and all-pervading presence of my blessed Savior, that when I lay down upon my bed that night, I felt assured that with such a Savior with me, I should be perfectly safe, even if I lay in the very jaws of Satan. But he was then under my feet; and this assurance of a full and present salvation I enjoyed, with scarce an hour's obscuration, for more than two years, relying solely and steadily on the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin; and being then free from domestic cares, and also from the responsibilities of having the charge of any society, my situation was peculiarly favorable to the enjoyment of that blessed state. And during all the labors, cares, responsibilities, temptations and privations of my humble ministry for these twenty years, this salvation has been my comfort and my support. It is true, I have been conscious of many errors, defects and shortcomings, and I have often had occasion to lament the absence of that fullness of love and sweet emotion which I felt for the first two years; but holiness has always been the most delightful theme of my preaching and meditation. I have frequently had the witness of the blessing clear, and have uniformly felt a cheerful acquiescence with the will of God in all his known requirements; and, while endeavoring to do his will, I have rested my soul on the all-atoning blood. This cordial coincidence of the will with the will of God, as a habit of the soul, is satisfactory and valuable evidence of a heart purified from its evil propensities, though the direct witness of the Spirit may not always be clear. But it would be manifestly unsafe to depend on either as a test of holiness for any length of time without the other. Some seem to seek for what they call sanctification, chiefly for its joys; that their crosses may be fewer or lighter, and their joys greater; and when they acquire a high state of rapturous emotion, they often erroneously suppose they are pure in heart -- but, perhaps, in the first contest with sin or temptation, they lose their raptures, discover some evil in their hearts, and immediately fall into doubt, if not into despondency.

My object in seeking holiness of heart was, that all my propensities which stood opposed to the will of God, which St. Paul calls "the law of sin in our members," might be destroyed; that "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus might make me free from the law of sin and death;" that I might be prepared cordially and cheerfully to bear my crosses, perform my duties, fulfill my ministry, and be fitted to give up my final account with joy. God gave me the blessing, and since that hour his will has never appeared too difficult to be performed, or too hard to be borne; but his service has been my choice and delight. And now, when called to suffer deep affliction, and to converse with death, this blessing has been a rich source of consolation, and the firm basis of my hope. It has disarmed death of its terrors, and presented the "valley of its shadow" as the gate to endless joy in the presence of my God and Savior. The anticipations and foretastes of that holy and blissful state have often, within a few weeks past, melted and overwhelmed my soul; and though I have been deeply humbled, in view of my many defects, errors and shortcomings, and the little good I have done in the cause of God, yet I have been enraptured with grateful emotions of love and praise, for such great mercy shown to one so unworthy. And it has been a source of peculiar satisfaction to find myself fitted for these spiritual and joyous exercises, without being under the painful necessity of seeking a preparation for my great change amidst harassing doubts and fears, and languor of a sinking body. I have often closely searched my heart to see if I had any choice between life and death, and have found none. The language of my heart is, "The will of the Lord be done;" so that if my Savior should submit to me which to choose, I should at once wish to refer it to his will. He knows, with infinite precision, which will be most for my good, the interests of his kingdom, and his own glory. I should be happy to live and labor for souls; and yet I should exult to hear the summons to depart and be with Christ and glorified beings, beyond the reach of toil and suffering, and the assaults of sin and Satan. The following lines of the immortal Watts most appropriately express my feelings; and in the views they present, my spirit has often been melted with joyful hope of heaven:

"Raise thee, my soul; fly up and run
Through every heavenly street;
And say there's nought below the sun,
That's worthy of thy fee

Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above;
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.

There, on a high, majestic throne,
The Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

Bright, like the sun, the Savior sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

Amidst those ever shining skies,
Behold the Sacred Dove;
While banished sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

The glorious tenants of the race
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three One.

Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
And dwell amongst them there?"

This testimony to the Lord's inexpressible goodness to me in this time of heart-searching affliction, I wish here to record to the honor of his name and the glory of his grace, that my brethren and friends may rejoice and praise the Lord with me, and pray for me; and that others may perhaps be induced to seek for the same salvation, as the best qualification for their duties as Christians and ministers, and as the only preparation for undisturbed peace and joy on a sick and dying bed. How long a time is allotted to me here, or what will be the issue of my present disorder, is quite uncertain, nor am I solicitous to know. I hope I may live more to the glory of God while I remain on earth, whether in doing or suffering his will; and when he shall call me away from earth, I hope, through grace, to meet the message with joy. But all my salvation hitherto, and all my hope for the future, has been, and still is, through the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Since the last conference, Rev. J. O. Dean has gone to his reward. He was a devoted and useful

minister, and, I doubt not, is now with the glorified. And that beloved brother, Rev. E. M. Beebe, has just gone up to take his robe of white. We labored harmoniously together in former days; I have always loved him much, as a faithful minister, and when I heard of his death my soul melted in joyful anticipation of soon meeting him in glory. He has gone, perhaps, but a little before to try his harp in new strains of praise.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #038

On the 14th day of February, 1842, the writer, after a severe and protracted struggle in prayer, found peace in believing on God.

Amid alternate hopes and fears, he struggled on until the 9th of September, 1843, when his mind became deeply exercised on the subject of holiness of heart. An extra meeting was at that time in progress in Sag Harbor, and Bro. R____, a faithful and holy man, was present to aid our stationed preacher in his arduous labors. The first sermon Bro. R____ preached was a very close and practical one on the subject of holiness, explaining how it might be obtained by consecration and prayer, and that it was our privilege to so overcome every besetting sin as to love God with all our hearts. He then invited all who would seek for the blessing of holiness or perfect love, to come forward and kneel for prayers. Being myself within the altar, I did not arise to pledge myself to seek the blessing with those who came forward. I thought it was useless for me to seek for holiness, believing that while engaged, from day to day, in my store, I could not live in the enjoyment of the blessing, even if I should obtain it. But, when they knelt for prayers, I knelt with them. I then, led by the Spirit; began to think how I could overcome my evil propensities and live a holy life. The first besetting sin presented to, my mind, as an obstacle, was anger, or a spirit of fretfulness. In the strength of the Lord I put this upon the cross, and made up my mind, that, by the grace of God assisting me, I would, by watchfulness and prayer, overcome it, remembering, at the same time, that precious promise, "My grace shall be sufficient for you." As soon as I had decided to overcome this sin, another and another came up before my mind, until all the temptations to which my disposition and associations peculiarly expose me, were presented before me, and as I grappled with them as they came along, with a full determination to overcome them, I was overwhelmed with deep sorrow and penitence. Tears bedewed my cheeks, and prayers and cries went up to God for help. After the praying was over, whilst still on our knees, Bro. R____, with a heart filled with the Holy Spirit, and with a sweet, clear, shrill voice, commenced singing those beautiful lines, "Lord, sanctify me, just now, just now."

And while listening to that heavenly music, my heart melted as wax before the fire. Tears gushed from my eyes anew. I was completely overcome and sank upon the floor writhing in the greatest agony of soul, while the beloved Brother H. fervently invoked heaven's blessing upon me. At the close of the meeting I felt some relief, but went home rather cast down. The next morning, when I awoke, it seemed as if the room was filled with the full rays of gospel glory, and I then loved God with all my heart, soul, strength, and mind. It appeared that heaven was about as high as the steeple of the church, and that if I prayed aloud, angels could hear me in heaven. All that day and the next day my heart was filled with this same heavenly love. In the evening I again went to church, and Brother R____ explained the witness of this great blessing, whereby I knew that I had obtained it, and felt it my duty publicly to confess it, which I did. While going home from the meeting I was greatly tempted. I thought that I now had confessed to the world that I had obtained the blessing of perfect love, and that if I did not retain it, I should bring reproach upon the cause of Christ. The next day my faith began to grow weak. I thought I should lose the blessing; that my faith was too feeble to hold it; and while meditating about losing it, I began to be a little worried about some temporal business, and there

seemed at once to be two spirits contending in my heart -- the spirit of the world and the spirit of God. Then I thought, surely I shall lose it, and according to my faith, so it was unto me. That afternoon it flickered away like an expiring candle, and went out and left me entirely in the dark. I felt so bad that I would not go into the altar or take a part in the public exercises, as I had been accustomed to, but sat back in the church and waited until Brother R_____ came out. I told him I had lost the blessing, and asked him what I should do. He said, you received it by faith, did you not? Yes, sir. Do you keep consecrated? Yes, sir. Well, said he, hold only faith, and you will get it again. He then left us, and was gone about a week. When he returned, the subject of holiness was again preached, but still I was in the dark. I thought, however, of this rich promise, "If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love." This promise I turned over in my mind from day to day, and prayed over it; finally, I believed that this promise was true. That if I kept the commandments, I should abide in the love. I thought I would bring it to the test, and that I would adopt a system, such as I would in any other important business. On Sunday evening I prayed until I was blessed; I then knew that I was in the love, and keeping the promise in view. I was determined the next day to watch myself closely and see what it was that stole my peace away. I found that the same old besetting sins which I once had overcome, again sprung up and robbed me of my love. The next evening, I laid these besetments before the Lord, with a full determination to overcome them. And in answer to prayer, I was blessed, and was again in the love of God. The next day I watched myself again, and found that I had so overcome the first besetments, that they did not trouble me. But other temptations again stole my peace away. The next evening I laid them all on the altar, and, in answer to prayer, had my soul blessed, and was again in the love of God, and so continued to consecrate for several days. About the fourth day, I went into my closet, and began to look around for some besetting sin to nail to the cross, and finding none, I felt that they were all overcome; and, of a truth, I said that I loved God with all my heart. There was a perfect calm. Not a murmuring thought in my mind. The communication between my soul and God seemed to be direct. As far as the eye of faith could reach, there seemed to be one broad ocean of love, without bottom or shore. Then I praised God with all my heart. Then I basked in the full sunshine of gospel glory. Since then, when I keep the commandments, I live in love: if I willfully break or neglect them, I lose it; and then, by using the same means, I obtain the same end. My joys often ebb and flow, but generally my peace is like a river. How sweet it is to live near the bleeding side of our blessed Redeemer. This love casts out all fear, except the fear of breaking the commandments, grieving the Holy Spirit and losing my love. When my affections are on anything more than God, then that love plumes its wings and takes its flight. I can live and enjoy it in the same way a man can keep perfectly clean. If he washes himself clean and puts on clean clothes, he can keep himself pure only by washing and changing his clothes from day to day; so the Christian, in answer to prayer from day to day, must have his heart washed in the atoning blood of Christ, be cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and be clothed with the garment salvation.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW LIFE

"Ah, how long shall I delight
In the memory of that day,"
When the shades of mental night
Sudden passed away!

Long around my darkened view
Had those lingering shadows twined,
Till the Gospel, breaking through,

Chased them from my mind.

There was light in everything,
Everything was bathed in bliss;
Trees did wave, and birds did sing,
Full of happiness.

Beauty in the woods shone forth,
Beauty did the flowers display;
And my glorious Maker's worth
Beamed with matchless ray.

"Ah, how long shall I delight
In the memory of that day,"
When the shades of mental night
Sudden passed away.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #038

The following experience, as will be observed, was written at different times and comprises not only a general account of the Lord's dealings, but also a particular account of private exercises as extracted from a diary. The length of this article will be no barrier to its being read. The editor only regrets that he has not room for further extracts.

I read, with deep interest, the "Guide to Christian Perfection," and find myself thereby enlightened, strengthened and encouraged in the way of holiness. The subject of heart holiness has been to me the last year, one of all-absorbing interest. And not only heart holiness, but a holy walk, a holy life, a holy conversation, a life of entire symmetrical holiness; -- an aiming to be in the world as he was, our blessed Pattern, our holy Redeemer. I say, for the last year, holiness to the Lord has been my motto. I have been a professor of religion sixteen years, but I never heard of the doctrine of entire holiness, as a thing to be realized in this life, until February, 1839. When I tell you that I do not belong to your order, and had never been at all associated with a people of this belief, you will be able to account better for my ignorance. In the good providence of God, I went, last February, into a Methodist protracted meeting. I heard a sister there speak, as I never before heard man or woman speak. A holy composure sat on her countenance, and she seemed to me to be breathing the atmosphere of heaven. She spoke with the simplicity and love of the beloved disciple, who leaned on Jesus' bosom. I sought a private interview with her. I opened to her my heart. I told her I lived in a state of daily condemnation, and I had never indulged a hope of living above this state. Then, for the first time in my life, I heard of Jesus, a present Savior from all sin. We knelt side by side and prayed; she, to a present God, clearly seen in and through Jesus; I, to the Great Unknown, to God, afar off. The news of this salvation, a salvation from sin, was good news, glad tidings. This, thought I, is worthy of the Son of God; this is indeed peace on earth. I seemed to see, if this were true, it was the healing balm for all my woes. I will not undertake to describe my past experience. I will turn away from this long dark chapter of my history, only with saying, I remember three different periods of this experience, when, it now seems to me, I might easily have entered into this state of entire consecration to God, and perfect love in the soul, had I met with such a friend to guide me. But I cannot excuse my sins, my unbelief of God's Word. There God, even my unprofessedly, (even before I believed this) had always called me to

holiness, and I may say in truth, that I never read and meditated upon His Word, without seeing and feeling the difference between the gospel standard, and that by which I was living. I had only one interview with this sister, as she left town, having been here only on a visit. Alone, unaided, except by the Spirit of God, I pursued the doctrine of heart holiness. I came to the word of God with a determination to lay aside my former creed; to forget the experience of those dear servants of Christ I had long known and loved, and understand for myself what the salvation of the gospel was.

Being so situated as to be able to control my time, I laid aside all work, excepting the more necessary and peculiarly pressing family duties, and devoted my time, for eight weeks, to the study of the Bible. I commenced with Paul's writings, and often read one epistle through four or five times before I went to another; dwelling on his expressions, and endeavoring to find out all his meaning. From the epistles I went to the gospels, and from the gospels to Isaiah's glowing descriptions of the church. I soon became speculatively convinced, not only of the extent of God's requirements, but of the obligation and the ability of the Christian to fulfill these requirements in and through Jesus, who I saw was manifested to take away our sins. I now set myself, by prayer and supplication, to seek the Lord. I fasted, wept, and prayed. Passages of this import, "if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him;" "if ye have not the Spirit of Christ, ye are none of his," were searching texts. The Spirit of God accompanied the word, and it was like a two edged sword piercing my heart. But I had come to the Bible to receive and believe it all, and my eye fastened on the promise of our Savior, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Blessed, sweet promise, my heart swells with emotion while I repeat it.

While pleading this promise, kneeling before God with the words on my lips, I felt a sweet assurance that my prayer was heard; a sensible peace entered into my soul. I arose and returned to my Bible with new emotions. Now I saw and believed. I should have said, that as soon as I believed that holiness was to be attained in this life, I immediately commenced perfecting myself- that is, I labored to control every sinful emotion, and herein I advanced externally, but found my heart was ill at rest. But after this peace or love entered into my soul, nothing moved me. I thought if every friend on earth should die, my happiness could not be effected. I had but one desire, viz: that God's will might be done. I seemed to have no will of my own. I could conceive fully of the feelings of martyrs, and it seemed to me an easy thing to yield up life for Christ's sake. Indeed, I felt, to die is gain. I read my own heart's emotions in the strong language of Paul and David. Christ was my all in all. I could say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee; and there is none on earth that I desire beside thee." The presence of Christ was as much of a reality as if he had been in the flesh, sitting by my side; and as I read the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth, I received them as fully as if I had heard his own voice. Thus my feelings ran for several weeks; my soul seemed completely under the power of love. I knew of no contrary emotion existing there. I had been conscious, in weeks prior to this state of love, of the Spirit's power on my heart, particularly in setting home the truths of God's word, but I now receive a special manifestation, as much of a reality to my soul as the sun light to my eye. It came gently, yet powerful and overpowering; it was like a mighty rushing wind in the soul, extending itself through all my bodily frame. I said, "Lord, I am thine, entirely thine: come life or come death, I am wholly consecrated to thee." I seemed now to know what is meant by the Holy Ghost. This manifestation brought me nigher to God than ever before. I could now say, Father, Abba, Father. I seemed joined to Christ; the oneness I cannot define: but our Savior prays, "that they may all be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us," and I think I know what he meant, and received the very thing he then prayed for. I could now say, "I live, yet not I, Christ liveth in me." I felt strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Now came various temptations, and in various ways; but out of them all the Lord delivered me, and he doth yet deliver, and I believe he ever will, if I only confide in him. I do know that my Savior hath power over Satan, and through him I expect to conquer every foe. Sometimes I have been in heaviness through manifold temptations, doubtful of the path of duty, and variously tried,

yet have I never lost my faith and love. As with the desperation of a drowning man, everlasting life and blessedness has dawned there, and the prospect is widening, and I sometimes get an open vista into heaven. The sunlight of God's countenance, the great God, whose beautiful works I everywhere behold, and have so often admired, -- even the terrible God, who rideth in the chariot of his anger to destroy the rebellious nations from off the earth, this God is my God; the sunbeams of his love rest upon me; upon me, a poor, frail child of dust, once all polluted with sin, but now a joint heir of Christ, a partaker of his holiness, with immortal glory full in view. Glory, glory be to God; glory and praise for ever and ever. Amen. Do I then shrink to give up all for Christ? Do I withhold my heart, my whole heart? O, no. How much I love the first and great command I cannot tell; how much I love that Savior, who atones for past offenses, and now frees from condemnation by enabling me to fulfill this command, I cannot say in words. I trust my life will tell the story of my love, and in death I expect to praise his name, and throughout eternity to love and adore. O, could I speak to the Christian world, I would proclaim, "His name is Jesus, to save us from our sins. Be it unto thee, according to thy faith."

EXPERIENCE CONTINUED

In the April number of the Guide for the year 1840, I gave some account of the gracious dealings of the Lord with my soul; how he had brought me out of darkness into marvelous light; how he had won over my heart entirely to himself, making me to count all things as loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord. And now, nearly four years from this date, I am again permitted to record on the pages of your little periodical, sacred to holiness, the continued goodness of the Lord to me. Hitherto, from that time, I may say, the Lord has been my helper. While I have continually felt myself to be as a house in ruins, and liable to fail, yet has the Lord been my prop; on all sides my supporter and help. Praise to the goodness of the Lord; praise the Lord with me, O ye saints of the Lord, whose eyes shall read this record. Praise him for his goodness to thyself; praise him by a life devoted to his service.

In this continuation of my experience, in the sunning up of the feelings of several years, I am at a loss where to begin, and what to say; how to give the right expression, the average weight of feeling. But through every change I think I can say in truth, I have maintained one purpose -- one fixed and unalterable desire, to glorify God by the constant exhibition of the spirit and temper of my Lord and Master. I account it my highest happiness to have known the Lord Jesus, as a pattern for imitation, in interior purity, and in on ward conformity to the will of God. I have been made happy (as happy, it seems to me, as a mortal in the body can be) in the love of God. Hemmed in, and checked and chastened on all sides, by my own weakness and frailty, I have had occasion continually to look towards myself with feelings of deepest self abasement. I think I have made progress in the lesson of humiliation, and have not only felt myself to be nothing, but become willing to be anything or nothing as the Lord pleases; looking to the accomplishment of God's will as the one desire and sole delight of my heart. That beautiful expression of the Lord Jesus, "Lo, I come to do thy will," has often been before my mind, and as an affectionate, obedient child, I have come to my heavenly Father, breathing this as the one desire of my heart. I have been daily fed and nourished by the word of God. It has been to me a well spring of life. I have been greatly blessed in committing to memory the 119th Psalm; meditating on the Word, my soul has gained new life and strength. As the tree planted by the rivers of water is flourishing and fair, so prospers the soul that is fed from the living fountain of God's word.

The prevailing state of my mind has been in no wise that of high emotions. On the contrary, there has been great calmness, placidity, and quiet of mind; a freedom from excitement or agitation of feeling. I have often thought that peace was the peculiar, the special state of mind belonging to Christ's disciples, as he said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." But while this has been the prevailing state of my mind, I have not been exempt at times from conflicts, from severe and close temptation. Heart searching and soul trying questions have often come up before me; temporary causes

of inquietude have sometimes arisen. The Lord knoweth my frame, the peculiar structure of my mind, my situation, my temptations, and is my Friend and Helper; this has been my comfort in every tribulation. Trial has only brought me nearer to himself; made me to love holiness more, and increased my desire for more perfect likeness to my blessed Lord. All is well, while my heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

March 30, 1839. -- This month has found me in the diligent and prayerful study of God's word; in the examination of a new truth, which has of late, for the first time, been brought before my mind, viz: the realization of present entire sanctification to God. The result of this investigation is a deep and thorough conviction that this state may be realized, through the abounding grace of God given in answer to believing prayer. I henceforth set myself to seek the Lord; to seek full redemption in the blood of Jesus. My prayer is, "Create in me a clean heart, O God."

April 20. -- The Lord is with me to set his seal to truth by the operations of the Holy Spirit on my mind. The Word is applied to my heart and conscience; the Spirit aides me in prayer, and I am already blessed. One evening, especially, while in prayer, I received a draught from the river of life, a satisfying portion, which quenched my thirst. My faith laid hold on Jesus -- a present Savior. As the tempest-tossed mariner enters the quiet haven and is at rest, so my soul was calmly anchored; all was well. I reached the spot where was safety. As I pass on from day to day, I find increasing sweetness in the word of God. The promises are so many jewels of gold; I seize them: I bind them round the neck; I press them to my heart; I search for them, as one searches for hidden treasure.

I feel a tenderness of spirit I never felt before; a melting, a dissolving heart; a walking softly, as if God were present, and bending towards me, with all his heart of love. I cannot sin against him. Every thought and desire is lost in the sweet perception of God's presence, in the desire to please him. As the little child, that cannot walk, stretches forth his hands to his parents, and the parent comes and helps him, so I stretch forth my hands to God, and he comes and helps me, -- he leads me; yea, he carries me.

April 30. -- Retired one morning for prayer and meditation. Before I had opened the Bible, while sitting and meditating, the Holy Ghost came upon me, and the power of the highest overshadowed me. God had come into my heart in truth, in reality. I was pure, for God himself had breathed upon me. The exercises of mind which followed this baptism of the Spirit, were a sense of purity; a feeling that I was wholly the Lord's; that God was in Father:-- I had free and perfect access to Him; that I was united to Christ. I seemed to myself to have been born again.; to have come into the kingdom of God as really, though not as fully, as if I had entered heaven itself. I had no interest but that of God. All my thoughts and feelings centered in him, as if God were myself, and I had no being out of God. If I looked to find myself, my former self, it was not there.

May. -- A sweet peace of mind have I enjoyed this month, calm, delightful, and almost uninterrupted. Have suffered in two instances, being tempted; realized who Satan was. Was in an agony for a few moments, lost in the thoughts that were pressing upon me -- I had sinned. Prayed earnestly to God, and soon found peace and joy restored to my bleeding bosom. To sin against him whom my soul ardently loves, how can I endure it? Have been enabled to visit from house to house, particularly amongst the poor. I find the precious word more and more precious to my soul; I live upon it, even as body is sustained by food. I find here a table spread which more than meets all my wants. It seems to me that only one promise of the true and faithful God would be enough, would satisfy me.

Have an abiding sense of God's presence, and at times my heart seems not only filled, but to overflow with the love of God. No clouds nor darkness overshadow my path; my faith receives no check: it seems fixed immovably on God. Have felt a strong desire to declare publicly, yea, to all the world, could my voice be heard, what a Savior I have found one that makes whole; but am hindered. I mourn as a child who so loves his fears to grieve his parent; as one whose heart is full, and yet is

forbidden to speak. Was greatly comforted, in this strife of feeling, between love and fear, as I opened to and read again and again, 1 Peter, iv. 1: "Forasmuch, then, that Christ has suffered for us in the flesh, arm ourselves likewise with the same mind." O, what sustaining power did I find in this chapter. Verily, I went in the strength of that meat many days. O, Lord, thou knowest I desire only to do thy will. Let me but know thy will, and it is done, if all the world despise me. I sacrifice nothing when I give up all the world to thee.

May 25. -- After much deliberation, and many weeks of prayerful study of God's Word with reference to this duty, was led this evening, at a public prayer meeting, to declare the greatness of the salvation I had experienced. Now, Lord, have I sacrificed all to thee; a willing sacrifice thou knowest. Be thou still my God, and joyfully will I bear reproach and shame.

June 20. -- My peace this month has been abundant; like the river, ever flowing. And my joy, at times, has risen high, even as the swollen river, overflowing its banks. New sources of joy arise in my contemplations of God, and God alone is the object on which my mind rests. It seems a waste of thought to dwell upon myself, on my past sins. God's forgiveness seems so complete, my sins so blotted out, as if no more remembered, that I cannot name them. My poor, famished soul, so long oppressed in darkness and in sin, having found new wings on which to rise and soar, scarcely dares look back, but hastens on to know more and more of God.

June 27. -- For the first time since I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost I felt the sudden rise of an indignant emotion. Hitherto my mind had been so kept and raised above external influences, that nothing from this source has seemed to reach and move it. Retired immediately for prayer and humble confession. Found it good to prostrate myself before the Lord; to ask and to receive forgiveness; yes, receive forgiveness. Such were my views of God, such my sense of Godly sorrow, that I could not come from the place of prayer unforgiven, unblessed. I realized that the blood of Jesus is ever flowing into the heart of the humble and contrite, to wash away sin. Read with great comfort the 86th Psalm -- "Bow down thine ear, O Lord; hear me, for I am poor and needy." Am distressed, at times, from a fear of self-seeking, while actively engaged in the cause of Christ. This suggestion is as the viper's sting; it enters into and deeply wounds my spirit. I cry unto the Lord; I spread out my case before him as it is. O Lord, thou knowest I have forsaken all for thee. Yea, my own life -- my reputation in the world, and that which is most dear. I desire only to do thy will and pleasure. No one suggestion so often tries my mind as this, self-seeking, self-gratulation. Lord, I abhor it. I feel myself to be a worm, and less than nothing, only as thou dost breathe upon and give me spiritual life. I do not, I cannot take any glory to myself. Not of myself, but of thy grace and goodness to me do I make mention. I am willing to speak, or willing to be silent, only let me glorify thee.

July 18. -- Truly all things have become new. I seem to live in a new world, and to breathe in a new atmosphere. As I look upwards to the visible heavens, my soul itself seems transported thither. In the sun's pure rays, in the moving clouds, in the pure blue ether, I myself am soaring. As I descend and look around me, all nature is clothed with new beauties, such as I have never seen before. I gaze upon the trees, the fields and flowers, with intense delight. I listen to the sounds of nature, to the wind, to the smallest insect's notes, to the music of the birds, and all seems melody and praise to God. Voices of music, and instruments of music, which to the worldly ear have worldly charms, to me are sacred, holy sounds, on which my spirit rises higher up to God. Nature and nature's God are all identified, and from the objects around me I derive great holy enjoyment. God, the great, the good, is all around me, wherever I turn my eye. He is within me, a portion of myself. In him I live and breathe. I seem to myself to be in longer earthly, groveling, but my whole spirit lifted up to God, as if I were united, coherent with him. I now know what heaven is, as I never conceived before. I seem to be no moment separate from God. I now see how God can fill and take up the whole being, so as to become the life, the soul of its existence. I lie down at night unwilling to slumber, to interrupt the conscious union of my

soul with God , but in my dreams I am still with him, and I awake with the same union of mind, with the same burning emotions of love, as with which I slept. There is a living flame of love in my bosom, which the live coals, all glowing and radiant with heat, seem aptly to represent.

July 28. -- The love of God is still abounding and overflowing in my bosom -- yes, overflowing; my delight in God is beyond expression blessed. I have found the Lord, the true and only God, the Maker of the heavens and the earth, and the Author of my Spirit, and he is my God. What more do I desire? Lord, it is enough to possess thee, to call thee my God. Thou dost fill my soul with thyself. O, blessed being delightful existence to know and enjoy God. Now I thank thee for my existence as I never could before. He only lives who lives in God.

July. 31. -- Received, a few nights since, a special token of God's remembrance of me, which greatly cheered and comforted my heart. I returned from church conference depressed, not finding in the breasts of others any response to my own feelings, and under the influence of much that was discouraging committed myself to sleep. I awoke at dead of night, surrounded by God's presence. Surely he had come, or sent some angel visitant to bear up my spirit which was drooping. My reflection was, what can I not do, what can I not bear, sustained by God? One other such angel visit at dead of night, I would here record, two months since; it was light, glory, and blessedness in my soul, which banished all sleep, and kept my eyes waking, and strengthened me for the performance of a cross bearing duty which immediately awaited me, and I knew it not.

Am still often anxious on account of self seeking I want to feel that I am wholly rid of self, and living purely, simply for God, and to God. I long to be wholly free from all self-entanglements, and live and breathe only for God.

Sent. 23. -- Have been called, in providence, to spend much of this month in company with others, and have had less opportunity for retirement and prayer than usual. Notwithstanding this, I have realized much of the (and may I not say in truth the continued) presence of God. Surely, I have been kept by the Good Shepherd, and have not passed from beneath his watchful eye. Wherever the Lord calls his children to go, there he will be with them, and surely my prayer has been, "If thy presence go not with me, carry me not up thence." Have realized something of the feelings expressed by Madam Guyon in the verse,

"To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there."

But I find it good to be alone again with God. I cannot mingle in the world for enjoyment; duty only calls me from my retirement. I have found short interviews desirable, and all approach to disputation unprofitable. To be a child of God, and speak only when I can glorify him, requires great simplicity, and in the main but few words. Have had some trials and sorrows of mind; realized something of Paul's experience in the passage, "troubled, yet not distressed: perplexed, but not in despair," &c.

26. -- Would record, with gratitude to God, that my mind is at rest on a subject which has caused me some anxiety, and which I have often prayed over. While praying, a view of the subject was presented to my mind, which fully settled the question. I bless the Lord, who hears and answers prayer. O, how much is that childlike confidence in God worth, which approaches him, expecting to be heard and answered, and to be directed by him in the path of duty. O Lord, do thou enable me to possess more

and more of the simple prayer of childlike faith and trust in thee.

Dec. 9. -- Am now enjoying, for a number of weeks, a season of leisure, away from home; a freedom from care, which furnishes much time for reading, meditation and prayer; also, special opportunities of Christian communion and fellowship with God's people. Yet I ask myself, and with feeling, What are circumstances, however favorable, without God? They are as the wood and coals without fire; they are nothing.

"Were I in heaven without my God,
T'would be no joy to me."

Yet may I not, do I not expect and claim blessing here? Has it not been my prayer, "If thy presence go not with me, carry me not up thence." And hath he not said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee?" I cannot indulge a doubt but what my God will be with me here. My desire is unto him, and in confidence is in him, that he will be with me, and sanctify and bless to me this opportunity.

Dec. 25. -- Christmas day. Memorable day! A time when God appeared, and permitted me to plead with him as face to face; as a man with his friend. It was as when one of old plead and prevailed. Through the Spirit's power I had access to God, power to plead, and prevailing prayer; yea, my prayer was turned to praise. Surely the Spirit maketh intercession in us, for things agreeable to God's will. The blessing I sought was on its way; it speedily came. Next to the sanctification of my own soul, no greater blessing could I have asked. And now, what thanks shall I render? I feel myself to be a weak, unworthy worm of the dust. I was never so dissatisfied with myself as now; my praises seemed so small, so inadequate. I wanted an angel's harp, and angel lips. As the poor imprisoned bird against the wires, so I use my little strength, and then fall back disheartened, to be nothing; yea, nothing myself; absolutely nothing; and God all.

Jan. 1. -- On this morning of the new year, I consecrate myself without reserve to the Lord God Almighty, to be his, soul, body and spirit. I look back to the period, nine months since, when the Holy Ghost was shed on me abundantly, and I realized that I was indeed sanctified to the Lord. And I have inquired solemnly, earnestly, with a sincere desire to know the truth, whether I have preserved myself sacred to the Lord; whether I am still wholly his, and living alone to glorify him. One trying point, especially, has come up before my mind, viz: whether I have fulfilled that requisition of the apostle, "Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God." A tender point, one on which I have often examined, and sometimes condemned myself. Upon strict examination of my feelings, it is a consolation to me this day to feel that I am ready, yea, desirous, to make any sacrifice in this respect which love to God requires.

Jan. 7. -- Music, sweet music! not of earth, but from heaven; angel harps, blending harmoniously, softly, sweetly! Such music I heard in a dream, a vision of the night, and it carried my soul up to heaven. A happy feeling is in my soul; the sound thereof is in my ear as I review it. O, to dwell for ever in such enchantments, where music is all around me, and every sound harmonious praise to God.

Jan. 10. -- Enjoyed once more, and for the last time, another delightful interview with Christian friends. These interviews have been rich in blessings to my soul, for into these little companies Jesus himself has come. Yes, it is his presence that has made these interviews so blessed. As daylight to the eye, so is the presence of Jesus to the soul. I will endeavor always to bear in mind, distinctly, prominently, that I am to look alone to him to refresh and comfort my soul, and no less in a social meeting or in an interview with friends, than when alone in my retirement.

May 10. -- For a short season, last night, was severely tried by a pressure of evil suggestions. I seemed to be entangled as in a net. While struggling for free spiritual breath, and asking in anguish of spirit, Can I hold on, and hold out, and continue to reckon myself holy to the Lord, this passage, "He suffered, being tempted," came powerfully to my relief. There was strength in the thought, that temptation was not necessarily sin; that Jesus knew and sympathized in my anguish: that He was present, and that by his authority this blessed passage was brought to my mind. Thus was my grief and disturbance of mind changed to a calm, settled repose, and I slept. It was like reaching on the bosom of Jesus.

July 4. -- Memorable day! spent in delightful social intercourse, in prayer and praise, and holy conversation with a beloved member of the household of faith. While conversing on doing the whole will of our Father, we found our minds enlightened, and increased in spiritual understanding and knowledge of his will. Such interviews, where heart meets heart, are grateful indeed, and refreshing even as the streams of water to an eastern traveler. Sometimes I have questioned, whether I did not neglect too much the customary social intercourse. If so, it arises, in part, from a fear of finding such intercourse unprofitable to myself and to others. There are visits of mercy, to the sick, the poor, the afflicted, which admit of no question, and which I hasten to perform; but other calls, the customary calls of society, admit of a question in my mind, Can I thereby do good, and glorify God? Still I would not restrict myself to any rigid rule of duty, knowing that wherever the Lord calls his children to go, he can there bless, and make them a blessing. But to be "unspotted from the world," without a mark or sign of worldliness, and yet in the world, is a difficult lesson.

July 11. -- Have enjoyed, of late, sweet fellowship with Jesus, -- have had a view of him as my Companion by the way; as my Beloved, on whose arm I am to lean through my earthly pilgrimage: to whom I am to look up for counsel and guidance; yea, who is himself engaged to watch over my steps, and keep me from falling; who is the bridegroom and protector of my soul; one engaged to support, defend and bless me.

July 16. -- "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Can he not renew the heart in holiness, and preserve it holy? Is it not his desire we should be holy; and while my own desires concur with his will, can the malice of devils prevent it? have they any power at all against God? against man, when his strength and reliance is in God? Whatever others may do or doubt, I must I stand alone, as did Abraham, believe God. I know what he has promised he is able to accomplish. Let me alone, ye fiends of darkness, and ye unbelievers in the church of Christ. I cannot grade my faith by yours. I must believe in God, to fulfill his word, his will in me now, even now. Thus shall the world know there is a God, who killeth the life of self, the natural man, and raises up that heart, a holy temple, for his worship, his praise. I thank God, for increasing faith in the doctrine of present sanctification, for a firmer grasp upon the truths of his word. I find the way of holiness less and less encumbered with difficulties. I can more easily distinguish between temptation and actual sin -- a point which has often much perplexed and distressed me.

To know more and more of God; yea, as much as mortal can know, has been my desire of late. But while considering today his greatness, his power, I found my mind unprofitably lost in the vast contemplation. Then how gratefully I turned my eye to Jesus, as God revealed; as the God I can study; whose ways I may imitate; whose precepts I may follow. Says Paul, I desire to know nothing but Jesus, and him crucified. Henceforth be this the desire of my heart, to know Christ, in order to be like Him. Yes, Christ shall be my lesson; and thou, O, Holy Ghost, my teacher, for, says Christ, "He shall testify of me." O, Holy Ghost, my teacher and comforter, sacrificing joyfully all other knowledge, I come to thee, to accomplish in me thine own office work. Behold me ready, (or, if not, make me so) to receive the knowledge of Christ. Thou hast taught me the way of Salvation through him. Do thou teach me, also, the way of life by him, by his example, his precepts.

Feb., 1842. -- To be a vessel, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, is my highest aim. I praise the Lord for the evidence I have that he does accept, and own me as his child. I received, a few days since, a special favor from on high, the sensible influence of the Holy Ghost, breathed upon me more powerfully than I had experienced it since that memorable period, two years since, when the glory of the Lord filled the temple of my heart, and made it fully subservient to himself. Similar results have followed. I have found the precious Word more precious in its application to my heart; have had increased happiness in God, and renewed desires to be wholly his. But, notwithstanding this gracious visitation, I find I am not exempt from powerful temptation. I was in great fear lest I should sin against, and grieve the Holy One. I could only look to Jesus and implore his aid, and while thus doing, or endeavoring to do, for I could not pray to my own satisfaction, my soul was set at liberty. On the following morning, as I awoke from sleep, I found these words had taken possession of my mind, "My strength is made perfect in weakness," and I thought I fully comprehended their meaning.

July 10. -- My mind has been drawn out unusually of late to pray that God would so control my whole mental being, as to bring every thought into subjection to himself. Why may not my intellect, my memory, my imagination be so subject to God, as to become a storehouse of holy thoughts and images? What measures shall I adopt to secure this object? I answer, faith in God. He can do it, and more specific faith may effect the object. As far as may subserve thy glory, O thou Eternal Mind, I would pray for an enlargement and improvement of my mental capacities. Save me from all vain imaginations, from idle and wandering thoughts. Save me from all unprofitable recurrence to past actions which cannot be amended. Let my mind rather be engrossed with God and present duty. I find it greatly for my spiritual benefit, yea, indispensable, to dismiss the thoughts regarding past exercises and acts, whether pleasing or painful; also, not to permit my mind to run in advance of the present time. I live only in the present moment, for the present passing moment only am I responsible. By thus taking care of each moment, my course of life will become comparatively easy, and I may expect to find grace equal to my necessities.

July 18. -- I now feel as if I had come into the central attraction of God. Sanctification of mind, every thought brought into captivity, has been my experience for a few days past. It is surpassingly blessed; beyond the power of language to express what it is to the soul, thus to find God. My heart has long dwelt with him; but O, this tossing to and fro, this scattering of the intellect -- where shall it find a basis, and rest at ease? It now seems to have stretched itself to God; or rather God, in answer to my prayer, has come to my mind, and let me know what it is to have my mind stayed on him, yea, united with his mind. O, blessed union with the Eternal Mind! Thus are the drops of Heaven's own bliss exhaled, and poured out, a delicious fragrance, into the soul of man. O, let me be ever looking up, as the eagle towards heaven, nor stop, nor tire, until all I have and am, is wholly lost in God.

March 20. -- Today I enter on my _____ year. I can look back only on the three last years of my life with any degree of satisfaction. Each day of these years has found my heart in the same position, delighting in God and seeking his glory; finding all my happiness in doing his will. The years previous to this, I mourn over as years of darkness and sin, of lamentations, and bitter repentings; as spent without God, or without the enjoyment of God. How could I enjoy God, in his works, in his Word, while my soul was like the troubled deep, casting up mire and dirt? His works, so full of beauty, bespeaking such power and wisdom, I turned from them, for there came a voice to my soul, speaking condemnation. The holy word, where on every page I read, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and soul, and might, and mind and strength," was condemnation. The blessed Sacrament, the feast of love and sweet communings with the Savior, I was there, a Judas. Is this religion; this the enjoyment of God; this happiness? My soul with all its energy says, No. Ruin and woe follow in the train of alienation from the blessed Lord God; and who wants his soul restored, and to feel conscious bliss, let him return unto the Lord with a heart of perfect love.

The enjoyment of God is a rich, a blessed experience; happiness indeed, and I reckon my life to have began when I found God, as revealed by the power of the Holy Ghost, in and through Jesus, to my soul. Then did the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them, pass away; and all flesh became as grass, and myself an atom of creation, and GOD All in all. Then were the idols of my heart demolished, and my soul cleansed; it could easily have found a home among the pure spirits above, yea, heaven was in my soul, for the indwelling God, the Holy Ghost was there.

O, sacred temple! has it since been polluted? Father, thou knowest. I hope, I believe not. The foul breath of disease and death has often blown upon it, but the breath of the Eternal has consumed it, and O, shall I not say it, left the temple still his own? Lord, if it is so, I am wholly a debtor to thy grace. Thou knowest my weakness, -- through what straits of temptation I have sometimes passed; how near my feet have come to slipping, if I have not slipped. And thou hast seen the anguish that has almost overpowered my spirit, from the dread of sin. Yes, the thought of Thy presence has supported, has comforted, has cheered, when my soul was bordering on hell, on sin; and I still live, my soul is still alive to praise Thee -- to declare thy great goodness, thy faithfulness to one of the children of dust, of emptiness, of very weakness itself.

O come, ye hearts of love, let us worship and adore and praise the Lord our Maker, our Redeemer, our Sanctifier; the holy, holy, holy, Three and One, in whom our salvation is complete. In the beauty of holiness, in the secret depths of the soul, let us worship and love and adore, now and forevermore. Amen.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King

ACCOUNT #038

A Hallelujah lass, in White-Chapel Road, gave her experience in the following parable: "After I was saved I found some things in my heart not right. There seemed to be cobwebs in the corners. I used to sweep them out by watchfulness and prayer; but they would come again. For some time I kept on sweeping out the cobwebs, only to find them soon appear. But one day the Lord came and killed the spider; and there have been no cobwebs in my heart since."

Source: "Joy and Rejoicing" by Abbie C. Morrow & C. W. McCrossan

ACCOUNT #039

At a certain camp meeting in the South, one of the preachers in a sermon at night held up the dreadfulness of concealed iniquity. The discourse fell upon the ears of a profoundly awed and conscience smitten audience, although there was but little outward demonstration at the altar. It seemed that a number shrank from coming forward after such a fearful delineation, lest such a movement would be to spot and mark themselves as acknowledged criminals and violators of law in the grossest sense.

Next morning the writer was in his tent, engaged in preparation for the morning sermon, while the Testimony meeting was in progress at the Tabernacle about an hundred feet away. Suddenly a shriek of agony, ascending from the place of worship, literally rent the air. The scream came from a woman, and we knew from the shocked, horror-stricken accent that whoever gave it was a heart-broken person. We scarcely ever heard a cry which so deeply moved us. It carried its own misery with it, and the listener could not but respond in spirit to nature's wail over the incoming of a colossal sorrow.

After this startling interruption there was a profound silence of an half hour, and then came the

sound of the people leaving the Tabernacle and their scattering along the tent-lined streets. Glancing out, we saw that all were talking earnestly and knew that they were discussing the incident of that morning.

Recognizing a gentleman, we called him aside and asked why the woman had given that fearful scream. He replied, "Her husband made a confession this morning," and then related the circumstance.

It seemed that this husband, whose name was D, was one of the convicted ones in the audience of the night before. Next morning he accompanied his wife to the Experience meeting, to her great joy, as she fancied she saw in his gloomy face signs of conviction, the natural precursor of salvation.

He took his seat just behind her, and after a number had testified, he arose to his feet as pale as death, and with a faltering, voice said.

"I have kept a load of guilt on my heart for thirty long years. I cannot stand it any longer. It is killing me by inches. I want to say here before everybody, that just after the close of the war I killed a man!"

Whether he intended to say more or not we do not know, for just as these last words were uttered, the wife gave the agonized cry we heard in the tent, and fell upon the ground at the feet of her husband unconscious.

Something of the shock may be imagined, when the thought rushed over her:

"The father of my children is a murderer! The man with whom I have been most intimate on earth, who has gone with me through life side by side, has his hands red with the blood of a fellow creature!"

No wonder she went down senseless in the dust.

We next asked our informant where the woman was and was told that she had been borne to an adjacent room by sympathizing friends. Our following question was, "Where is the man?" and the reply was, "He has gone to his tent."

In a few minutes we found him there, lying on a cot and looking more like a dead than a living man. Taking a camp stool by his side we laid our hand upon his and found it cold and clammy, while his body was trembling as with a chill. With a heart full of pity, we said:

"My brother, are you not glad that you made a clean breast of your guilt today?"

Turning a pair of despairing eyes upon us he answered:

"Mr. C., the law will hang me."

"Hang or no hang," we replied, "are you not glad that you have gotten that black stuff out of your heart which has been weighing it down for thirty years?"

Grasping our hand, and with a look of unspeakable relief upon his face, he said in a firm, manly tone:

"God in heaven knows that I am."

It is not necessary to dwell on other particulars of the case occurring, at this immediate time. Suffice it to say that D. went home, submitted to arrest, was cast into jail, and underwent his trial.

The Scripture plainly teaches that when we do what God bids us, He will take us up, fight our battles and deliver us from all our trouble. This was what took place with D. The Lord touched the heart of judge and jury; moved on men here and there; brought first one thing and then another to pass, and completely delivered the man.

The words of the Psalmist could have been truly appropriated and repeated by him in description of what had been done for him and in him: "He hath delivered my some from death, mine eyes from tears and my feet from falling." There was a strange literal fulfillment of the verses in his case. His feet did not fall through the trap door of the scaffold; his eyes were saved from weeping through the pardoning and consoling love of Christ, and his spirit as well as body were not given over unto death, but were both brought forth from imprisonment and bondage, into life and liberty according to the promise of the Almighty.

Such was the man's gratitude for the salvation of his soul while in prison, and for the rescue of his life from the law soon after, that he would not wait for the next camp meeting to obtain holiness of heart, but sought the blessing at once, and months before the regular annual encampment he had swept into Beulah Land and was one of the strong ones in Canaan when we next beheld him.

Repeatedly the writer and his Singer met this doubly redeemed man during the camp which followed the one mentioned in the beginning of this sketch, and we both had to admit that among the bright, restful faces we beheld in the meeting, that the most peaceful one of all was that of the man who the year before had made such a startling and terrible confession.

Source: "Remarkable Occurrences" (Chapter 22--"A Startling Confession") By Beverly Carradine

ACCOUNT #040

On the third, fourth and fifth days of a meeting God began to stretch certain individuals out on the floor around the altar in the old-fashioned way. I was deeply interested in the case of a Methodist local preacher of fully sixty years of age, who sought the blessing of sanctification with a persistence and patience for five days that I never saw surpassed. Morning and night he was the first at the altar, and sought the blessing with strong crying and tears. Service after service he failed to obtain the witness of the Spirit that the work was done, yet he never allowed himself to be discouraged. Others swept in ahead of him who had begun later, but he did not murmur, repine, halt, nor fall into darkness, on account of what to some would have appeared divine favoritism. He held on in his lonely way. He told the Lord that he must have the blessing. He did not kneel a little while and then get up and take his seat, as I have seen many do, but he held on to the horns of the altar, and pleaded with God, while great tears rolled down his cheeks and fell upon the rail before him. Meantime his soul was greatly blessed in the seeking. He was evidently in the path of the just that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. He was nearing Canaan, and stood on the banks of Jordan in the same beautiful country that so captivated two of the tribes of Israel that they would not cross over at all. Alas for people who stop short of entire sanctification with any religious experience, no matter how good it is. The word is, "Cross over."

Mr. Wesley says that sanctification is preceded and followed by a blessed growth in grace. All sanctified people find it so. It pays spiritually just to seek sanctification. The soul wakes up, the spirit gets on a stretch for better things, the heart becomes inflamed with love and devotion to God. But it pays better to "go on to perfection," to "groan after it," and never stop until we are "made perfect in love in this life." See the Discipline, and above all see the Bible.

Our local preacher spent a couple of blessed days on the beautiful banks of Jordan, but still sighing out his soul for Canaan beyond the flood. One night nearly everyone had left the altar but himself; he still lingered with great pleadings before God, when suddenly the Savior whispered to him, "He that confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven." He leaped to his feet, crying, "I believe He sanctifies me now"--when instantly the power of God came upon him, the fire fell, and there followed a scene that the congregation of that night will never forget. Oh how he shouted, laughed, wept, clapped his hands, and embraced his brethren. Did any of my readers ever hear

a man rejoice who had not thus overflowed in twenty, thirty or forty years, who was doing the first real shouting of his life? As a rule such people make up for lost time. Besides, the Holy Ghost can make a first-class shouter in a single second. There is needed no evolution or growth into this Methodistic, old-time religion, pentecostal and heavenly overflow of the heart and exercise of the voice. So our brother shouted, and cried out he was sanctified, and shouted some more, and said he had the witness--that the Spirit told him he had the blessing. Then he shouted again, and went over to his weeping wife at the altar, and said to her, "Say, glory," and then fell back on the floor and clapped his hands over his head and shouted again.

Other men were quietly saved that night, but his case drew special attention and interest because of his being a preacher, and his having sought the blessing so long and patiently. What some one has called "The Problem of Methodism" was solved with him forever; and so it would be with all who would do as he did. If our preachers and laymen who fight the doctrine of instantaneous sanctification by faith, would spend the time and energy in seeking for the blessing which they now lose in withstanding it, there would soon be no "Problem of Methodism" to discuss, while the glorious solution, read in shining faces, liberated tongues, and God-empowered lives, would send a revival wave of salvation over this land whose tidal uplift would bear upon it the beautiful dawn of the Millennium.

Source: "Pen Pictures" (Portion of Chapter 17) By Beverly Carradine

ACCOUNT #041

In some of our meetings we have beheld scenes, and witnessed works of the Spirit, which, if put in print, would read like occurrences in the days of Wesley and of the Apostles.

In a certain town in a Western State the services were held in the Opera House. We had a number of clear conversions and powerful sanctifications. Among the latter was one that was quite remarkable. For days the man had been patiently and persistently seeking the blessing. Just as I had concluded a morning sermon, and while a number were approaching the altar, the Holy Fire fell upon him. The scene which followed was simply beyond any proper description. The power upon him, and in him was so great that the man looked like one electrified, and to the world would have appeared to have been in an agony. He was literally flung about the house by an invisible but uncontrollable force. He would sink down a moment on his knees in a rapture of joy, only the next moment to be lifted suddenly to his feet and swept away to a distant part of the building. I thought several times that chairs would be broken and the stage scenery before which we were preaching would all be demolished under one of his amazing rushes! But nothing of the kind took place. All could see who watched the man that not a particle of "put on" or "worked up" was in the case. God was simply pleased to make an individual a spectacle of His power, and show that a live gospel was still in the world, and that the Holy Ghost had not exhausted Himself on the day of Pentecost.

It was fully a half hour before the man had calmed down in a measure. A crowd of men rushed up from the street, and with faces as solemn as death viewed the scene of a hundred holiness people in a spiritual rapture, salvation flowing at the altar, and a man whom they knew, filled with the Holy Ghost and fairly caught away from the world in which he lived.

As I studied the case before me, I could not but think of the description of the man in the Book of Acts who was saved by the power of Jesus' name, and went "leaping and praising God through the Temple." This man was not in the Temple, but he did not leap or praise God the less, because he had found full salvation in an opera house. Perhaps Christ had in his mind these days of ecclesiastical exiledom of full salvation, when He said: "Woman believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. But the hour cometh and now is when the

true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

It is blessed, indeed, to find that God is not confined to times and places. He is everywhere. And to the soul perfectly redeemed, every house is a temple, the mists of the morning is incense, the birds are a part of the heavenly choir, while every bush and shrub by the roadside, burns and sparkles with the glory of God.

Source: "Pen Pictures" (Portion of Chapter 17) By Beverly Carradine

ACCOUNT #042

Consider how this witness received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, through the ministry of Rev. Arnold Hodgins, in a graveyard in Nampa, Idaho. He was a gravedigger in a Catholic cemetery. Mr. Hodgins said he was spiritually dry enough to "make you sneeze." Sunday night he came to the altar for the blessing, but he was unable to pray through that night. The next morning he took his pick and other tools to cut his way through three feet of frozen turf in digging the grave. He completed the grave one hour before time for the arrival of the funeral cortege. It was bitter cold, so he dropped into the open grave for protection from the elements. The Lord suggested to him, Now this is a good opportunity for you to pray through." He acted upon this persuasion and knelt down in the grave, pouring out his heart to God for the baptism with the Holy Ghost. He yielded his all to Christ. His praying prevailed, and he came out of that grave with tear-dimmed eyes, rejoicing with the blessing. Just at that time he looked down the way and saw the hearse and the followers coming; he stood near the grave in a mood opposite to that of the mourners, while the Catholic priest mouthed his ritual over the remains of the departed soul.

Rev. Seth C. Rees, while preaching on the New England coast, from the topic of receiving the Holy Ghost, related the incident of a man coming under mighty conviction for the experience. At the conclusion of the service he apparently sought with great earnestness to receive the Holy Ghost in the second definite work of grace, but he did not succeed in his efforts on that occasion. He was a butcher by trade. The next morning he got down to the shop early; on going about his work, his duties took him into the icebox, and the Holy Spirit suggested that he tarry and pray for his heart's desire. After a few moments of earnest, desperate praying he came out of the icebox rejoicing, with Holy Ghost fire burning in his heart.

But, friends, these days it is not necessary for you to go to the cemetery to find a spiritual graveyard, or to the icebox to find refrigeration. The reason more folks are not receiving the Holy Ghost is because the average church is either dead or frozen. In spite of these handicaps, no one need go without the blessing, for here we have examples of two men, one receiving the blessing in a graveyard and the other in an icebox.

Source: "Sanctification, The Price of Heaven," by Fred M. Weatherford

ACCOUNT #062

When I was in my twelfth year, the Lord spake peace to my soul, and I remember I wished that all the world could enjoy the happiness I then felt. Though I have never ceased trying to live a Christian life, yet I have had a great struggle with my unsanctified nature, which I confess has often turned me aside from walking in Christ Jesus as I received him. I always strove to overcome sin, but, by neglect of duty and unwatchfulness, failed. Although I hoped to be made holy before death, I did not know that I might enjoy this grace long before my departure.

A little more than six years ago, I heard Rev. C. W. Brooks relate his experience. I wished that I could enjoy the experience of sanctification which he enjoyed, and which he received in answer to prayer. I then began to pray that I might be wholly sanctified, and the Lord heard my prayer, though it seemed as though he "sat as a refiner's fire and fuller's soap," to try me in the crucible and over the fire, and wash me thoroughly from my sin. Yet he granted me my heart's desire. All glory and honor and praise to God for this unspeakable blessing.

I rejoice in this glorious way of holiness. I feel today that I am wholly consecrated to Christ, and believe he will grant me grace sufficient to glorify his name all through life.

Source: "Experiences of the Higher Christian Life in the Baptist Denomination" by John Q. Adams, New York: Sheldon & Company, 500 Broadway. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1870

ACCOUNT #043

It was in the early part of June, 1861, that I was led by the Holy Spirit to give my heart to God, and become a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. From my earliest childhood I had been surrounded by Christian influences, but being naturally of a gay and lively disposition, passionately fond of worldly amusements, I broke away from all Christian and home influence, in order to gratify my natural tastes, and, until I was twenty years of age, was one of Satan's most devoted followers.

My dear mother's prayers followed me, however, during all this time, for ever and anon I would hear the voice of the gentle Spirit urging me to give my heart to God. I would answer: "Yes, but not now -- not now; at some future time, when I get older, and have become satiated with the pleasures of the world." Ah, how unsatisfying they were, even then. How often, when whirling in the giddy dance, memories of my childhood's home and of my mother's grief -- did she know how I was engaged -- would sadden my heart, and in a moment destroy all my anticipated pleasure! In the midst of scenes of earthly enjoyment my soul was ever yearning after purer and more lasting joys, and as year after year rolled on I became more and more dissatisfied with the transient pleasures of the world, but knew not how to better my condition. I used to think: "Oh, how I wish I was a true Christian;" but always felt deeply sensible of my own inability to become one.

Dark days came, however -- oh, such days, and weeks, and months, and even years, of sadness and gloom; every cup of earthly happiness was embittered, and I was utterly wretched. I knew not what to do, nor where to look for help. I had grieved away the Holy Spirit time and again; I had poured contempt upon God's love, and would not have him to reign over me; and now, when dark days had come and all earthly sources of joy had failed, he had forsaken me. For two long years I sought the Saviour sorrowing. My sins, oh, how they haunted me day and night! I hardly dared close my eyes in sleep, for fear I should wake in hell. My friends wondered at the change in my appearance, but attributed it to physical debility. They recommended a physician. I took his prescriptions, but they did me no good; none but the great Physician of sin-sick souls could cure my malady; and he did -- blessed, ever blessed be his name.

I cannot tell when I first exercised faith in Christ. I remember one Sabbath afternoon taking my Testament, and as I read page after page of the sacred word, oh, what sweetness there seemed in it, what food for my hungry soul! What a different book it was! I wondered it had never seemed so interesting before. I felt like a person who had suddenly found some great treasure, and I thought I should never grow weary of reading. How I longed to tell some one what I had found; but I did not and for two or three weeks I kept my new-found joy locked up in my own breast, until, one Saturday evening, I was invited to attend the young ladies' prayer-meeting connected with the church of which I

am now a member.

At the close of the meeting, the pastor asked me if I was a professor of religion. I replied, "No." He then asked me if I had ever met with a change of heart. I immediately replied: "I believe I have during the past few weeks." And oh! I shall never forget what a flood of light and joy rushed into my soul and through my whole being as I thus gave expression to my faith in Christ. From that night I had no doubt as to the genuineness of my conversion. The Spirit himself bore witness with my spirit, that I was born of God; and shortly after I related my experience and united with the church of my choice, not without meeting with opposition, however, from those whom I loved very dearly, on account of my particular views in regard to baptism. But God gave me grace to walk in the path of duty, with his word alone for my guide, and the language of my heart constantly was: "You may have the world, only give me Jesus." On the third Sunday in July, 1861, I was buried with Christ in baptism, and raised to walk in a new life indeed; a life of peace and joy, such as the world cannot give nor take away. Oh I how I exult in the thought, that we can be placed in no position in life where we may not rejoice in the Lord.

About two months after my conversion, my thoughts were very specially directed to the subject of sanctification, by attending a grove meeting held purposely for the benefit of those who were seeking that experience. I did not go as a seeker of sanctification particularly; but, when the invitation was given for those who desired an experience of that kind to manifest it by rising, I at once arose. I knew there could be no blessing in the Christian life above my aspirations. I always used to think, when an unconverted sinner, "If ever I become a Christian I will be a whole-hearted one." I did not stop to consider whether I was worthy of enjoying the experience of sanctification. I only knew that the word of God demanded, in view of the sufferings and death of Christ on the cross for me, that I should present my body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which was but my reasonable service; and while I thus met his requirements, Christ was made unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. I at once made an entire consecration of myself to God then and there; and without any effort on my part, just simply believed that Jesus was all to me that he had promised to be.

I did not have an opportunity of bearing my testimony that day, but a few days afterward I did, in a meeting in the city; and oh, how God blessed me! My soul was filled with joy unutterable in thus honoring Christ by simply believing the truth of his word. From that time I breathed as it were the very atmosphere of heaven.

"Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song."

Trials the most bitter and severe had no power to destroy my happiness. My mind was constantly stayed on God, and he kept me in perfect peace according to his promise; and if ever I have lived devoid of that peace during the intervening time, it has been on account of my lack of faith in Jesus. He is unchangeable, the same yesterday, today, and forever. Blessed, ever blessed be the name of Jesus, it is my privilege to abide in him as the branch abideth in the vine, and constantly to bring forth fruit to the honor and glory of his name, who hath called me from darkness into his marvelous light, and from the bondage of sin into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Source: "Experiences of the Higher Christian Life in the Baptist Denomination" by John Q. Adams, New York: Sheldon & Company, 500 Broadway. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1870

ACCOUNT #044

My parents were godly people, members of the Congregational church, and instructed their children in the first principles of religion and their duty to God. I was, therefore, from my earliest recollection, a subject of serious impressions, but never indulged the hope that my sins were pardoned until about the age of fourteen years; and even then I could not tell the exact time when Christ spake peace to my soul. This fact was a hindrance, for several years, to my progress in the divine life; but I finally learned that the question was not, What have I been? but, What am I? Am I serving God now? If I am his disciple now, it matters not when I became one. Thus the tempter was foiled in his attempt to overthrow my faith.

Soon after my conversion I united with the church to which my parents belonged. But, after struggling against convictions for six years, I at length yielded, and united with a Baptist church. That was a new era in my spiritual life. From that day there was a greater change in my feelings than I had ever known before. I enjoyed very much of the presence of my Saviour from time to time, although I still felt that I had not reached the Bible standard; but I heard nothing of a higher life from Christians for several years.

At length some works on holiness were placed within my reach, and I availed myself of the privilege of reading them. I then saw that it was possible for me, even me, to walk in the "highway of holiness." I sought and obtained the blessing of sanctification, and for several months was enabled to trust in Jesus as my Saviour -- my perfect Saviour. But, not being fully instructed in the way, faith wavered, and I fell. I did not walk in darkness much in the years that followed, yet felt many times that I was living far beneath my privilege; although to the praise of God I can say that I received many precious answers to prayer, both for temporal and spiritual blessings.

In the winter of 1865-6, my attention was again called to the subject of holiness, and I determined again to make the consecration, and seek the blessing. Week after week passed away, and still I received no light. One evening after reading the tracts entitled, "The Experience of a Baptist Minister," and of a "Once Fashionable Young Lady," the thought arose: Why do I not enter into this rest? I know it is attainable, and I long for holiness of heart. I trust I was enabled fully to count the cost. The subject was made more clear to me, and I again made the consecration, feeling that I could not leave the room until the victory had been won. I had all the time before been looking for the evidence of acceptance before I believed. I told the Lord now I would hold on by faith and believe even without any sensible evidence. He took me at my word. I did believe that the offering was accepted, though I had no evidence except the written word. Yet I held by faith, and though I had no ecstatic joys, I possessed sweet peace and confidence in God.

I find that the once aching void is filled, and I can say that Jesus is mine and I am his; and "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." I am now not my own. My time, my talents, my all, belong to God. Oh that he may enable me to use all to promote his glory! This is all I ask: to know more of Jesus -- to be perfectly conformed to him.

"Blessed Jesus, unto thee
Evermore the praise shall be."

Source: "Experiences of the Higher Christian Life in the Baptist Denomination" by John Q. Adams, New York: Sheldon & Company, 500 Broadway. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1870

ACCOUNT #045

The consecrated life to which God has called me takes in all used and unused powers. My pen I

have given to Jesus, and my hand. Oh! that these lines "may be a blessing" to some weary friend, longing for the soft hand of Jesus to be placed on their heart, bidding it to cheer up, as he says, "I have overcome the world."

In early life I gave my heart to God, and joined the church. I lived as many do now; loved to go to church, attended to all my duties -- in short, professed religion. Years rolled on; my father was taken from me, singing, as he went, the praises of Jesus. Then life, real, earnest life commenced. God has taken many ways to bring this will, this life, into subjection to his will. Death took away loved ones, adversity took others. "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness." I need not say more. I need not tell how many were the ways taken by God to bring me where he wanted me to be, through severe discipline; but, looking back upon it all, I can say I would not alter one line of life's history. He knoweth best. "He doeth all things well."

Three years ago, after being a Christian for ten years, I was conscious of a deep hunger of soul -- a hunger that no earthly love could satisfy. I was thirsty, and earth's springs were dry. Coming to God, and asking sincerely and believingly for the bread whereof if a man eat he will hunger no more, and the water whereof if a man drink he will thirst no more, I heard, coming from the lips of Christ himself: "Come unto me, O weary one; come to me."

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad."

To condense much in a little space, I took Jesus for what I wanted. I wanted, first, the consciousness of a clean heart. I waited at the cross, where the blood flows, and, when it had washed me clean, the blessed Holy Spirit moved in and took up his abode; and now my heart was a home for Jesus. Oh! what condescension in him to come thus to dwell with fallen man!

"The mountain foxes have their hole,
The sky-birds have their nest;
But, save in thy surrendered soul,
He has not where to rest."

So I bid the "Man of sorrows" welcome. I took Jesus for purity, for rest, for love, and he took me for his own. He appeared to me and said: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Three blessed years have passed -- years of usefulness and happiness; for "holiness, usefulness, and happiness are inseparable." Life is real, full of meaning; but life is blessed when given to God, for he gives eternal life back. Oh! who will be so foolish as to miss this holy life? May none who read this be mistaken in God's will. "Be ye holy."

My life-work is teaching school -- "teaching school for Jesus," I like to say; teaching poor children. It is blessed work; the giver gets so much more than she gives. Work is good; work makes me hungry, and, coming to Him, I get fed; work makes me tired, and, coming to God, I get rested. I feel the sublimity of service; glad to do some little thing for struggling humanity. Was not this our Saviour's life-work, to help somebody? "Follow thou me." I desire to do so. Oh! for the "mind that was in Christ." "Occupy till I come." When he calls, may we answer, and in the service on high dwell forever with him who died to secure heaven for us.

Source: "Experiences of the Higher Christian Life in the Baptist Denomination" by John Q. Adams, New York: Sheldon & Company, 500 Broadway. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: S. C. Griggs &

Co. 1870

ACCOUNT #046

All this is but an introduction to a curious circumstance which took place five or six years ago in one of the Southern States. The main party concerned was a minister of the Gospel in the Presbyterian Church. For years he had been an active, zealous servant of God, when the great temptation of his life arose, began its assault, siege and sapping work.

While no criminality stained his soul, yet an infatuation had set in, drawing his thoughts and affections in forbidden directions, until a frightful moral peril, increasing daily in danger, threatened his character and salvation.

The mutual weakness of the two began to be observed, and some, with watch and almanac in hand, placed themselves, so to speak, to note the expected crash and downfall.

At this critical time the preacher, now almost vanquished, retired one night to his room. He was sitting in a chair near a center table, upon which rested a lighted lamp, when, happening to look toward the fire-place, he beheld to his unutterable horror, an agonized human face just over the mantel and thrust partly out from the wall! It was the countenance of the man whom he was on the verge of wronging in the darkest and most dishonorable manner. The face was convulsed; the eyes were turned upon him with such fury and hate that they looked as if they would burst from the head; the veins were swollen and the whole appearance that of a man longing to murder the being upon whom he was gazing.

The spectacle was so horrifying to the guilty conscience that the convicted man drew a large knife from his pocket and drove the blade into his breast just over the heart. As he did so he fell upon the floor, face uppermost, with the blood gushing from the wound, while the knife handle quivered and shook with the beating of the heart just beneath.

Momentarily expecting death, the unhappy preacher was afraid to look toward the mantel lest he should see again the dreadful apparition there, but, in a kind of mingled despair and supplication, cast his eyes upward, and to his amazement beheld a face, holy, pitiful and yet aggrieved, looking down upon him from the ceiling.

The lamp from the table threw a ring of light on the wall above, and right in this circle, which seemed like a halo, appeared this loving, melancholy, rebuking countenance. There was a peculiar glory resting upon it, and he felt in his inmost soul that it was Christ who was casting upon him that sorrowful, reproachful gaze. The face, while showing compassion, yet had also a commanding, protesting expression. Translated into language it would have read, "Do thyself no harm."

At this moment the wounded man lost consciousness, and the next morning was found by the members of the household lying on the floor and weltering in blood which trickled slowly from the wound, while the knife thrust up to the haft in the breast was still giving that quivering, oscillating movement in answer to the throb of the miserable heart close by.

The stab was not a fatal one, and in the course of a few days the subject of this sketch was out again, but bearing a deeper wound on his soul than the blade had given his body.

Up to this time he had been a great ridiculer and opposer of holiness, insisting that no man could live without sin in this world. But there was something in the two faces that looked upon him that night which made him wish to leave all sin forever. He conceived an unutterable horror of going to a world where agonized spirits glare on each other, and came into as great a longing for a country where

the King's face, in its love, purity and truth, is the light and glory of the land. The fight against sanctification and sanctified people was all taken out of him, and he became the most thoughtful and melancholy of men.

At this time the papers announced the holding of a holiness convention in a large city not far from where the preacher lived. Without declaring his intention to any one, he made his arrangements to attend, determining, if there was truth in the doctrine and experience, he would find it out, and get rid of a "body of sin and death" which seemed to be located in his spirit somewhere, and that kept him bowed down as with a load almost continually. He had before this received pardon for his sins of thought and desire and for his attempted suicide. It was not forgiveness he wanted now, but deliverance, freedom, purity, holiness!

So he came to the city, arriving on the third night of the meeting. As he took his seat in the Tabernacle, he heard the people speaking in whispers around him of the power that had already come down. He found arising in him a strange interest in and desire to see the evangelist who was conducting the services. The building began to fill up rapidly, while the hands of the clock were approaching the minute when worship would begin. Preachers and laymen came in and took seats upon the platform, while whispering people would say, "There he is," "No, that is not the man," etc., etc.

At last, just as the hands pointed to half-past seven, a man walked upon the platform from a side door, and knelt for several minutes by a chair, with his head bowed low. For some reason the visiting preacher felt his eyes riveted on the kneeling figure. He could not account for it, but his interest was almost a breathless one in a person whose face he had not yet seen. He felt without being told that the man praying was the evangelist, and there was a strange thrill upon him that this man was to affect his life in some powerful way.

Suddenly the evangelist arose and took his seat with his face toward the congregation and fronting in a straight line with the visitor. To the preacher's unspeakable amazement he saw shining on the countenance of the evangelist the same peculiar light and glory he had beheld on the face which had gazed upon him from the ceiling!

His emotion was so great that he could scarcely control himself, and but for the opening volume of song would have doubtless cried out. Little by little, however, the strange fact translated itself to his mind after this manner:

"God is in all this. There is His servant and he will bring me a message. The light and strange glory I see upon him is the Lord's endorsement and introduction of His messenger, and is a bidding to me to listen, believe and receive. By the grace of God I will."

And he did. As the sermon proceeded and the truth was unfolded, he saw the human need and the divine supply, the plague and the remedy of sin. He saw the possibility of obtaining a pure heart filled with perfect love, not as a development, but as an instantaneous work of grace wrought in the consecrated and believing soul.

At the conclusion of the sermon, he came all broken to the altar, and went again and again, until, on the fourth night of his public seeking, he found the pearl of great price, full salvation from all sin.

This was six years ago; and it was only last summer that we met him and had his story from his own lips. And, judging from the light in his face, the gladness in his eyes and voice, and the unmistakable peace in his soul, he was undergoing no regret whatever, that he had sought with all his heart, and given up all that he was and possessed, and had received in exchange the blessing of a restful, holy heart.

Source: "Remarkable Occurrences" (Chapter 17 -- "The Face In The Ceiling") By Beverly Carradine

ACCOUNT #047

A few years ago the writer was on a train in a southern State going to one of his appointments. He was passing down the aisle, when a lady stopped him and said:

"Is not this Dr. C.?"

"Yes, madam."

"I thought so," she continued, "from a picture I have seen of you in one of your books."

She then told me that she lived in the State of A_____, several hundred miles away, and was a traveling agent in a money making business; that a few days before she was out on one of her business trips and heard on the cars that I was holding a Holiness meeting in Meridian, Mississippi; that she was struck with the name "Holiness," and as a Christian she felt sufficiently interested to determine to stop off and hear me.

On going up into town, she discovered that the special services had closed some days before. She was greatly disappointed, but under the providence of God was thrown the same day into the company of two ladies, who, hearing her express her regret that she had arrived too late to attend the meeting and get the instruction on the subject, informed her to her great joy that they themselves had obtained the blessing, and if she would go home with them, they would do what they could to lead her into the blessing.

She spent three days at the home of one of these women of God, and the visit resulted in her receiving clearly and powerfully the blessing of sanctification .

Then she continued:

"Hearing that you were about to hold another meeting in this State, I determined to give up my business trip, lucrative as it is, and go down to Vicksburg and hear you preach there, and find out all I can about what I have got, and get established in the doctrine and experience. So I have written to my husband in A_____ what I have done, that I have given up my trip and gone to hear you for twelve days or two weeks in Vicksburg.

"In fact," she added, "I am on the way now, as I understand you open up there tomorrow."

I told the bright, happy-faced woman that I was glad to hear the good news of herself, and felt assured that the services would prove a great blessing to her.

In parting from her at the depot, she said:

"I know when my husband receives my letter he will think I have lost my mind."

Sure enough he did, and on the next day Mrs. S. met me on the street and showed me a telegram from her husband, which read:

"Stay in Vicksburg until I arrive."

The woman's face was radiant as she showed me the dispatch, and said:

"This is just what I wanted and was praying for. My husband is an unconverted man, and I crave to see him saved in your meeting."

On the following day, in the morning service, I saw a gentleman sitting by the side of my new friend, Mrs. S., and supposed at once and correctly that it was her husband. After dismissal, she brought

him forward and introduced him, when I said in acknowledgment:

"I am glad to see you, Mr. S., and you must allow me to congratulate you on having a sanctified wife."

Mr. S.'s face immediately became a study at this remark, but prominent was a bored, skeptical and disgusted look.

In a couple of days Mr. S., who at first arrival saw that his wife's mind was all right, got to listening with increasing interest and conviction to the sermons, and at last came to the altar and was soundly converted to God.

For two or three days it was a pleasure to see his face, all illumined with the new love and life upon which he had entered. I could but rejoice to see how things had been so overruled by the providence of God as to hook this distant soul by the bait of a false alarm and reel him to the shore, and put him on that ever increasing string of redeemed ones.

But in a little while the deeper Gospel of a pure heart, or holiness, began to break in and take hold of the man, and one morning we saw his face overspread with gloom and an expression come up dark and forbidding. As the congregation was dispersing at the close of the service, Mrs. S. passed me in the aisle and hurriedly whispered:

"Get hold of God for Mr. S. Something is the matter with him, but he will not tell me what it is. I am sure that it is something that God wants him to do, and he is running from it. He says he is going home on the train at midnight. Join with me in prayer and ask God to keep him from going. It will never do for him to leave at this time. He must get sanctified now. Everything depends upon it."

The woman's eyes were full of tears as she turned from me and vanished in the crowd.

Of course I "held on," as the wife had requested, while she, knowing more than I did about the man and how much was involved in his full salvation, made every breath a prayer.

To all appearances our prayers were in vain, for at 11 o'clock that night Mr. S. began to pack his valise, and half an hour later, in spite of the tears and protests of his wife, he descended the stairs, walked out on the pavement and soon his departing footsteps died away upon the ear.

But still his wife prayed on, saying,

"Lord, do not let him be able to get aboard the train. Prevent him by your power some way and bring him back."

At 1 o'clock as she lay wakeful upon the bed, she heard his step coming slowly and heavily up the stairs, the door open, the valise drop on the floor, and Mr. S. himself sink down in a chair as if he was made of lead. In a minute he spoke to the silent but expectant wife.

"I could not get off. Every time I put my foot on the car step, some strange power seemed to pull it down and draw me back."

The room was dark, and the man's face was scarcely less dark or gloomy, but there was one bright countenance in that room and one thankful heart that had already begun to praise God inwardly for answered prayer.

The next day the wife saw that a terrible conflict was going on in her husband's breast. She felt it best not to question him, and he did not offer to explain, only dropping the words that he had something to do back in the town where he lived that would kill him to perform.

She tried to encourage him, but being ignorant of the trouble that oppressed him, she was at a great disadvantage; besides he was not in a mood to be encouraged.

Late that afternoon, and before the regular preaching service, we held our usual prayer meeting in a class-room of the church. About twenty people were present. Mr. S. was there with his wife. He was kneeling back of the writer and several feet away. The presence of the Holy Ghost was very graciously and powerfully felt, and the writer was leading in prayer. He was repeating the words of Christ, "Father, sanctify them," when a voice cried out in most thrilling accents,

"I will do it, Lord!" When, crash I we heard a human form fall on the floor.

Glancing around, we saw Mr. S. stretched out full length, and looking upward with hands clasped and face covered with happy smiles. He had received the blessing of sanctification in the very moment of crying out, "I will do it, Lord."

In explanation of it all, it seems that a year or so before a prominent man in the town where he lived had in some way offended Mr. S., and so one night he went around to that gentleman's house near the hour of twelve with the full intention of calling him to the door and shooting him down. By some merciful providence of God the deed was prevented. Moreover, at our meeting our friend had repented and obtained forgiveness for the spirit of murder that had been entertained in his heart. But when he commenced seeking the blessing of sanctification, the Lord recalled the occurrence to him and said,

"Are you willing to write to this man and tell him how you intended to kill him at midnight at his own door, and how I have saved you from it all?"

Here then commenced the struggle in the breast of Mr. S., just as it comes to all who seek holiness, for God puts severe tests of obedience to all who want the pearl of great price. No man can obtain the grace unless he says yes to every command of the Lord. Hence the texts alluded to on the line of perfect, unquestioning obedience. With some, He puts a number of demands. With the person of whom we are writing, the main and crushing exaction was a written confession to the man whom he had intended to shoot.

Sometimes people overlook the full divine design in a confession like the one mentioned above. It works a double purpose. It tests the sincerity and faithfulness of the seeker after holiness, and it, so to speak, breaks to pieces the man to whom the admission is made. So the acknowledgment is tremendously effective at both ends of the line.

Anyhow, it brought about a death struggle with Mr. S. He tried to fight off the impressions but it would not leave. He then endeavored to argue it away, but it would not be convinced. He then pleaded with God about it.

"Why, Lord, I will not be able to look the man in the face when I return home."

"Will you do as I bid you?"

"But, Lord, the whole town will look on me as a cut-throat and assassin, and I will be ruined."

"Will you obey me?"

And so the spiritual battle raged, the Devil tormented, God quietly but steadily urged perfect obedience, and the face of the unhappy man became dark, stern and forbidding.

Now then came the determination to imitate Jonah and run from God, and then the announcement to his wife that he was going to return home that night on the midnight train.

The reader knows the rest--how two of us got hold of God to keep him from leaving, how he felt a strange power hindering him from boarding the train, how he stalked back to his room at one o'clock, came to the afternoon meeting, and suddenly yielding to God, cried out, "I will do it, Lord!" and as suddenly was filled with the Holy Ghost and knocked flat on the floor by the power of the Almighty.

All this happened seven years ago. Now and then we heard in regard to the brother that he was doing well in the Canaan life. Several years ago we met him and saw that the report was true. A few days since we received a letter from the wife, saying:

"Knowing your interest in Mr. S., I write to tell you that he passed away from earth to heaven this summer. It was a death of peace, triumph and rapture beyond all words to describe."

In the light of this small portion of the letter we see more than ever that in the comings and goings of our lives, the meetings here and happenings there, God comes and with His blessed overruling, directing and shaping power brings out the most unexpected and yet blessed of results. In the case we have just considered, a rumor of a revival meeting, and a conversation on the train, brought regeneration to one soul, sanctification to two, and glorification since then to the subject of this sketch.

Source: "Pen Pictures" (Chapter 21) By Beverly Carradine

ACCOUNT #048

Occurrences are continually taking place in the moral world that so break into and over what we call rules and laws in the spiritual life, and so upset certain standards of judgment, that we are for a while left almost breathless, and even after that for quite a season are disposed to be chary of our ex-cathedra utterances upon human life and its destiny, and are willing to allow God to run the world and manage the church and the nations for at least several months.

When we see and hear of people whom everybody thought established in the Christian life, going off into false doctrines, into various evil habits and into sin and unbelief itself; one of those wondering occasions is at once beheld. Great is the clatter and chatter of tongues for a while. The argument of an establishing grace seems to be knocked down. The increased power of resistance to evil said to come from the practice of righteousness appears for a period to be a mistaken idea. And so men are bewildered.

On the other hand, when we see a man who has lived a profane, impure, lawless, godless life for forty or fifty years, suddenly turn to Christ, get saved and then sanctified, and live like a saint, die in triumph and go shouting home to glory, another moral wonder has taken place, and another set of laws, oracular utterances and solemn prophecies have been upset.

The devil of course is around to put his interpretation on both occurrences, and get people to buy his commentaries on all such happenings; and yet the principles by which the two sets of laws were established are perfectly true, and what we see are only exceptions to the rule. In establishing our standards of judgment we simply failed to allow for the presence and power of an Almighty God not only in the world but in each life, and one perfectly able, with his knowledge of the heart and his omnipotence in this world, to amaze us with the dealings of his permissive and positive Providence.

Moreover, none of these startling things in the spiritual life about us, but have been already spoken of, and fearfully and wonderfully illustrated in the Bible. The Dying Thief was snatched from the lowest step of Ruin and caught up into Heaven. On the other hand, Saul, Judas, and Demas, when well up the stairway of Salvation, stumbled, slipped and fell with a crash to the bottom of an endless Perdition.

So Satan it seems steals messengers of light from the side of the Lord, while in blessed contrast the Lord plucks brands from the devil's burning, and transforms them into great fixed stars of righteousness and truth, to shine forever in the heavenly world.

The sketch we here present is a gracious instance of the goodness and power of God in the latter

case.

A man named S_____ was a steamboat mate on the Missouri River. No one ever remembered to have seen him at a church, or heard of his attending one. Moreover, there was nothing about his life to lead one to suppose that he ever had a religious thought, or suspected that he possessed a soul. At the age of sixty-five he was as wicked a man as ever stormed and swore at a set of hands on the deck of a steamboat.

One day while the boat was approaching St. Louis on a homeward trip, he, without a single premonitory sign, was stricken down with that lightning flash and thunderbolt of diseases -- paralysis. No one thought he would live through the remaining hundred miles of the trip, nor did he expect anything but immediate death. He heard, as it were, the clods falling on his coffin lid, and expected that the bottom of his grave would next break through and let him slide or plunge into hell.

On arrival at the wharf a litter was made and four men trudged through the silent, empty streets toward his home. From the moment he fell on the deck, and with every step of his litter bearers, S_____ was praying to God for mercy. His constant cry was, "Forgive me, Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ." Before he reached his house, twenty or more blocks from the river, God spoke peace to the tortured soul, and S_____ was laid upon his bed in his room a saved man.

Some ladies, belonging to the church of the writer, who did a good deal of visiting among the sick, heard of the case and called upon the sick man. In the midst of their visit they happened to speak of sanctification, when, quick as a flash, S_____ asked what they meant by sanctification; and they replied that it was a beautiful, blessed Grace that God had for His children.

"What!" said S_____; "is there anything else?"

"Yes," they answered, "a second work that purifies the soul and fills it with rest and perfect love."

Turning a pair of wistful, pleading eyes upon them, the gray-haired man said, with a broken voice, "I want it; tell me how to get it."

They, however, did not feel competent to give directions, but said they would send their pastor to call on him and show him the way.

The writer, however, was so busy with the numerous and different calls of a city pastorate, that he did not reach the home of S_____ until the tenth day; when, on entering, he found to his surprise and pleasure that the sick man had obtained the blessing alone, without any more human assistance. Asking the rejoicing person lying before us how he did and what he did to secure "The Pearl of Great Price," he said, with smiles and tears intermingled:

"I wanted it so bad that I couldn't wait. So I kept saying, 'Lord, please give it to me.' Hour after hour for eight days and nights, with every waking moment I would lie here, look up and say, 'Lord, please, for Jesus' sake, give it to me,' and one day, while I was sighing and crying and pleading, the blessing came and I have been full and overflowing ever since. O, Yes, I've got it; there's no doubt about it."

As the writer stood by the sick bed of this old river man, one who had not attended church, knew nothing of theology, and had spent his life amid hard and sinful men, and yet was here in the possession of a blessing that bishops are denying and theologians wrangling about, he was filled with such a tide of contending emotions of wonder and awe of God, and love and praise of God, that words could not properly and satisfyingly describe.

We doubt not that the man prayed himself to the point of a complete consecration, and we all

know that from the end of such a rod will bloom and bud the flower of a perfect faith in God to cleanse the heart from all sin and fill the soul with the Holy Ghost.

Thus, without preachers, sermons, and altar rails, Brother S_____, a poor, ignorant steamboat mate, looking to Jesus, and led by the Spirit, crossed the Jordan and entered the Canaan of Full Salvation, or Perfect Love.

After this it became a crowning wonder to visit him. From the hour of his sanctification until his death, six months later, there never seemed to be a cloud in his sky. His joy was not only like an artesian well, but overflowed everything, and everybody. It was a benediction simply to look upon the shining face of the man, and a privilege to listen to his conversations, or, rather, monologues, for one had only to be with Brother S_____ a minute to be perfectly willing that he should do all the talking.

We were not only surprised but amazed as we listened to the beautiful, blessed things that fell from the lips of the patient and rejoicing sufferer. As we remembered the churchless and sinful life, we marveled at the man's spiritual knowledge. Where did he get all these gracious thoughts that overflowed in such apt and unctuous language was the constant query of the mind? And the only answer was that here was a man who been emptied and filled and was now taught of God.

In the beginning of our pastoral attentions we went down to cheer and help the poor old brother, as we called him. But on the very first visit the tables were turned on us. The invalid helped the well man. The gray-haired man we called old had the youth and freshness of Heaven in him. Instead of being poor, he was richer in faith, love, joy and other heavenly treasures than any one of us who entered his sick room. He was a blessing to everybody who called upon him, and the feeling of the visitor at departure was, that one of the windows of Heaven had been opened just above that sick bed, and an angel had been met unawares.

More than once we caught some of our faltering, fainting members with guile, as the apostle expresses it, by asking them to drop in and see "poor old Brother S_____" who was lying in his room awaiting the second stroke of paralysis to call him home. They always came back open-mouthed and open-eyed, full of wonder and praise, and with their own faith stimulated and Christian life strengthened at the miracle of grace they had just beheld.

The second visit of the mysterious disease came as was expected. It found Brother S_____ not only prepared but yearning to depart and to be with Christ. The first stroke found him a sinner and bade him prepare to meet his God; the second blow knocked down the door that separates earth from Heaven, and Brother S_____ justified, sanctified, exulting and triumphant! walked through the open portal, and looked upon the face of his Redeemer.

Source: "Remarkable Occurrences" (Chapter 13 "A Brand Plucked From The Burning") by Beverly Carradine

ACCOUNT #049

In one of our Western states lived an unconverted man, who owned a store and was doing a prosperous business. Among other things which he sold was whiskey by the bottle, jug or barrel. He was thriving so well that he gave his store new coat of paint and treated it to a brand new sign, which swung and creaked in front.

One day a farmer, who was a friend and acquaintance, came into the store and asked him to let him have a drink of liquor, that he was tired and cold. The merchant in reply gave him a key to one of the barrels and told him to help himself. A half hour or so rolled by, and the merchant had forgotten all about the circumstance, when a gentleman strolled into the store, leaned on the counter and said to him

slowly and solemnly,

"I see your sign is lying flat in the road."

"What!" exclaimed the storekeeper, and rushed out on the gallery expecting to behold his new sign down on the ground. To his great relief there it swung in its place near the ceiling.

"No," he said, turning to his informer, "my sign is not down; what made you say so?"

"Yes it is," persisted the gentleman. "It is farther down the road."

The storekeeper followed the pointing finger and beheld, forty yards down the street, in the middle of the highway, the prostrate form of the man to whom he had given the key of the whiskey barrel. He was dead drunk.

The sight was like an arrow to the heart of the beholder, and crying out, "My God, is that the sign of my store" he walked into the house and closed the door behind him.

He never sold another drop of liquor from that hour.

Then followed days of unspeakable anguish of mind and heart through the convicting power of the Holy Ghost. He could not eat, sleep, rest or attend to business.

There grew around the town, and extending deep into the country, dense thickets. Taking his axe he penetrated the jungle and cut out a place in which to pray. He spent an hour in his leafy cavern, and failing to find relief, he went out and, a hundred yards away, hewed a second nook for prayer. Still finding no deliverance, he prepared a third. But as he prayed in it his burden seemed to increase. He then returned to the first, next visited the second and wound up in the third, praying in great and growing agony in them all.

Thus he did for several days, until one morning while in one of his caves calling on God for mercy, the blessing of salvation was poured into his heart and he shouted for joy.

His hallelujahs were heard a quarter of a mile away at a United States military post, and officers and men both thinking that it was an outbreak of the Indians, a corporal and squad of soldiers were sent running toward the town. Guided by the whoops and yells, they dashed into the thicket where our new convert was having the whole war to himself.

Filled with a rapturous love, he flung himself on the corporal and hugged him, and attempted to embrace all the soldiers, when the corporal, at first stupefied and now still mystified, but also deeply disgusted, cried out to his men:

"About face! Double quick!" and went back in a swinging trot to the garrison.

After this our brother joined the church and for months greatly enjoyed his new found salvation.

One of the idols of the past life, however, which he would not give up, was his pipe. He felt disturbed about it at times, and had occasional gloomy spells, but still was moving along.

Soon after this there came to his western village a Holiness evangelist, when he found that under his searching sermons his moodiness was increasing. But still he puffed away at his tobacco and did considerable grumbling.

One morning the preacher, who was watching him load his pipe preparatory to putting a coal of fire on it, said:

"My brother, would you be willing to swap that filthy old pipe for a clean heart and a sweet family altar?"

At once he became very angry in spirit and with difficulty kept from being rude to the minister. He felt that he was being very hardly dealt with, that his rights were ignored, his privileges trampled upon, and he was being tormented before the time. In a word, he fumed. He remained in this state several hours, getting what consolation he could from his pipe; and he never obtained less.

Toward the middle of the day he was a mile from town in his two-horse wagon, filling it with large stones for one of his fences. The pipe lay un-smoked in his pocket, and the rocks seemed to get in his breast. Grimly and with groans he worked until the vehicle was nearly loaded.

He stopped a moment to rest as he stood on the boulders. A sweet inner voice whispered, "Surely you would not keep out the Comforter because of an unclean habit."

At once there sprang into his mind and heart the determination, "I will give up everything for God!" Running his hands in his pockets he pulled out his pipe and tobacco pouch and threw them as far as he could into the forest. They had scarcely left his hands when the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire fell upon him.

With cries of joy and tears of rapture rolling down his cheeks, he gathered the reins in his hands, turned the galloping horses homeward, and came flying down the road, filling the air with his shouts and the highway with all the stones he had gathered.

The town, attracted by the outcries and rattle of the wagon, turned out to meet him as he swept into the square. They thought he had lost his mind, but he told them from his wheeled pulpit that it was his carnal mind that was gone. Oh, how he preached! His wagon indeed was empty, but he himself was full. He had given up the last of his old idols, and got in exchange a clean heart and a sweet family altar--in a word, the blessing of full salvation.

The writer saw him two years after the transaction had taken place, and he was still preeminently satisfied.

Source: "Pen Pictures" (Portion of Chapter 17) By Beverly Carradine

ACCOUNT #050

I united with the Baptist Church at the age of seventeen. I had but very little light, but hoped I was a Christian. I remained in this state about twenty-three years, when the Holy Spirit showed me I was not what a Christian should be. Through his help I sought and found Jesus precious to my poor heart. I knew, without a doubt, that Christ was my Saviour, but I found that there was inbred sin in my heart, and oh, it grieved me to think I still had sin there. I saw pride and anger (which were my darling sins), and I felt I must get rid of them.

The blessed Saviour soon led me to see that it was my privilege to be saved from all unrighteousness. I asked, how could I worship God in spirit and in truth when there was sin in my heart? Still, I did not feel that I was condemned, but felt my Father owned me as his child. I felt as I never felt before. All glory to his holy name! I was alive to God and his cause. I soon found that this doctrine of salvation from all sin was rejected by most of my brethren, but the Lord still led me on, amid all opposition. I had deep and earnest desires after God. I felt that nothing could satisfy me but to know that I was what God would have me be. I felt he would have me saved from all sin.

I attended meeting nearly every evening for several weeks, part of the time at the Baptist church, but most of the time at the Methodist meetings, they being nearer by. My desire after God increased, and one night I went to the Methodist meeting, and as soon as the minister got through preaching, he gave an opportunity for speaking. I arose and told my feelings. The minister invited all

that desired the blessing of holiness to come forward for prayers. I was the first one that came forward, but soon four or five more came forward with me. We knelt for prayers. I prayed, and others prayed for me. While here, God blessed me as never before, but still I did not feel the work was done.

I went home with a heart burning with the love of God. I retired to my bed, but was so happy that I could not get to sleep for some time, but finally did, and in my sleep I dreamed that I saw a light, and I was exerting myself to reach that light. I soon awoke, my heart still burning with the love of God, but felt the work was not done yet. I still held on to God in prayer to cleanse my heart from all sin. In a few moments I felt a quiet rest; no ecstasy of joy, but all seemed calm and peaceful.

The next day I felt a more perfect resting in Jesus than I ever had before; but I soon felt I must have a clearer evidence that I was saved from all sin, and I began praying for the full assurance. In two or three days the witness came. I knew the blood of Jesus cleansed me from all unrighteousness. I felt it all through my soul. Praise his holy name! I rose, but soon felt like getting down to pray again, and, with an eye of faith, I saw myself at the feet of Jesus, gradually sinking into my Saviour. I was filled with God, and for almost twenty-four hours I could not ask a favor of God, for I was entirely satisfied, and

"Drew from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows."

Since that time, in the strength of my loving Saviour, I have endeavored to walk in all the light that God has given me. I feel that the school of Christ is a blessed school. While writing, I feel the sweet assurance that Jesus saves me from all sin, and still my cry is:

"Nearer, my God, to thee;
Nearer to thee."

The more I learn of my blessed Saviour, the more I see and feel that without him I am perfect weakness, perfect folly, and perfect sinfulness, Praise God for a perfect Saviour who can save to the uttermost.

Source: "Experiences of the Higher Christian Life in the Baptist Denomination" by John Q. Adams, New York: Sheldon & Company, 500 Broadway. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1870

ACCOUNT #051

"After meeting the society, I talked with a sensible woman, whose experience seemed peculiar. She said: 'A few days before Easter last, I was deeply convinced of sin and in Easter-week I knew that my sins were forgiven, and was filled with 'joy and peace in believing.' But in about eighteen days I was convinced, in a dream, of the necessity of a higher salvation, and I mourned day and night, in an agony of desire, to be thoroughly sanctified, till, on the twenty-third day after my justification, I found a total change, together with a clear witness that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all unrighteousness.'" (Journal, June 23, 1761.)

We have known a large number of persons of every age and sex, from early childhood to extreme old age, who have given all the proofs, which the nature of the thing admits, that they were 'sanctified throughout;' 'cleansed from all pollution both of flesh and spirit;' that they loved 'the Lord their God with all their heart, and mind, and soul and strength;' that they continually presented their souls and bodies 'a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God,'--in consequence of which, they 'rejoiced evermore, prayed without ceasing, a in everything gave thanks.' And this is no other than what we

believe to be true Scriptural sanctification." (Sermons, Vol. II, p. 247.)

"Agreeably to this is the plain matter of fact. Several persons have enjoyed this blessing, without any interruption, for many years. Several enjoy it at this day; and not a few have enjoyed it unto their death, as they have declared with their latest breath calmly witnessing that God had saved them from sin, till their spirit returned to God." (Sermons, Vol. II, p. 174.)

"In the evening I spoke to those at Manchester who believed that God had cleansed their hearts. They were sixty-three in number, to about sixty of whom I could not find there was any reasonable objection." (Vol. VII, p. 381.)

"At our love-feast in the evening (at Redruth) several of our friends declared how God had saved them from inbred sin, with such exactness, both of sentiment and language, as clearly showed they were taught of God." (Journal, 1785.)

To Miss Elizabeth Hardy, 1761: "The plain fact is this: I know many who love God With all their heart, mind, soul, and strength. He is their one desire, their one delight, and they are continually happy in Him. They love their neighbor as themselves. They feel as sincere, fervent, constant a desire for the happiness of every man--good or bad, friend or enemy--as for their own. They 'rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks.' Their souls are continually streaming up to God in holy joy, prayer, and praise. This is a plain, sound, Scriptural experience, and of this we have more and more living witnesses." (Works, Vol. VI, p. 737.)

To Mr. Furley, 1762: "For me, I shall only once more state the case. There are forty or fifty people who declare (and I can take their word; for I know them well), each for himself: 'God has enabled me to rejoice evermore, and to pray and give thanks without ceasing. I feel no pride, no anger, no desire, no unbelief, but pure love alone.'... Here is a plain fact. You may dispute, reason, cavil about it just as you please. Meantime, I know, by all manner of proof, that these are the happiest and holiest people in the kingdom. Their light shines before men." (Methodist Magazine, 1856, p. 988.)

To his brother Charles, 1766: "That perfection which I believe, I can boldly preach, because I think I see five hundred witnesses of it." (Works, English edition, Vol. XII, p. 122.)

To L. Caughland, 1768: "Blessed be God, though we set a hundred enthusiasts aside, we are still 'encompassed with a cloud of witnesses,' who have testified, and do testify, in life and death, that perfection which we taught these forty years; This perfection can not be a delusion unless the Bible be a delusion too. I mean 'loving God with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourselves.'" (Journal, Aug., 1768.)

Source: John Wesley's Journal, Sermons, Works, Methodist Magazine -- as quoted in "The Better Way" by Beverly Carradine

ACCOUNT #052

I was converted to Christ about ten years ago, and after my conversion I enjoyed the love of Jesus for some months, as most young converts do. At the time of my conversion I had a small farm, and, after looking the matter all over, I concluded I had enough of this world; so I told the Lord that whatever he gave me more than a living, I would devote to benevolent objects. This promise, by his grace, I have kept.

But all this time I had not learned to trust Christ as a Saviour from all sin. In spite of all my efforts to the contrary, I would at times get angry, and consequently lose my religious enjoyment -- not thinking of my dear Jesus for half a day at a time. I did not take time to read the Bible as I should, and my poor soul was starved. My work drove the body and starved the soul.

I was looking forward to death as the dear friend that should deliver me from the power of sin. But while attending the anniversaries in St. Louis, in May, 1865, I learned, from the experience of others, that Jesus could save from all sin now. I searched the Bible, and found that it confirmed the precious truth. I went home from the meetings and emptied my heart all out, and thought I would pick its contents all over -- select the good, and throw the bad away. I found it to be all bad, but I knew the precious Jesus could cleanse and sanctify it all. I brought all to him, as the altar that sanctifieth the gift, and then I knew that he was able to save to the uttermost.

From that time until now, Jesus has kept me in perfect peace, because my mind is stayed on him. Many times the night has been dark and stormy, but, with "Christ in the vessel," it has been all peace within my soul. He is my constant companion. I go to bed with him, and wake up with him. He is always at hand to help or give counsel in trouble. He is my present and perfect Saviour, and his blood cleanseth me from all sin. To his name be all the glory!

Source: "Experiences of the Higher Christian Life in the Baptist Denomination" by John Q. Adams, New York: Sheldon & Company, 500 Broadway. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1870

ACCOUNT #053

After meeting the Society, I talked with a sensible woman, whose experience seemed peculiar. She said: "A few days before Easter last I was deeply convinced of sin; and in Easter week I knew that my sins were forgiven, and was filled with 'joy and peace in believing.' But in about eighteen days I was convinced, in a dream, of the necessity of a higher salvation; and I mourned day and night, in agony of desire, to be thoroughly sanctified, till, on the twenty-third day after my justification, I found a total change, together with a clear witness that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all unrighteousness."

Source: Wesley's Journal, June 23, 1761

ACCOUNT #054

At the age of eleven years, I doubt not but that I was slain by the law, and made alive by Christ; and well do I now remember the realizing sense I then had of my depravity of heart, my extreme sinfulness before God, and his justice, had He banished me for ever from his peaceful presence. My distress of mind continued for two weeks, when the Lord spoke peace to my troubled soul. My evidence was as bright as my conviction had been pungent, and I continued rejoicing in God my Savior, for a number of months, and then by degrees I lost my enjoyment, and returned to the weak and beggarly elements of the world. From that period to the age of nineteen, a vainer person, nor yet a more unhappy one, perhaps, was not to be found. I experienced all the wretchedness of a backslider's life, but I shall ever have reason to praise the Lord, that he did not then sever the cord of life and launch my soul into the eternal world.

I returned home strong in the Lord, and soon after united myself with the church. Had I then obeyed the apostle's injunction, -- "as ye have received the Lord Jesus, so walk ye in Him" -- I should have glorified my Lord and Master more, and laid up a greater treasure in heaven; but, like many other professors, I relapsed into a state of inactivity, and rested in the form without the power, until the spring of 1842, when the Lord again revived his work in my heart, and again gave me to feel the joys that flow from a living faith in Christ. I was then enabled to see where my former errors had been -- in trusting to my feelings as a guide, rather than serving the Lord from principle. I resolved, in the

strength of the Lord, that I would take the Bible as the man of my counsel, and strive to live a life of faith.

By prayerfully perusing the Word of God, I became convinced that I had lived far beneath my privilege, and I found that Christ had erected a higher standard than I had ever before realized. I was not at that time a believer in the doctrine of entire sanctification. I asked myself, was this for me to aim at, with no expectation of reaching it? or was I required to come up to it. The latter, I was convinced, was the will of God, and that He required me to be holy in heart and in life, and I also saw that the promises were equal to the demands made.

The Bible seemed like a new book. I had never entertained an idea that it contained so much to support the doctrine of Holiness, but how was I to obtain it? Could it be for me? I continued reading, praying and hoping that some day God would grant to cleanse me from all sin, till September, 1842, when one evening I went to our weekly prayer-meeting, and felt a good degree of the Spirit in my soul.

Our preacher in charge was present, and gave out an invitation, for all those that desired the blessing of sanctification to rise. I arose -- we knelt in prayer. The Lord gave me a greater struggle than I had ever before felt. I beheld an infinite fullness in Christ, a willingness in God through Christ to grant even me that great blessing, at that moment, if I would but believe. But here I was repulsed with this suggestion of the enemy: You will be deceived; you will wound the cause of holiness, and you had better say nothing more about it. But, blessed be the Lord, though defeated I was not discouraged, and He who had begotten those desires did not let me rest satisfied where I then was.

The next day I felt the same desires. The language of my heart was, "Create in me a clean heart; wash me in the atoning blood of the Lamb, and I shall be clean; cleanse me, O Lord, from all sin." In this way I spent three days.

On the evening of the third day, I attended our general class-meeting, and had faith to believe that God would at that meeting grant me my heart's desire. After I entered the house, I had a sore conflict with the enemy, who assailed me with all his former suggestions: You will be deceived; the work will not be genuine -- you will never live it. But I was now enabled to resist the devil, and he fled from me. I said, Lord, if thou doest the work it will be genuine. Lord, cleanse me from sin -- let the work be thorough. I had consecrated all, the sacrifice was made, and I began to believe that God did then, for Christ's sake, cleanse me from sin. Strong and unwavering was my faith. The victory was won, the blessing gained, and my soul filled with all the fullness of God.

O, the unspeakable glory! and all I could say was Glory! Glory! I had often been blessed, had often felt the Savior's love shed abroad in my heart; but I had never conceived that a mortal body could be made partaker of so much glory as then filled my soul. I then realized the meaning of those words, "Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing; in every thing give thanks."

Since that eventful night, unspeakable have been the blessings I have received. I have found the grace of God sufficient for me, and can now say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." I live by faith, and no longer look upon frames and feelings as my guide and criterion. God often tries my faith by withholding feeling, but I know that the trial of my faith is more precious than gold.

As I have often had the question asked me, if I was not reclaimed from a backslidden state, I would say, that I had not lost the witness of my justification for six months previous to this; and, blessed be God, I can testify that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.

Source: "The Guide to Christian Perfection" For March, 1845

HAD THE EXPERIENCE BEFORE THEY KNEW WHAT TO CALL IT

Dr. A. O. Hendricks, former pastor, evangelist, and college president, and now a missionary to the West Indies, was a young preacher holding one of his first campaigns in Minnesota when this episode occurred. Because he was a Scandinavian himself and was in Scandinavian territory he announced that he would preach in the Norse tongue in the afternoon service. Attracted by the announcement, a mature Swedish woman sat in his congregation that afternoon.

As the young preacher expounded the way of holiness, it was obvious that she was moved by some deep emotion and was greatly excited. The sermon came to an end, and she asked the privilege of speaking. In her broken English, which I shall not attempt to reproduce, she said:

"What you preached about this afternoon I got in my heart in my home over twenty years ago. I did not know what to call it, but what you preached this afternoon is what I got. I was sanctified wholly. I was a young mother with a growing family. I had recently given my heart to Christ, but as I faced the problems of raising my family I knew I must have more grace than I had if I was to keep a successful experience of grace. While the men were in the field and the older children were at school, I knelt down by a chair in the kitchen with my Bible opened at the New Testament. God very graciously opened His Word to me, and I opened my heart to the blessed Holy Spirit that day. I have lived a life of victory ever since. I did not know what to call it until today, but what you preached this afternoon is what I received that day in my kitchen."

I was holding a pioneer revival in northern Nebraska a few years ago, and at an afternoon prayer meeting I told the above episode. Before I was through speaking it became evident that the lady who was largely responsible for our coming to the community and holding the meeting had something on her heart. Here was the testimony she gave after I got through speaking:

"I had an experience similar to the woman you just told us about. I lived in a South Dakota community and knew nothing about the saving grace of Christ. Then an evangelist came through our country and held services, and I gave my heart to Christ. My first husband had died and I had married again. We had a large family, five of my first family, five of my husband's first family, and four by our second marriage. It was often a case of 'your children and my children fighting our children.' It tried my patience beyond the breaking point many times. Finally in desperation I went to the place of prayer. I had read in Matthew, 'When thou prayest enter thou into thy closet and shut the door.' I had no other closet than my clothes closet, so in my simplicity I pulled the clothes closet door shut behind me and vowed I would never leave until I had enough of God's grace to meet every need of my heart. God heard and honored my heart's cry, and I came from that closet a sanctified woman. I did not know what to call it. Some years later I heard a holiness preacher proclaim the glorious truth of this blessing, but I did not have to seek it, I already had it, and it was helping me to raise my family of fourteen with victory."

As a result of that testimony two or three other women entered into the sanctifying grace of God in the afternoon prayer meetings. Instances could be multiplied of men and women who have realized their need of a deeper work of grace and have found deliverance from the indwelling nature of sin at the foot of the Cross.

Source: "The Double Cure" by Joseph Gray

ACCOUNT #056

A Mayor's Wife Sanctified

I was in a meeting in the South. They had put me in the home of the mayor of the town -- a very fine family but a little aristocratic. I invited them to go to church one night and they went. That night

we had a great service with much shouting. The mayor attended that church but his wife did not. The next night I invited her to go again and she said, "I will never go back to that church again. That is the noisiest crowd I have ever seen and you are the noisiest one in the crowd."

I did not argue or run up a miff tree. I stayed on in the home, kept sweet, and lived it. Three nights later, she went to another service. That night I preached on Naaman. I was about half through with my message when she rushed to the altar.

A number of others came at the same time. When she got through she came through shouting. A number of others were shouting at the same time. She finally sat on the broad altar bench and called me over to her and said, "I wish you would tell them to keep this up all night. It is the sweetest music I have ever heard. No difference in the music, the difference was in her heart.

Source: "Illustrations and Experiences in Sixty-four Years of Holiness Ministry" by Richard G. Flexon

ACCOUNT #057

A JUDGE WHO GOT CONVERTED AND SANCTIFIED -- AT HOME--`-----

From a message by Aura Smith in 1901:

Beloved, we are a little Assembly of holiness people here and we spread the glad tidings of deliverance wherever we go. There are men and women that will never be saved in the world until somebody brings to them the gospel of full salvation. ("Amen!")

I was holding a meeting a few years ago when I said to a judge: "Judge, are you a Christian?" "No sir. I am not. I am a long ways from being a Christian. My judgment approves the logic of your preaching, but I don't have it. I cannot live it, and I don't try." "I know you can't, judge." "Then why do you want me to try --?" "I don't want you to try." He looked at me astonished. "Judge, why can't you live it?" "It is the old Adam in me, that is the reason." "Suppose the Lord takes that out?" "If He should I could live as you preach." "I am going to ask you to come to God to get rid of the old Adam." The next night he stayed at home with the children. He said, "I don't see why God can't convert me here as well as in the meeting." When his wife came home he asked: "Who was converted?" She asked why he was so much interested. "The Lord converted me while you were in the meeting." When the next night came, he again said that he would stay home. He said: "Smith says after you are converted, the next step is to get sanctified and get rid of the old Adam. God converted me here last night, why can't he sanctify me?" He got down and plead with God, and his wife came home and found him shouting. She said: "What has happened?" "The Lord has sanctified me!" There are multitudes of men and women like that. They don't want to start until they can make a success of it. They have their minds on holiness, and, if you can make them see that they will begin a Christian life.

Source: "Echoes of the General Holiness Assembly" by S. B. Shaw

ACCOUNT #058

A. R. EXPERIENCE

Dear Brother King:-- For some time I have had it in contemplation to write my experience of entire sanctification for the pages of your excellent Guide. But feeling myself among the least of God's saints, and seeing the Guide so well filled from month to month with such rich experiences of gospel

holiness and other important contributions to the same point, I have deferred it to the present time. And now, nothing but a strong desire to aid the holy cause, and a sense of duty to do all the good in my power to God's dear heritage, could induce me in any wise to trouble you or your dear readers with this imperfect sketch.

I dearly love the cause of holiness, the word itself is a perfect charm, but nothing compared with the sweet name of "Jesus." The Guide has been a great blessing to me. And the first thing I look for in it is the experiences of God's dear children.

Before I was born, my mother was a praying woman. I received from her a decidedly religious education. Among my earliest recollections are her prayers and tears for her children and unconverted husband. But for me, in particular, she was much drawn out in prayer.

In the early part of my sixteenth year, at a camp-meeting, I was convicted of my sinful state, sought and found redemption in the blood of Jesus. Glory be to God. About one week after, I believe, God cleansed my heart from all sin by an act of simple faith, though at the time I did not apprehend fully what it was. I was dead to sin, and loved God with all my heart. My life was hid with Christ in God. O the sweetness of redeeming grace and dying love. Could inanimate objects speak, there would be very many witnesses to the thrilling scenes my soul experienced while in the bower of prayer, holding sweet communion with my dear Savior.

O blessed be God. How glad I am that I had a praying mother. How many times did I think, when a boy, while under the restraining hold of my pious parent, that when I became a man I would have my own way. But, thank God, ere that time arrived, my soul was happily converted. Now there was one whom I greatly feared, even God. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

I lived for many months in this happy state of loving God with all my heart, and doing all my duties. But by reasoning with the devil, I lost my witness, and got into the dark; neglected one duty after another, until I lost all the life and power of religion, and got into a mere form. Still I remained a member of the church. I frequently attended the class and prayer meetings, and could tell of my good desires and determinations as well as thousands can, who are backslidden in heart from God, and remain members of the church.

Several years passed away, and I was still a backslider. The spirit of God called, but I refused. My conscience upbraided me. At times I was deeply sensible of my deplorable condition. I formed many resolutions to do better, but broke them all, lost all confidence in myself, and a kind of fate seemed to settle down upon me.

During this time I attended school at the academy in Cazenovia, and passed through a powerful revival in the church and among the students, comparatively unmoved. My habit of unbelief was confirmed. I was held perfectly spellbound in its iron chains. O how thankful I am that the good Spirit did not cease his strivings and leave me in my unbelief .

At length, while teaching school in the town of Bethlehem, Albany County, a book fell into my hands, called "The Pilgrim's Progress." I read it with very deep interest. It was new to me. The spirit returned with power, and the nail was driven in a sure place. When I came, to accompany the "Christian" through the "Ruin of death," I was much affected. But when Bunyan attempts to describe a "glimpse of glory" he had when the "everlasting gates" of the "New Jerusalem" were opened to admit the sainted "Christian," my soul melted within me.

Ah! thought I, shall I ever enter that happy place? No, was the response, unless you become a

holy man. I wept. But to resolve seemed perfectly futile. I was at a stand. The destiny of my soul was to be decided by the course I should then take. It seemed to be my last call. All was darkness. Unbelief held me in chains; but my duty was plain. I must "repent and do the first works." But how and where to begin, was a difficulty. A protracted meeting was about to begin in the place.

I finally concluded to make one more resolve, clasping my blessed Bible, and pressing it to my bosom, I knelt before God, and solemnly vowed upon its authority, to do the whole will of God. I felt that this was the most solemn vow I ever made. I arose, went to my boarding place, and then to meeting. Here my first public duty was presented to me. I must go forward to the altar and pray vocally. (And here I would remark that the first step of my backsliding from God, was a neglect to pray publicly in our prayer meetings.) It seemed almost an impossibility. But my vow -- I could not break it.

The prayer meeting progressed, and I kept away from the altar. The devil said, you cannot pray, you have not prayed for so long, you will only expose your ignorance, keep away from the altar. O what a cross! Truly I found it as a good sister once said, "It was so high I could not get over it, so low I could not get under it, and so broad I could not get around it." I must take it up. But here are many of the patrons of your school. What will they say?

Just at this point, brother S., our minister, called me by name, to come to the altar and pray. Awful moment, upon which hung my eternal interests. I thought, decided, and went. And, glory be to God, I was blessed in the deed.

After prayer was over, I arose and confessed my sins and received much strength. Felt a small degree of peace restored. From that time I went forward, endeavoring to do all my duties, grew in grace, and again saw the need of entire holiness of heart, "without which no man shall see the Lord."

Soon after this, God called me to preach. This was a great trial to me; but after a few months' struggle I got the victory over the tempter and received license to preach. Seven years ago next July, I was received on trial in the Black River Conference, having traveled one year previously, under the Presiding Elder.

O how many times the good Spirit has visited me since I began to preach, with the most cutting convictions of the want of entire holiness, and for the many defects of my ministerial life. I have ever viewed entire conformity to the will of God the most essential qualification of the gospel minister. Of what avail is it for the professed ambassador of Christ to urge entire holiness of heart and life upon his flock, when he, the shepherd, is destitute of the holy prize himself? Will not his flock, his conscience, and his Bible say, "Physician, heal thyself?" Will not the more intelligent part of his congregation most easily discover the defect, and say within themselves, sir, we would see Jesus, give us the practical part.

It would be too tedious to relate in detail. I can give but a sketch of my experience of perfect love. O praise thy God, my happy soul, for his marvelous condescension, his amazing love to thee. O how good is the Lord, and how gracious is our God.

At a camp-meeting upwards of three years ago, in the Herkimer district, through the labors of one of God's dear ministers, I was powerfully convicted for this blessing. And while listening to a discourse, coming from an overflowing heart, my feelings quite overcame me. I fled from the stand, and sought a retired place to weep. Here I sobbed, vowed, and promised the Lord that I would make a full surrender of my little all to him. Perfect purity of heart, inward holiness, was the thing I mourned for.

For several months I preached the doctrine, and tried to seek the blessing. But by being removed to another circuit, where religion was at a low ebb, and having a colleague who did not profess the blessing, I soon gave up seeking it with the necessary zeal, as a specific blessing, and fell into the popular error of seeking it as a gradual work only. Time passed on, and I attended another

camp-meeting.

Here the blessed Spirit met me again. But I refused, and He soon ceased His powerful work of conviction. After I had moved and settled on my next charge, I was most powerfully aroused to the subject again, by reading the life of William Bramwell. So pungent were my convictions for the blessing of full salvation, that I actually laid the book aside, for fear I should not be able to preach on the Sabbath, this being on Saturday.

O what a perfect unwillingness there was in me to surrender myself up to this work. I saw that if I obtained this blessing I should have to profess it before the world. And O, the cross! The enemy often suggested, also, if I got it I could not retain it. O, I did not then consider, as I do now, that I needed it to keep me. But glory be to God, the day of perfect love was beginning to dawn on my spiritual horizon.

Not long after this I attended another camp-meeting, near the village of R. C. The meeting progressed very well. But there was nothing peculiar in my case, till near its close. And my greatest fear was that the meeting would break up and leave me without the blessing. But my Savior had appointed otherwise. One of God's flaming ministers was sent upon the ground to herald to us the joyful news of a perfect redemption in Christ.

This was just the thing. The word from him came home to my heart in peals of thunder. I withered and melted under the devouring blaze of God's pure unadulterated truth. My heart was thoroughly broken up. I cried, "I yield, I yield." I can hold out no more.

"I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror."

We went from the droppings of the sanctuary all in tears, to the tent for a prayer meeting, and a powerful time it was.

"God came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

Some fell in the midst of shouts of praise, while others were crying for mercy. I was made better, but yet I was not what I wanted to be. On Friday evening, the last great day of the feast, Jesus appeared. And though we did not go up into the mountain, yet we prayed all night in our tent.

That night I was enabled to place all upon God's altar; and after a sore struggle, I was emptied of all sin. But through unbelief I was not filled with the fullness of God. From that time, a marked change was discoverable in my whole manner of life -- particularly in my preaching. God led me directly from my old systematic course into a strain of preaching of an almost entirely practical nature. For two or three months after this) I was not perfectly established, purely for the want of correct views of simple faith. Now I had the evidence clear, then by doubting I would lose it again. And then I would weep and pray till I obtained it.

At last, glory to God, after being able to reckon myself dead to sin through the day, in the evening, while reading the hymn, page 302, before preaching, faith comprehended a perfect Savior. O the heaven of love my soul then entered. Not ecstatic joy, but a silent heaven of love. I had had the same witness before in kind, but never so full, clear, and powerful.

I exclaimed, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." After Bro. S. A. concluded his sermon, I arose on the Rock, a witness of perfect love. O how glad and thankful was I, that my poor soul was now in

the clear element for which it had been panting so long. Glory to God in the highest. O how truly can I say my heart is fixed, my heart is fixed. But O what have I enjoyed since! Streams of purest salvation. My happy soul has settled into the perfect assurance of faith. My peace, for a long time, has been like a river.

This moment I have the clear evidence. All is glory and peace. Heaven is mine, Jesus is mine. All things are mine. O how I love to preach it, and pray it, and live it. How clear the way of simple faith. All is by faith. I have had many trials since that blessed hour. But not one too many. All have worked for my good. How sweet the Bible -- its promises are sweeter than the honey in the honey comb. "It has God for its author -- salvation for its end -- and truth without any mixture of error for its matter!" Glory be to God, we shall soon be with Jesus.

These last remarks are the result of two years' sweet experience in the highway of holiness. Amen.

Yours in the bonds of a perfect gospel,

Oct. 12, 1847

A. R.

Source: "Guide to Holiness Articles" (Volume 13 From January to July, 1848) Edited by Dexter S. King -- hdm0533 (Multiple Authors)

ACCOUNT #059 J. A. H.

Bro. King: The following communication I have solicited for publication in the Guide; the authoress, Mrs. J. A. H_____, is a sister of unusual talent, and of great energy of character. Here is only an account of her first exercises and experience on the subject of holiness. Since then, the providence of God has led her through trials greater than fall to the lot of ordinary Christians; yet the grace of sanctification has triumphed amidst them all, and still shines with increasing luster. You may hereafter expect to hear of her subsequent trials and triumphs. -- A. O. Seward, January, 1848

Dear Bro. _____: But to your request. When I first read it, my heart shrank from the task; not that I did not love the blessing of holiness, but the greatest hindrance seemed to be, at the time when I experienced this blessing I did not write my exercises and enjoyments -- my thoughts and meditations. This was deferred till a number of years after, when I believe yourself suggested the thought that I had better write down my experience. I did so. What I brought together from memory was hastily sketched, at a time when I only wrote for my own comfort, not expecting any of it would be brought before the public.

My first exercises and experience in this blessing began not many months after I found the pardoning love of God. I then felt the roots of bitterness springing up in my heart. I was alarmed, fearing I had done something wrong; but, upon examining my heart, I felt a consciousness that my sins were all pardoned. I prayed much read my Bible, and found it was the will of God, even my sanctification. But how to obtain it I knew not.

I soon obtained Wesley on Christian Perfection; this gave me some light. I also read every work I could find on holiness, but none gave me so much encouragement as Fletcher's Checks to Antinomianism. Here I saw more clearly how to come by faith and believe on Jesus. Continuing to pray for light and direction, I had new discoveries of the willingness of Christ to cleanse me from all sin, till my faith was fixed on this point: Jesus is able, is willing, is ready, to save me to the uttermost,

and to save me now.

This part, of being saved now, seemed to be the hardest of all. Sometimes my faith would nearly grasp the blessing, when unbelief would gain the ascendancy, suggesting that I must first wait a number of years; but again faith triumphed, and my soul was exceedingly happy in the prospect of the perfect love of God; and my conscience grew more tender.

I aimed to shun every appearance of evil; and every blessing I received, seemed to bring me nearer the great blessing of holiness. Every time I approached the throne of grace, it appeared as if all sin in my heart would expire; for I was looking for a period when instantaneously I should feel the cleansing blood applied to wash and make me wholly clean. Blessed be the name of the Lord, that time did arrive.

On the 7th of Dec. 1832, a number of us met together for a social visit -- a season of prayer was proposed -- during the fore part of which, while one after another was praying, my soul was in an awful struggle to be blessed. I cared not how, nor in what way, if I might but feel the power of God as I never had felt it before. I did not seem to fix my faith on the blessing of holiness; my only cry was, Lord bless me, even me. I opened my mouth in prayer, and in an instant I felt the power of God running through soul and body. I lay speechless at his feet, not having power to move a finger; but I could hear them sing, and heard one say, She is cold -- her pulse has stopped. But this had no effect on my mind; my soul was full of glory; it appeared that it was all glory; at every breath I wanted to say, glory. O, such a heavenly calm -- such a sweet sense of the divine presence. O, who can express it? I never could find language to bring it into words. None but those who feel it know its sacred joys, and they cannot express it.

I had been blessed times without number, but this exceeded all. After an hour or more, I recovered my strength, so as to sit up; but my soul was full of glory. I began to inquire, Is this holiness? I was very fearful of deceiving myself, for I had set the mark of Christian perfection very high.

Up to this time, I believe I had never heard a sermon on this subject, though I was at church nearly every Sabbath. Another difficulty stood in my way: not one of the class professed to enjoy the blessing, and my class-leader himself, did not fully believe the doctrine. I had conversed with him on the subject; and, though he was a man of thirty years' experience, and one in whom I placed the utmost confidence, yet he had early formed unfavorable opinions of this blessing, by seeing a member who professed to enjoy it, afterwards make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. He thought this was all a mistake. If we lived up to the grace given, and continued faithful to death, we should receive a crown of glory. This last objection often staggered me, for I knew if I came out and professed the blessing, I should be watched continually by the church. This led me to cry to God earnestly, that I might not be deceived.

I think I had the blessing fixed as near angelic perfection as I could, and one reason for my ignorance was, I had never seen but one of my acquaintances in the church who had professed to enjoy it. Even on this extensive circuit, I do not remember of ever hearing but one preacher talk of personal holiness, and he was a young man seeking for it.

O, what a dark time this was! Thank God, the light has since shone! But to my subject. That evening I returned, and stayed at Bro. N. E ____'s. It appeared to me I had not received the blessing I desired, but only a foretaste -- as though the Lord was about to take up his abode in my heart. Still I was happy in God all the time. The next day, being rainy, I was prevented returning home. So I continued to wait for all the desire of my heart. In the evening we thought it best to have a season of prayer, hoping to experience the blessing for which we sought. It seemed easy to be blessed; it was only ask and receive. In an instant it appeared that all sin was destroyed -- the overwhelming presence of God came upon my soul and body. I thought I could look into my heart and see it all clean; all light

and purity seemed to be stamped there.

O, such a view as I had of the purity and holiness of the Divine Being, of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, taking their abode in my heart, and of Jesus, looking and loving; his image there can never be destroyed. I felt a consciousness of the cleansing blood of Christ applied to my heart. Nought but love dwelt there. I was entirely lost to everything of earth, as much as if I had been in heaven. It appeared to me that I was with the heavenly host, and heard them sing praises to God; but my soul gazed with greater delight on my bleeding Savior, who suffered to save me from all sin. O, what a company of holy beings seemed surrounding me. During all this time I had no thought that I was an inhabitant of earth, my whole soul being enraptured with glory.

We knelt down about eight o'clock in the evening, and when I opened my eyes to look around me again on earth, it was two o'clock in the morning. O, what glory shone about the room. No pen can describe, no tongue can tell, the unutterable glory that filled my soul. It appeared like a new world; and as soon as my eyes were shut, it seemed that angels were all about me, praising God for what he had done for my soul. I retired to rest, but O, what a holy converse I had with my Savior. It was like conversing with a friend face to face. I fell into a drowse, but I was still with the Lord.

When I arose in the morning, now, thought I, is this holiness? I can not doubt it -- I never will doubt it. I knelt down and asked the Lord, if my soul was entirely cleansed from all sin, that I might have the witness in such a way as I never could doubt it. Instantly I felt the witness as clear as I ever saw the sun shine. I exclaimed, "I am thine, I am thine forever." I took up the Bible, and desired the Lord to direct me to some passage that would apply to my case. I opened upon the fifteenth of John, third verse: "Now ye are clean, through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you," &c., and read on to the tenth verse. This was applied as powerfully to my heart, as though I had heard it from heaven. A wonderful change was effected -- it really seemed a new creation had taken place in and all around me.

We started for the house of prayer -- it being Sabbath morning. It was impressed on my mind that I must tell what the Lord had done for my soul. But Satan suggested: "Wait till you live it awhile -- prove it by its fruits -- for if you should not live it, you will bring disgrace on the cause." But I cried, "Lord, continue the witness of thy Spirit, and I will do what thou requirest." I bore testimony in a plain and simple manner to what grace had done, and in a moment an overwhelming sense of the divine presence so rested upon me, that I was again lost in wonder, love, and praise. *It was not a great ecstasy, but a sinking into God* -- "that sacred awe that dares not move, and all that silent heaven of love." I rejoiced evermore -- prayed without ceasing, and in everything gave thanks.

I returned home lost in prayer and praise. I neither wanted to eat, drink, or sleep. God's will was mine, and I delighted to be with him in secret, continually. I lived by the moment, and felt that every moment I had the merits of Christ's death. The Bible seemed entirely a new book; its every promise I could claim as my own. My memory, which before was quite imperfect, was now so strengthened that I could remember whole chapters, after reading them once. I also could clearly distinguish between the emotions of the Spirit and the devices of Satan. It seemed that I advanced in the way to heaven more in one day than I had done in months before. I felt that to live was Christ, and to die would be gain. In this state of feeling I went on from conquering unto conquest, praising God with my whole heart.

Source: "Guide to Holiness Articles" Volume 14 From July, 1848 to January 1849, Part 1 -- Edited by Dexter S. King

ACCOUNT 60 PILGRIM STRANGER

Bro. King:-- While reading in the last number of the "Guide," the following passage made a

forcible impression upon my mind: "The enemy has met me with the suggestion that I had better not write -- it would do no good." The reason is this: I have long had it in my mind to write a portion of my experience, but hitherto have not, from the impression that "it would do no good." The following lines you are at liberty to publish or not, as you think best.

I embraced religion at the age of sixteen years. Of my life previous to that event, I must only say, it was one of continual transgression. I was indeed the "chief of sinners," and often did I experience the truth of Holy Writ, "The way of the transgressor is hard." Often did I promise to give myself to the Lord, and many an almost sleepless night I passed, but no sooner did the opportunity present itself, than I plunged deeper, if possible, into the pool of iniquity, than before. Thus life passed on, till, in the August of 1845, I attended a camp-meeting at , and there, for the first time in my life, I resolved to seek earnestly for religion, and never give up the struggle until I obtained it. My resolution was firm, but little did I anticipate the mighty conflict which was to take place ere the victory was gained. During several days, I was in a state of the most intense mental excitement; but at last, when every energy of both body and mind was exhausted, I gave up all, and felt that I was a new creature in Christ Jesus." Yes, glory to his name I could then testify to the world that whereas "I was blind, now I see." This was good, but something better was in store. I was then an unbeliever in the doctrine of Christian perfection, and considered its professors as proud assumers of something they did not and never could possess in this world. But a few weeks, however, passed, before I was brought, by a succession of circumstances I could but deem providential, to change my views upon the subject. I saw that it was attainable, and at once resolved to possess it. When I gave my heart to God, I supposed the work well-nigh done; but when I found that I was not "cleansed from all unrighteousness," and that the blessing of holiness was attainable, I considered my covenant vows remained unfulfilled, so long as I had an unsanctified heart. My cry then was, "Give me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." While I was "yet speaking," he answered me -- a flood of light and glory burst in upon my soul; my tongue was loosed, and I could exclaim, "Praise God, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise his holy name." Yes, and even now, as my thoughts recur to that event, I give glory to God for having wrought so great salvation.

From that time to the present, with but a single exception of a short season of darkness, resulting from unfaithfulness, the Sun of Righteousness has steadily beamed upon my path, and I could adopt the language of the sweet singer of Israel, "Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." True, I have had temptations, but when the enemy thrust sore at me, this promise, "My grace shall be sufficient for you," has been my "strong tower" and "city of refuge," and though the storms beat, mid the floods came, yet by the hand of faith I could take hold on the "Rock which is higher than I," and safely sheltered beneath the "Ark of the Covenant," in his strength bid defiance to all the powers of hell, and come off more than conqueror, exclaiming) "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Affliction's waters, too, have rolled deep and strong, and ever and anon, as their fearful surges break against my little bark, and for a moment threaten to sunder the "three-fold cord" of confidence in God, that "still, small voice" whispers in my ear, "Peace, be still;" the agitated spirit resting upon the promise, "These light afflictions which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" grasping that "anchor" which is "sure and steadfast," and with the assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love God," enjoys that peace which "floweth as a river," and experiences that "joy which is unutterable and full of glory."

Glory be to God it is indeed a "more excellent way," the "highway cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in." Holiness is a subject which I like -- a theme on which my heart delights to dwell. I love to urge it in private, I love to proclaim it from the sacred desk. When I see the poor Christian buffeted by enemies within and without, I love to point him to the land flowing with "milk and honey;"

I love to proclaim to him liberty from inbred corruption. Holiness of heart "How sweet the sound 'tis music in our ears." O that ministers would raise its highest notes, that Christians would bear its richest fruits -- then should we see the kingdom of God spreading, the banner of the cross unfurled and planted where now the proud crescent waves, and heathen orgies are repeated. How bright, how lovely the prospect which opens before the Christian it is emphatically a "rest."

A rest where all the soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where grief and fear and sin expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

That we may all enjoy this rest, is the prayer of a Pilgrim Stranger.

Source: "Guide to Holines Articles" Volume 14 (From July, 1848 to January, 1849) Part 3

ACCOUNT #061

To The Editor of the Guide:-- Educated in Methodism, I had the advantage of early religious instruction. The first page of memory is impressed with reminiscences of the Sabbath school, the classroom, and the worship of God's house. While yet an infant in years, I had serious thoughts of religion, and a love for the Bible. I cannot date the period when I first heard of Jesus, the friend of sinners; but I can remember, while but a small child, that I read the sacred volume with much interest and pleasure.

I have often thought that if care had been taken to give habits of devotion with the knowledge I was receiving, I might have become a Christian, almost, or quite, as soon as I became accountable; but, alas, the enemy of my soul sowed tares among the wheat, by means of my love of books, and in tender youth, my mind received the poisonous suggestions of unbelief. Light works, likewise, became a snare to my soul, and I learned many things, which I would gladly have unlearned in after life.

In my fourteenth year, I was more deeply impressed than ever before, and soon after the close of my fifteenth, during a protracted meeting, at which time there was a glorious revival of religion in my native place, I was most happily converted to God. it was after a protracted struggle, and many conflicts with unbelief, that I found mercy; but my joy was more than in proportion to the sorrows of repentance. It was "unspeakable and full of glory." I was taught to bear the cross, that, in order to grow in grace, I must live a life of obedience to the teachings of the word, and Spirit. Oh! the tender care, that was bestowed upon me, by the nursing fathers and mothers of the Church.

I soon found a warfare -- I was prepared to expect it. I had learned that the pardon of sin, and the adoption into the family of God, was only the first step, or the first attainment in a life of holiness, and that onward must be my motto through life. Yet I believed there was such a state as the entire sanctification of soul and body, and that it formed a gloriously prominent point, in the experience of the children of God. Of the nature and condition of the state, I knew but little. I had witnessed a bright exemplification of its power in one whom I had known in early life, the remembrance of whose happy life, and triumphant death, has ever been a star of example to me.

But of the principles, or experience, the power by which there was such an exhibition of lovely fruit, I knew not. To a want of light on the nature of sanctification, I, in a measure, attribute the delay, which attended my advancement; but there was yet another cause of delay. When seeking, I often found my faith strengthened, and when in view of the bright manifestations of love, which I received from time to time, I was almost ready to claim that which I sought. I was met with the question, Are you willing to become so remarkable as this profession will make you? No, answered my rebellious heart, I can never bear the persecution which those suffer who make this peculiar profession; but, whispered

the Spirit, nothing but this will save you; you have an enemy within that may betray you. True, responded my desponding heart, "Lord give me the blessing, but not now," was the inward feeling. Oh! the mercy of God!

Thus in view of my privileges, I for a period of several years refused to claim them. I often wonder that I was blessed at all, yet such was the condescension of my loving Saviour, that when ever I came pleading for a present blessing, I always received it. I sometimes lived for months in a state of enjoyment of that which, it seemed to me, could be but little less than "The fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ." My prayer was always, Oh, for a clean heart! Oh, for the power of holiness! Yet, when the frail body would almost faint under the power of the presence of God, and friends would ask, "Are not your prayers answered?" I replied "No, wait until I know that sin is all subdued, and pride destroyed."

I did not comprehend clearly, that faith is the condition upon which the blessing of holiness is gained, and retained. I cherished a determination to risk nothing by confession, until I was perfectly assured; and I thought I could not feel assured, until I had been tried, and in this trial I had taught myself to believe there would be an absence of temptation. I had made up my mind, that so long as I had unholy thoughts, I could not believe myself to have attained.

In the midst of blessings, I had my secret backslidings, and in the hour of temptation, I often yielded to my besetments, with a weakness that distressed me exceedingly.

The summer of 1845, I must have exhibited strange inconsistency. I was tempted, and gave myself up to vanity, and miscellaneous reading, and, of course, lost all enjoyment in religion; but my vows were upon me, and I dared not leave the means of grace. And when in the classroom, my confessions were full and honest. At this time the Church in L_____ was in a cold state, and there seemed to be none to help me. But glory be to God, his spirit was faithful, and I became alarmed at my state. I threw aside romances, once and for ever, and resolved to read religious works alone, or at least that which was sufficiently solid to benefit me; and now I turned to my Bible, and the Guide to Holiness, which I had read occasionally, some two or three years. Thank God, its rich pages poured a stream of light on a subject now very dear to me; for in the sanctification of my nature, I hoped for deliverance from sin, which had become so wearisome, that I felt as if I could not endure its presence. I knew that my Bible taught me the blessing in precept, in doctrine, and in promise. Yet the Guide brought all to bear, in my view, on the lives of individuals, and the promises were fulfilled to them, and the precepts obeyed by them.

Oh! how I panted for holiness! My will bowed, and my heart breathed a continual prayer for purity.

In September, of this year, I was privileged to attend a Camp Meeting. I spent one night on the ground, and then and there, I made an unreserved surrender and a consecration of all to God; and there I began to wait for Christ, my sanctification. All that I had, and was, passed in review, and became a free gift to God. When my mind rested upon my good name, which had ever been so dear to me, my heart inquired, how shall I glorify God without this? but the next thought was, what is that to thee? leave it there upon the altar. By grace, I was enabled so to do, and now nothing remained. My contemplations became calm, sweet, and awe-ful. I thought a clean heart would be new indeed; how should I feel. Just then a manifestation was made to my view, of a human heart, darkened and stained by sin; and in a moment more, the blood of cleansing was applied, and all became as the mingling of the purest white and flame. Yet, I rejoiced not, only in hope of the witness of the Spirit yet to be given, and thus I continued in constant expectancy for some two weeks, feeling all the while, that time and distance shortened between my heart, and assurance, until the 22d of September, 1845, while my husband and myself joined in prayer at the family altar. My heart was strongly drawn from prayer to

praise, and a glorious liberty dawned upon my mind. I felt to bathe in an ocean of love. I said, oh! what is this? this is like perfect love. This is perfect love. Fear was gone -- bondage was gone -- and light, liberty and love only remained.

And when I told it, it was with simplicity, freedom, and power. I did not inquire, will they receive it! Ah! no, I said it is thy truth. The next morning being Wednesday, I went to see a friend, and the following Wednesday found her rejoicing in an experimental knowledge of the same truth. I conversed with a young Minister of the Gospel, on Friday, and on Monday he realized the same glorious power.

During that year, one, and another, and another, received the same blessing. At the close of that Conference year, my husband, at the same Camp ground where I lost all in Christ, found full assurance of faith. From the most of those named above, you have heard. But at a distance from those loved ones, I have found others who are partakers of a like precious faith, and I have witnessed displays of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, on behalf of others. For me it is happiness to cry, "behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." -- L., Nashville, Sept., 1849

Source: "Guide to Holiness Articles" Volume 15 (From January, 1849 to July, 1849) Part 6 -- Edited by Dexter S. King

ACCOUNT #063

MARIA _____

The reading of Christian experience has so often been made a blessing to my soul, that I may not withhold a narrative of the way in which I have been led out of the spiritual Egypt.

It is now ten years since I was effectually aroused to seek the salvation of my soul. When the light of God's love first fell on my heart, I exclaimed the half was not told me, and inquired immediately -- "Lord what wilt thou have me to do." I saw my best services unprofitable -- I saw that He who redeemed me, had a righteous claim to all I possessed, and in the fullness of my heart; I consecrated myself wholly to the service of the Lord.

Although educated by Christian parents, I had never heard, previous to my conversion, that the Christian through faith in Jesus, may have complete victory over his foes before the hour of death. Soon after the power of regenerating grace passed upon my heart, I heard for the first time a full salvation preached. I listened, but could not receive it, neither might I deny it -- I was too little acquainted with my Bible to settle the point immediately, and I concluded to leave the matter before the throne of grace, praying for just that salvation which Jesus died to purchase. At this time I recorded the following:--

Today, have solemnly covenanted with God, to be wholly his -- to devote myself entirely to his service -- I feel assured he accepts the sacrifice I bring. -- Have asked in the name of my great advocate that my heart may be cleansed from all sin, and feel a firm confidence that he who hath promised will perform. My heart pants to be free from that which offendeth my Lord. Here follow still farther, expression of ardent desire to know more of God.

I have often thought, that if at this point, someone deeply taught in the science of holy living, had taken me by the hand, and taught me the way more perfectly, I might then have entered the rest of faith. But I was not left to myself -- I continually sought the Lord in ardent supplication -- to work his utmost work of salvation on my heart. And oh, how can I praise him enough, that he did bear my cry! In this state of heart, I one day sought my closet, and kneeling, looked upward as I opened my Bible to receive the divine illumination. Directed by the spirit, I opened to Romans 8th, and as I read the,

blessing came -- the baptism of the Spirit. And although years have passed, I can never forget the hallowed sense of God's presence, that took possession of my soul.

As I went forth from that Bethel, language is far too tame to tell the love of God. Young in years, and not naturally communicative, I looked around inquiringly, to learn if all Christians possessed this open vision. I can never forget with what confidence I laid down to sleep, for all around me were the arms of infinite love. I thought that in the whole universe there was no place in which I could be unblest, for the love of God was my joy, and with such views of his excellence as were then mine, I could never cease to love him.

But I may not dwell here, but pass on to the story of my ignorance, for at that time I had never thought full salvation mine. I knew no difference at that time, between temptation and sin, when the Lord would prove me, and permitted the fiery darts of temptation to reach me. I let go my confidence and went out on the rolling billows of temptation without my anchor -- I forgot that the trial of my faith was precious. Alternate joys and fears were mine for eight or nine years, sometimes overwhelmed with the stupendous thought -- God my Father -- Heaven my home -- Christians my brethren an incorruptible inheritance mine, if faithful. I always loved the meeting for social worship -- the house of God even had greater charms for me than the hall of mirth, but the rest of faith was not mine.

In the summer of 1847, the Lord began to reveal to me how much I was dishonoring him, by living as I lived, and to incite in me an ardent desire to be, in verity, wholly his own. I had previous to this, become more established in the belief that a full salvation might be enjoyed by the Christian through faith in Christ. I ceased to mock God with formal prayer alone, and continually urged my plea before the throne, that I might be led into the right way, for I asked if mercies would not lead me, that affliction might be sent. I had many foes to meet -- After I met the insinuation, "religion, even if God does bless you, will never be to you what it was."

But I said I will believe God able to fill the most enlarged desire of an immortal mind. In August of the same year, I attended a meeting in the grove: I went praying that the Lord would break the lethargy from my soul. It was done, and earnestly I bowed before the throne, pleading for a present salvation. Days, weeks, and months passed by, and my impotent soul lay by the fountain of the water of life, unable to step in. But now a battle was pitched between the army of the Lord of Hosts and the powers of darkness. In other words Christians met daily to pray and to praise, waiting for the outpouring of the Spirit. My own responsibility as a professed Christian, lay upon me with such weight at this time, and I felt so much my perfect impotency, that I looked Jonah-like for some way to flee. But my way was hedged, and I prostrated myself low before the throne, praying for the whole armor; and yet it tarried. I gave all to God. Weary days were mine, and full oft my sorrowful heart said, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him."

At this point, one who knew the simplicity of the way, through faith in Jesus, and who also knew something of the struggling of my soul, said "will you kneel here, never to rise until you have the blessing?" The enemy's last strong hold was attacked. I had often been able to say he will do it, but to bring it to the present, and, reckoning on the immutable Word, say he does it, had always been beyond the power of my faith. For some moments my answer delayed, but within was a secret whisper, if you turn from this point you grieve the Spirit, and I said, I will.

As we knelt, my soul, all unconscious of the presence of others, said now, Oh, Father let thy own teachings guide me. The Spirit whispered, did you ever trust the Lord Jesus for any blessing, and he fail you; Oh, never, never -- Trust him now, was added -- He is able. Oh, said my captivated heart, I will trust him. And here followed a distinct consciousness that a future trust was an impossibility. It must be present. At this moment I saw such a fullness in Christ, that I think had I had the interests of more than one soul, I should have trusted all to Him, and I added I do trust Thee now, Savior.

I can go no farther, language is far too poor to tell the joy of heaven. The Lord Jesus came in to abide in my heart; I had no longer any fear; I was enabled to so reckon myself not my own, as to account my foes, the foes of the Lord Jesus.

As soon as I found the great salvation, an inexpressible desire for the deliverance of all the dear family from the strong chains of unbelief took possession of my soul. More than a year has passed, since, through faith in Jesus, my impotent soul was healed, and still I find increasing beauties in the way of holiness. The principle of faith assumes a new importance almost daily. As I watch the signs of the times, I have come to believe that a glorious morning has dawned on the church. But I must pause. My heart is too full of the great subject to trust myself farther. -- Maria

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